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PSYCHIC FACTS

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A FEW APPRECIATIVE REVIEWS OF THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE, OR PSYCHIC FACTS.

(*From the Dramatic Review, San Francisco.*)

We are in receipt of Psychic Facts, Dr. Nellie Beighle's new book, which she very aptly calls *Book of Knowledge.* It is well worth the reading by everyone interested in psychological studies, and is a valuable addition to the *Dramatic Review* library.

(*From the San Francisco Call.*)

These things and many others are recounted in the *Book of Knowldege.* The untutored mind of a mere reviewer cannot begin to reveal all the food for thought that lies between the covers of that volume. Let the reader take a week's vacation from business and the cares of the world and lose himself in the mystic misty mazes of this handbook to all things knowable.

(*From the Philosophical Journal, San Francisco.*)

When the Greek philosopher and poet "Esope" was asked how a book should be judged, it is related that he gave this answer:

"Ascertain whether the author says what he ought, whether he says only what he ought, and if he says it as he ought."

Dr. Nellie Beighle's recent publication of the *Book of Knowledge* comes within the requirements of the Sage.

Besides a very interesting biography of the writer, the work is teeming with information regarding psychic facts, proofs of immortality, and the overflowing stream of revelation received by all sorts and conditions of men and women, many of whom were, or are, famous in this world's history.

Numerous testimonies of her remarkable cures, signed by leading citizens in the land, are embodied in the book, which terminates by a series of beautiful lessons drawn from gospel texts, and which are a veritable illumination to the truth-seeker.

(*From the Banner of Light, Boston.*)

This work will prove of absorbing interest to students of the therapeutic aspects of spirit mediumship, as it is brim full of remarkable statements of cures effected through the instrumentality of the compiler of the volume. The book is partly autobiographical, partly narrative and partly a compilation in form, and is quite instructive and entertaining when the authoress is dealing with herself.

Mrs. Dr. Beighle, it appears, is a native of lower Canada, and was born of Scotch parents, in the year 1851. Eight years afterwards she and her sister removed to San Francisco, and for a time resided near Oakland. Her first acquaintance with Spiritualism was the cause of bitter antagonism thereto, but finally her attitude was changed as she came under the influence of the spirit world and received messages from her mother and Thomas Starr King, which latter spirit gave her "numerous directions about development," concerning which she says, "Thank goodness, I have followed to the letter." She became clairvoyant, a trance medium, clairaudient, spoke in foreign languages and ultimately developed her remarkable phase of healing mediumship.

Her narrative is interspersed with numerous records of cases which have come under her treatment, some of which are quite remarkable and are apparently well attested, also a number of letters from patients speaking in the highest terms of the doctor's work and personal generosity.

That portion of the book beyond the pages devoted to the life and works of the authoress contains a great deal of interesting matter culled from a wide variety of sources. The materials thus presented relate to such matters as "Controls and Mediums," "Who Are These Spiritualists?" a "Galaxy of Modern Spiritualists," "Incidents in the Life of D. D. Home," "Was Lincoln a Spiritualist?" some of the experiences of "Florence Marryatt," "A Record of Authentic Apparitions," "Swedenborg's Spiritual Development," "Who Are the Christians?" "The Man Who Looks Out of Your Eyes," "What is Religion?" and other matters, the whole making a bulky volume of over 500 large pages. The key-note of the volume is the curing of the sick by spirit power.

The book is illustrated by half-tone portraits of the doctor and of her mother, and two illustrations, each depicting an ulcer and a blister, which do not strike one as being either necessary to the book or ornamental to its pages.

A variety of scattered materials from various sources is gathered together within these pages which will make them useful and entertaining to many who could not otherwise obtain access to the information imparted. The work is very handsomely printed, and the binder has done his share with admirable taste.

Dr. Beighle is well and widely known in San Francisco and in the State of California, and her friends will welcome this volume from her hands, for the kindly spirit and genial disposition of its writer breathes through every page. The general reader who is unacquainted with the doctor will also be more than interested to read what she presents so pleasingly for consideration. —U. T. P.

EXTRACTS FROM THREE OF MANY LETTERS FROM FRIENDS ON READING THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE, OR PSYCHIC FACTS.

Watsonville, Cal., March 12th, 1904.

"I must say it does you great credit. It is very interesting—both the personal part and historical part devoted to the facts and experiences of Spiritualism. These *can not be controverted* by any one. The evidence is too authoritative and too overwhelming and from the highest and best of scientific and religious sources."

Mary O. Stanton,
Author of "The Encyclopedia of Face and Form Reading."

National Spiritualists' Association for the United States and Canada,
No. 600 *Penna Ave., S. E.*
Washington, D. C., March 12th, 1904.

"We consider it an important addition to the literature of Spiritualism, and a strong testimony of the value and wonders of mediumship."

Mary T. Longley, Secretary.
Author of "Outside the Gates" and other books.

The A. Van der Naillen School of Engineering (Incorporated.)
113 *Fulton St., San Francisco, Cal.*
San Francisco, Cal., March 16, 1904.

"I shall carefully peruse it, and tell you my frank opinion about it. From a casual glance at its contents I should judge the book to be a valuable addition to Spiritualistic literature."

A. Van der Naillen,
Author of "On the Heights of the Himalay" and "In the Sanctuary."

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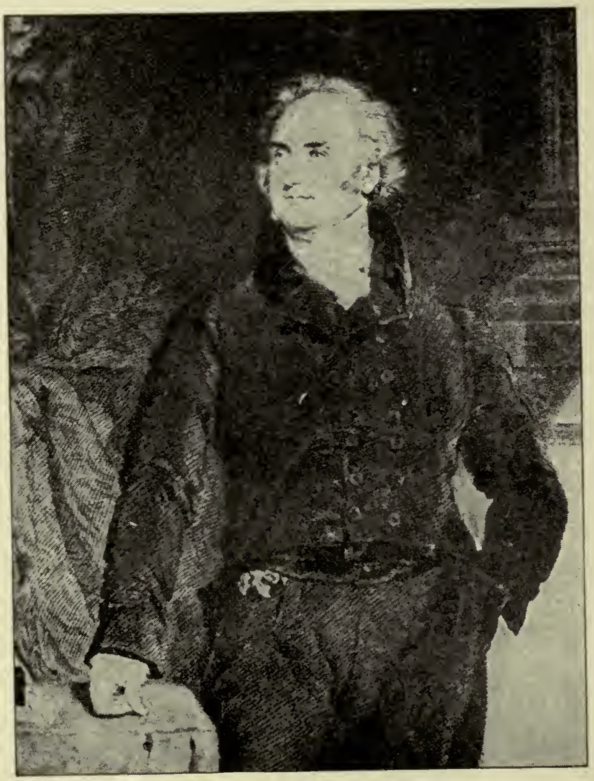

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DR. NELLIE BEIGHLE.

Book of Knowledge

PSYCHIC FACTS

BY

DR. NELLIE BEIGHLE

See p. 16

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Paris, le 16. V. 1907.

Dear Mrs Beagle,

We have been all, Mrs Hahn, my son Camille, our friends and I, very glad to hear of your happy return home and of the brilliant reception that waited for you.

We thank you heartily for your kindness in offering us such a fine palm-tree, with the regrets that your hastily departure has prevented us from thanking you personally. Not being able to be with you bodily, we are spiritually with you and yours and with the very sympathetic Mrs Currie Smith.

My good old friend, prof.r A. Van der Naillen, has sent us a very kind letter and written that he has seen you and that you remember us affectionately — which delights us extremely.

Gift. 58

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DR. NELLIE BEIGHLE

PREFACE.

So many of my dear friends and beloved patients have asked me why I did not write a book of my life, giving to the public, in that way, the many peculiar tests both in healing and messages which have been given to me for others, through the divine power which has controlled me for the last twenty-one years; and so to-night, the 14th of May, 1902, I seat myself at my desk for that purpose, hoping that my experiences may prove a help to many dear ones, and that they, too, may have the power to unlock the door between the mortal and the immortal and let their beloved ones enter their homes. The secret of the spiritual life is being whispered to-day. To-morrow the voices will be clearer. By and by it will be heard all around the world. And so, dear reader, I only hope that you too shall hear the voices of your loved ones, and that they may prove a blessing to you, as they have been to me; and to the beloved readers who know me, I want you all to know this, on earth or in heaven, I am, and always will be, a friend and a woman of the people.

Dr. Nellie Beighle.

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BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE: PSYCHIC FACTS.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE AND DEVELOPMENT.

I was born in Lower Canada, September 7, 1851, of Scotch parents, who belonged to the old Scotch Covenanters, in which faith we, or at least my brother and sisters, were raised, as my precious mother passed to the higher life when I was but two years old. My sister Jessie brought me to California and to San Francisco in 1859. As my father had married again, we all, except one sister who remained with father, came here, where a sister and two brothers had preceded us. There were twelve children in our family—ten girls and two boys, I being the seventh daughter. I believe there is an old tradition about the seventh daughter having healing powers, but I think, if such is the case, the unseen healing was back of it then as now. My dear sister Jessie, God bless her, who is next to the oldest, guided me until I budded into womanhood; and then after teaching school for a short time, I married George W. Beighle. Two daughters and one son were given to us. Alice, our eldest daughter, is now the happy wife of one of the best of men, Samuel Taylor. Two little ones were given to them, Helen Jean and Wilson Beighle Taylor, both very bright children of whom we are very proud. Edna, our second daughter, is the happy wife of Willard R. Wright, and two children were given them, Iola Wright and Billy, our little baby.

The Holy Powers blessed me when mates were selected for my darling girls, as neither of their husbands uses liquor or tobacco; and when I pass on to the higher life, which I will do in the near future, I go contentedly, well knowing that my good sons will continue to be good to my darling girls.

Henry, our beloved son, began his life work in the higher life, but in these later years has become my Angel Messenger Boy, and how trustworthy he is many can testify.

I was very bitter against Spiritualism before my eyes were opened to the heavenly light. When our children were very young we moved from San Francisco to Oakland, or between Oakland and Berkeley, thinking our little ones would have better air and more freedom. So we bought a place and started a garden, and in that garden I began my development. No wonder I love flowers so, for in my trying to cultivate them the Holy Powers cultivated me. The first indications that came to me were tiny raps. I was alone with my two little ones, as my husband left early and came home late; so, indeed, I was very lonely at times, and when I heard those tiny raps I thought it was an insect in the wood, as I heard my sisters in the country speak of a woodtick, which made a peculiar noise; so when speaking to a neighbor of mine, Mrs. McComb, the wife of General John McComb, who was well known here, I said, "Don't you know, Mrs. McComb, I hear such funny noises. It must be the woodtick in the wood. Go where I may through the house I hear it." She laughingly replied, "Why, Mrs. Beighle, those are spirit raps. I always thought you were a medium." I was amazed to think that she even suggested such a thing. Some time later Mrs. McComb, hearing me sing once in a while, conceived the idea that I must have my voice cultivated for concert work. She insisted on my going with her to Mrs. Melville-Snyder, the well-known singing teacher in the city, to have her test my voice. We started one day to San Francisco to see the teacher, but when we got there she was not at home. So Mrs. McComb asked me if I would go with her to Mrs. Breede's seance for ladies only. I said yes, I would go with her. I remember we had to climb quite a number of stairs. While doing so I looked around, fearing some one whom I knew might see me. When we entered the parlors about twenty or more ladies were ahead of us, so we seated ourselves as far from the medium as we possibly could. I shall never forget how I watched Mrs. Breede, the medium. Her power came to her in telegraphic messages; that is, sounds came on the table, as I learned later on, when I knew her better, like telegraphing, and she read the messages in that way. After giving a few tests to some ladies near her, she began to act so strangely and said she was controlled by a Scotchwoman who wanted her daughter Helen. A strange sensation passed over me. I knew my dear mother was Scotch and I knew my name was Helen, but I did not speak. Mrs. Breede said, " Poor woman, your daughter does not want to recognize you, does she? Well, I will pick her out for you." She immediately pointed her finger at me and said, " Madam, your name is Helen, and this dear Spirit is your mother." I blurted out, " Yes." She began to write, and when through told me to come and get the message. I did so. These were the words that were written. " My dear child Helen, I have been trying so hard to make you understand I was with you. My child you will meet with great success. Go right ahead, my dear child. Your mother, Jean Craib." I was dumbfounded. The medium then turned to Mrs. McComb and cautioned her in regard to signing some business papers, which later on she did sign, and sustained a loss, just as the medium said she would. She said her sister Mary was there giving her the information. Mrs. McComb and I started home again. I did not know how she felt, but I did know that I was told I would be successful, and my voice—well, it was going to make me successful, and I was overjoyed. A few days later, I called to see a lady not very far from us, and when I entered she and her daughter were seated at a table. Mrs. Pinkham, the lady, said to me, " Come, Mrs. Beighle, and put your hands on the table and see if we can bring the spirits. My daughter and I have been trying to get raps." I sat down laughingly, making some foolish remark, when in a few moments my arm began to shake so violently that I became frightened. Mrs. Pinkham, who I found out afterwards was very interested in Spiritualism, and had had quite a little experience herself, said to me, " Mrs. Beighle, I think some one wants to write." She hurriedly got me paper and pencil, and my hand, becoming a little steadier, wrote these words: " I am your mother. Do not be afraid. I have come to you for your good and that of others, and to prove to you that I am your mother, I will tell you what you are going to do. You will leave your home and go back to the city the 1st of November." That was two months later, and, as we owned our home, I could not see how it could happen.

But it did happen, much to my surprise. Then she went on to tell me different things, some in regard to family matters, which I did not know, being the youngest, and which proved to be correct. After the influence left me I felt weak, but so strangely happy. I knew I did not, nor could not, make my arm tremble so, and I knew my family reverenced my mother, and I knew it was she who controlled my hand, for the feeling of peace that took possession of me made me realize it; and from that day to this she has ever been my Blessed Sacred Mother, and through her the communication between the two worlds has been proven not only to me, but to thousands upon thousands, a blessed fact, a truth, and if the whole world should cry it down, I would stand alone and cry it from the housetops. After the messages written through my hand from my Sacred Mother, I seemed to be lifted out of something, and from that time until success crowned me, I realized the correct meaning of the old proverb, " No Cross, No Crown; " for surely my crosses were many and so heavy at times as to be almost unbearable. A great many still on earth will never know until they reach the higher existence what trials, through them, have come to me, when a kind word would have done so much. And right here I want to say I have forgiven them all long ago. Well, after I found that my darling mother, whom I had so often longed for, was not dead but living and would be my guide and companion, no wonder I became successful, with her noble Angel presence at the helm. Through her so many were permitted to come to me. My sister Sarah, who had also passed away when I was quite young, who while on earth composed poetry, and, as I know now, was controlled, came to me soon after my dear mother did, but giving the name of Sunshine. The first time she came was late one evening. My two babies had been tucked away in their little beds, and I sat there dreaming of a change which had opened a door to a new life, when I felt a presence and was compelled to take a pencil and write. These words were written:

" I know the night is weary
For you to sit alone,
To watch and wait his coming,
But never mind, dear one.

This way of living cannot last
Forever, that is sure;
But put your trust in Him above,
And he will find the cure.

How I wish your life were happier cast,
But never mind, we'll see
How bright will be the future,
My darling Nell, for thee."
(Signed) SUNSHINE.

And from that on until now, I had the power to write many things. Well, in November we moved to San Francisco, and when my sister and friends found out I had become a Spiritualist the report was that I was going insane. Then clairvoyance came to me. On a white wall, letters would be written in black, giving messages to any one who was in the room with me. If the walls were dark, the messages would come either in gold or white; for instance, when we returned to the city, an old friend of ours and I took a house together, she having a husband and two children and I the same; so we divided the house and lived very comfortably. She, my friend, liked me very much, but when I would tell her what I could see or write, she would get very nervous. One day Capt. Cook called to see me to say good-bye, as he was going to Colorado the next day, saying he had just got his trunk packed, when this message was written on the white wall above his head: "No, not until the first day of April will you leave here." That was three weeks hence. Capt. Cook said, "Impossible, I am just waiting for a letter and will get it as soon as I return to my room." The letter he expected did not come until the first day of April.

One day my Sacred Mother was writing for me, when she seemed to let go of my hand and another influence took it and began writing so rapidly. When I happened to look up, just as the power was leaving me, I saw a man standing before me with a star as bright as diamonds on his forehead, and when I picked up the several sheets of paper, which had been written on, it was signed "Thomas Starr King;" and I found out later that he was the Unitarian minister who had died when I was a little girl. The writing gave minute directions about development; what I should do, which, thank goodness, I followed to the letter. So often when I would see the forms of the dear Angels, and writings on the wall or in mid-air, I would close my eyes and open them again, to see if I imagined it at all. But open or shut, the writings were just as clear, and I think that is why all my test powers come in prophesy. Thomas Starr King, when he became more familiar to me, wanted me to call him "Father King," and ever since I have addressed him by that dear name. The loved ones who came to me never allowed me to go anywhere, as they said it interfered with my development; and they wanted me to demonstrate this truth to the people, and through it, I would be able to brighten their lives. One day Father King told me there was a medium who was going to give a seance for ladies only, and he wanted me to go, as he wished to speak to me through her. I got the paper and found that Mrs. Ada Scales was going to have such a seance. So I asked Mrs. N—, the lady who had the house with me, if she would go with me. The seance was to be at two o'clock and we went about half-past one; but even then the parlors were quite full. Mrs. Scales came in and seated herself. Very soon her face changed, and she went into a trance. I asked the lady who sat near me what was the matter with her. She said she was in a trance state. In a moment she wrote something across a piece of paper, rolled it up and threw it at me. I opened it and read the name of Thomas Starr King. She immediately began speaking, using such beautiful language, and addressing the conversation to me. After the medium ceased speaking, all who were present complimented me on having such a guide. No one knew Mrs. N—— and I were going there, and all were strangers to us. Indeed, I was very happy, having corroborated through a strange medium what he had already told me. My Sacred Mother told me so many times, if friends wanted me to give them any test, never to sit with more than one in the room, as they were gathering a band sufficiently strong to guard and protect me, not only from the earth people, but those undeveloped in the higher life. I disobeyed one night by sitting with a lady who could hear the Angels speak to her. She was deaf and partially dumb. She said that one of her controls was a mute, whom she had known in life, but that he had told her so many untruths that she did not like him. My sainted mother, knowing she was coming, told me not to sit at the table with her, but I did; and not being very strong, and as my mother had warned me about my band not being formed, he attached himself to me and for two months he bothered me so. When I would feel his influence, I would go out into the open air. My Sacred Mother wrote through my hand and said, " You see what trouble your disobedience has caused us and yourself as well." In time, that influence left me, and I was once more on the road to development. I was told by my dear Father King that if I would take two slates and put a pencil in between (that is, a very small piece of slate pencil), perhaps I would get slate writing. As that was another phase which I was not familiar with, I was told to go to Mrs. Francis, the slate-writer, and they would explain what they meant. I went to see Mrs. Francis, and had an hour with her. Her slate was made of paper, and she held it under the table; when she would take the slate out, I could see the pencil still moving. The noise of the pencil sounded like electricity, but I marvelled at the writing and messages, for she did not know who I was. I had never seen her before. One message I received was from my beloved mother, the other was from Father King, giving me the same directions on the slate that he had written through my own hand. I was told to sit every day for one hour, from eight until nine o'clock in the morning, excepting Sundays, which I did for one year steadily, punctuality being one of the rules. I know I did not deviate ten minutes in that time. I had a little table (which I still have in my sanctuary), and I placed the slates on that; when I was through with it I would cover it over until the next morning. I would sit there every morning for four or five months, and would not get a scratch on it, not even a rap. Sometimes I would hear a noise as though the pencil was writing. Once I got the name of " Mother " written, which pleased me very much. When the year was up, my sainted mother told me not to sit at the table again until she told me to, that she wanted me to rest. About three weeks later, a friend came to see me and said she was so worried about business and wanted me to ask my dear mother what she should do. I told her I could not, because I was told to rest. She then commenced to tell me about her financial troubles, when *I* began to talk to her, telling her what caused her to be sick. She was astonished at what I told her. In a few moments I was compelled to place my hand on top of her head. When I did so, she said she felt as though a thousand needles were penetrating her brain and body. When the power came into my hand, I spoke a peculiar language; I was told afterwards that it was Egyptian. From that on, every day my arm would seem to be so filled with power that it seemed to me that if I could not get my hand on some one who was sick my arm would burst. One day my dear mother gave me the sign that she wanted to write through my hand. I got the paper and pencil, and she wrote and told me to go right over to my brother's house, in Oakland, that his wife was very sick. I went over and found my sister-in-law very ill. I offered to rub her, and when I laid my hand on her the power took possession of my arm and my voice. It frightened my sister-in-law, but we *cured* her. Her doctor was very mystified about it. A day or two later my husband came in with a sore throat. I wanted to put my hand on his throat, but as he was so bitter against Spiritualism I was afraid he would be angry, as he did not know I had the power. Again the power took possession of the arm and treated him, and it cured his throat. I know he was surprised from the way he looked. A few days later I was told to sit at my table again. After I had sat every morning for a week, an hour a day, a voice spoke in my ear, the voice of a man, telling me that he would diagnose all cases for me, and that I would have to go before the people and heal them as he would direct. He told me that in life he was Dr Cooper, Sir Astley Paston Cooper, and he would prove his work to my satisfaction. On the Saturday following my husband told me that some friends of his heard that I had a wonderful power in my arm, and they advised him to let me use it. So he told me he would not interfere with me on one condition. The bookkeeper who was in the store had been sick for two years or more, and no doctor had been able to tell what his disease was. Now, if this power could tell what his trouble was and cure him, he would not object to my using it. The " voice " spoke in my ear and said, " Take him at his word." I told Mr. Beighle to bring the gentleman and I would see what we could do. The next day my husband brought Mr. T. to our rooms, and the " voice " spoke in my ear, telling me what the trouble was, how long he had had it, and how it began. In a very short time we cured the gentleman. Later on he married, and we cured his wife; four or five years ago he brought his fourteen year old daughter to me and we cured her.

It all seemed so strange to me. The people began to hear about me, and shortly after we cured Mr. T., the bookkeeper, a gentleman called to see me one Sunday morning and asked me if I would go and see his wife. He said four doctors had given her up to die. I went with him to his home, and into his wife's room. I will never forget it—I had on a tight waist, and when I went to the bedside of the lady, the " power " took hold of me, and I began to speak that foreign language again, and in less than a minute I was out of my tight waist, bending over the woman. I will not enter into details, but enough to know the power over me cured *her.*

From that time on, I began my work before the public, healing the sick, and preaching the kingdom of God and the life beyond.

One of the ladies who came to me was a Mrs. Kirby, who was English, and a literary woman. She had written quite a number of books. She asked me who controlled me in my healing. I told her about my first hearing the " voice," and being told that it was Sir Astley Cooper, the English surgeon, but that I would give anything if I only *knew* it was he. She said she had known him well in London. I told her if she did, to ask him any question, and if he answered me correctly, that I would never doubt again. He did answer every question, to her surprise and to my gratification. Dr. Cooper, my beloved teacher, told me that the healers that surrounded me were all Egyptians, and there were many continuously joining my band; that he diagnosed my cases, and the healers did the curing. The first three years of my practise, I treated only ladies and children, because two or three men who came under the treatment after I first started thought that their wealth allowed them liberties.

So I vowed I never would even show the power to a man; but after we had made so many cures and my practise was so large, one of the society ladies came and begged of me to treat her husband. I handed her my card which read, "women and children only." She said she knew that, but pleaded with me to break the rule and take her husband; I told her I could not do it. That night she came to my home with her husband, and asked me just to tell her what his disease was. Well, dear Dr. Cooper told me he had two ulcers in his stomach, and several other things about him, which impressed both of them as wonderful. Again the lady pleaded with me to treat him. Dr. Cooper said to me, "Take him, but if you do you must treat him on the table, the same as you would a woman. Henceforth, one sex shall be the same as another." We cured the gentleman, and he and his dear wife are among my dear friends to-day.

My dear friends and readers, perhaps you may think that my life ran smoothly, with such a God-given power. I realized before a great while what the passage in the New Testament meant, "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul," also, "That the thoughts of many hearts shall be revealed." St. Luke II—35. How many times did I pray that I might be taken out of it, but Sacred Mother and Holy Doctor Cooper, with many others, surrounded me, and I would see clairvoyantly so many forget-me-nots floating through the room. Twenty-three years ago the people were not as enlightened as they are to-day. To say you were a believer in Spiritualism was enough to condemn you, and I met skepticism on all sides. My own family were skeptical, my husband was skeptical, and the people with whom I came in contact were skeptical. Sometimes, in my despair, I wondered what sin I had committed that I was made to go through all that was put before me. Then the dear, patient voice of Holy Dr. Cooper would say to me, "You are going through a fiery furnace, but you are coming out good metal." Many years since I have had my great practise, and we have proved our work, and the "intelligence" that surrounds me. I thanked the Creator and the angel loved ones that I was permitted to be their *instrument*. Now, when I say to my dear patients and friends that I have lived hundreds of years, I do not mean it as a Theosophist, but in experience. Years ago I had so many people come into the office and ask me to take off my shoes, as they heard I had batteries in them. I have gone to houses and undressed for ladies to prove I did not have a battery around my body, until at last I resented this, and had my white office gowns made with an open sleeve, showing just how far the power controlled my arm, just an inch above the elbow. I cannot enter into details in regard to the way some of the people acted with me. They would look at me as if to see what kind of an animal I was, and so many times I felt as though I could not come in contact with them, but thank the God-power, for many years I have gained the mastery over the people, and proved to them that the spark of God is in every man and woman, and that it only takes a kind word to fan it into a flame. I had a wonderful lesson taught me, which, if I needed any more " fiery furnace," brought me out " good metal," because it taught me, through my beloved teacher, to be charitable. About fifteen years ago I had my office in the Flood Building, and I boarded in the Northern part of the city so I could get better air. The family I boarded with consisted of a gentleman and his wife and neice. I had been in the family about two months, when I began to have a power over me, so that I knew everything, seemingly, that was taking place, and what had taken place in the past; not only did I have that over me for the family, but for everyone whose presence I came into the same power would come to me. I began to think that there were no good people. One day a lady came into the office, and she told me something that happened, and later in the day a gentleman came in and told me the same thing. Instantly the power was over me, and I remarked to the gentleman, " I would give a good deal to see a good woman or man, and one I could have confidence in." He said, " Don't you have confidence in me, Dr. Beighle?" I told him " No," I did until then, but that the God-power had given me a power for the last month or so to see the people as they were, and told him what I saw. Now, I had no more right to speak to him than I would to the greatest stranger, and I told him so. He said, " Doctor, I would rather lose anything on earth than your confidence." When I left the office, I was so tired and I felt so badly about speaking up to the gentleman that when I got home I threw myself in my lounging chair and begged Dr. Cooper to have that power taken from me, or to lessen it. In a few moments these verses were given to me, and from that day to this I have had more sympathy for the people, more charity, well knowing that circumstances often place them in positions that the soul revolts against. I have learned again to thank the God-power for the lesson.

The following is a copy of the verses above referred to:

TIRED.

I'm tired of gleaning when fain I would reap,
I'm tired of smiling when fain I would weep,
I'm tired of all the lonely hours that creep;
So tired.

I'm tired of building idols of clay,
Of watching hope's sweet visions fade away,
Of learning bitter lessons day by day;
So tired.

I'm tired of trusting but to be deceived,
Of doubting when 'twould be better to believe,
Of failure when so much should be achieved;
So tired.

And yet I'm waiting day by day,
For the loved ones to call me o'er the way,
And I wonder much at their long delay,
For I am still so tired.

Rest, weary mortal, child of earth,
Turn thy sadness into mirth,
Years will come and go e'er there comes a new birth,
But then you will not be tired.

While I had the writing power (that is, before I became a healer), when the dear mother wanted me to write, she would make me feel as though cold water was running down my back, and I would get pencil and paper; and then I would receive messages and instructions in that manner. One day I was influenced to take the pencil, when I seemingly became blind, and still my eyes were open. Quite a message was written, part of it in German and part in English. When it was finished, the name of "Doretta" was signed to it. Mrs. N——, my dear old friend, was with me at the time, but she did not recognize the name or the message. When her husband came in, she asked him if there was anything the matter with his mother's eyes before she died, and what was her given name. He looked surprised, and said, "My mother was blind for five years, and her name was Doretta." Mrs. N—— handed him the message, much to his amazement. He recognized it as coming from his mother. Another evening, while sitting in the room, talking with Mrs. N——, I saw such a flock of sheep coming toward me, and they seemed so real. When I asked my mother what it meant, she said, "My dear child, in the near future people will come to you for assistance, in droves as you see those sheep." I did not have healing power then, nor did I expect to have it, but the people did come, later.

Father King (Thomas Starr King) told me that I would have to submit to being entranced, so that they could the better develop me. He wished me to form a circle of four or five, and said we were to meet twice a week. Mrs. N——, her husband, and Mr. Weise formed the circle with me. I found that Mr. Weise knew considerable about the spiritual laws, and he was a great help to me.

I shall never forget the first time Father King entranced me. I began to feel as though I was so large (I weighed only ninety-four pounds at the time); he soon overpowered the brain, and I was told afterwards that it was wonderful to hear the language he used and the instruction he gave. Father King said he wanted us to sit for a few months, so that he could get me in a condition that the power could influence me to do the work for which they were preparing me. I asked him if he would tell me what kind of public mediumship I was going to have. He said they were not yet ready to tell me anything about it, for if they should tell me that would interfere with their work, that is, I would be constantly dwelling upon it, and they could not do so well. One night Father King said that I was going to be controlled very soon by a little girl, who would prove to be a wonderful messenger, and that she was part Indian and part English. Some time later, I was entranced by the little girl Father King told me about. She gave her name as Tellula, and indeed she was a wonderful messenger, and always truthful. Those who were privileged to hear her, and to have her get messages for them were delighted with her, and she convinced many people of the life beyond. She is with me now a great deal, but she does not entrance me now, but she speaks in her independent voice.

Some years later my old friend, Mrs. N——, came to spend the evening with me. I was then before the public as a healer. Mrs. N——'s first husband had passed out of her life, and she was married again to a mining man. Mr. D——, her husband, was away from the city, attending to his mining work, a great deal. On this evening Mrs. D—— asked me if Tellula ever controlled me now. I said that I had not heard from her for a long time. Mrs. D—— said, "I wish she would come to-night. Oh, Nella, wasn't she a wonderful messenger? I miss her so much when I want to find out anything." We sat there talking for about half an hour; then Mrs. D—— said, "Nella, Tellula is here; I feel her on my shoulders." Sure enough, she was with us, and controlled me. She told Mrs. D—— to get her clothes ready, for she would go to Mexico in a little while; that she was going to receive a telegram and a letter from Mr. D——, saying he had accepted an offer to go to Mexico; and that she was going, too; she also told her several other things. When Mrs. D—— told me what she said about going away, I asked her if she had heard anything about it. She said, "No, but did not Tellula just tell me?" I said, "Surely you will not get anything until you know positively." She answered that of course she was going out the next day to buy her clothes. I advised her not to do so until she heard from her husband, but she said that Tellula was always right. Next day she went out and made her purchases, and started to make her thin waists for warm weather. In three days she received a telegram from her husband, saying he was coming down, and she would understand his reason for doing so when she received his letter. A week or two passed, and Mrs. D—— came into the office with her husband, who was on his way to Mexico. She looked very sorrowful, and said, "Nella, I cannot go with my husband, for the Company will not allow the wives to go." I said, "I told you not to buy a lot of clothes that you cannot wear here." That night I took dinner and spent the evening with them. On that occasion Tellula came again and told Mrs. D—— not to feel so disappointed; that she was going to Mexico in three weeks and that she would stay a long time. She *did* go in three weeks, and remained three years. Tellula was right again.

At one time my daughter Alice was receiving attentions from a very excellent young man, whom we all liked very much. One night Tellula was requested to come for some friends who were anxious about a matter that she could attend to for them. Dear Alice sat there with us; Tellula told her she was not going to marry that young man. Alice said, indeed she would; Tellula answered, "The man you are going to marry is a foreigner, and he will not be in this state for a year." Alice did *not* marry the young man, but she married a Canadian who came to San Francisco a year later. All Tellula said about him was correct, for he has been a faithful husband to Alice, and a dear son to me. If I were to write all the wonderful things I know about Tellula it would fill a book.

When I speak of the God Power, it means many powers,—many messengers, but God at the head of all. A university has its president; every factory has its foreman; all corporations have a head man; even the busy bees have a leader, their queen. So is God at the head of all things, and the angel loved ones, our messengers, are in coöperation with Him. I could not exist without the proof of the life beyond and their loving care. Even to-day, while I am out on a vacation of only six weeks, I long for the time to come when I shall be again in my office, surrounded by the heavenly influences and encouraging words. Of course I have them with me now, but not as close as I do when I am in my office.

When my second husband met with the accident which ultimately took his spirit from the body, I thought again that I was deserted, but it proved to be a blessing in disguise. I had been married to him only two months when he met with the accident, and he passed out of the body nearly two years later. I will here give a part of the Memorial Service, which was taken down in shorthand, to send it to his friends in the East:

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

John Franklin Trippe, devoted husband of Dr. Nellie Beighle Trippe, of this city, passed to the higher life February 27th.

Preceding the last hours of his life, he lay six hours in a coma state and none present expected him to rally, and the Angel Powers that have guided Dr. Beighle in her noble work for the past twenty years gave her directions for the funeral—not calling it funeral, but reception—naming the undertakers, and asking that flowers be strewn on all sides and lilies line both sides of the hall; and promised her, if she would bear with her sorrow and not grieve for her husband, he should return and be with her at all times out of her office hours, the same as he had been in life. The doctor told of all this to those about her, and, to our great surprise, Mr. Trippe resumed consciousness, and with such spiritual brightness, and called, " My Helen, my sweetheart, my wife! I have come again. I have been away and must go again, but I will come back in a day or two to be with you always," which corroborated the message given the doctor. The doctor followed the directions given in every particular, the casket being of white embossed velvet, and the numerous beautiful floral offerings sent in memory of the good man and in love of the doctor will long be remembered, as well as the cheering and beautifully spoken words given through the mediumship of Mrs. R. S. Lillie, and the closing song sung by Mr. Lillie, entitled " Something Sweet to Think Of," cheered many a sorrowing heart present. Thus another soul was called home.

SOMETHING SWEET TO THINK OF.

Poetry and Music by John P. Ordway, M.D.

Something sweet to think of in this world of care,
Tho' dear friends have left us, they bright spirits are;
Something sweet to dream of, hark! the angels say,
"Call them not back again, they are with you every day."
With you in the twilight, with you night and morn,
With you in the sunlight, with you in the storm;
With you ever, evermore hear the angels say,
"Call them not back again, they are with you every day."

CHORUS.

Something sweet to think of in this world of care,
Tho' dear friends have left us, they bright spirits are;
Something sweet to dream of, hark! the angels say,
"Call them not back again, they are with you every day."

Something sweet to think of, a dear husband's love,
'Twas a priceless jewel round my heart he wove,
How I long to see him, but the angels say,
"Call him not back again, he is with you every day."
Blessed, sainted husband, I can see you now,
As in days of sorrow, when you kissed my brow;
'Tis my sweetest, dearest joy when the angels say,
"Call him not back again, he is with you every day."

CHORUS.

Something sweet to think of, loved ones gone before,
Bright and joyous spirits with us evermore.
They are singing sweetly with the angels lay,
"Call us not back again, we are with you every day."
Wander not in darkness, for we send you light
That will make you happy through both day and night.
'Tis our blessing on you all, and with angels say,
"Call us not back again, we are with you every day."

CHAPTER II.

RECORD OF SOME WONDERFUL CURES.

When I was in the Flood Building a lady came into the office to see me; when I came out of the treating-room I stepped up to her, and as I did so my hand was taken by the power and placed at her throat. She seemed so pleased and said, "Yes, yes, it is my throat. I was told you could cure me if I could only find you." I asked her if she knew it was a goiter. She said, "Yes, but you can cure it." Poor woman, she was doomed. The power told me that she would choke to death as it grew inside. Poor woman, she fainted when I would not take her. When hopeless cases come in I tell you, friends, it made me feel sorry and heartsick.

One morning I was on my way down to the office, and, as I had a very sick patient whom I had to go to the house to treat, I started earlier from my home to do so. The dear Dr. Cooper came to me while I was on the car and said, "You had better go to your office now, and treat the sick man when you leave your office to-night." I told him I did not want to do that as I had an engagement and would rather go and treat the patient then. I never remembered another thing till I was going up on the elevator to my office. The doctor threw a power over me and took me there. When I came to myself I was in the elevator and a gentleman spoke to me, saying, "Is this my old pupil, Helen Craib?" I recognized my old teacher, Mr. Pelton. The secret was that Mr. Pelton was without funds, and I had to help him. I had not seen him since I went to school to him.

I had been taken out of my body a great many times, but I was usually taken to the higher life. Indeed, I became very familiar with the dear ones beyond; but one morning I went into my office and a gentleman was waiting for me. He looked so anxious that I asked him if he were sick. He said, "No, but were you sick last night?" I answered, "No, I felt fine." He was a very intelligent man, holding a fine position, and had never been a patient. He said to me, "Well, doctor, I thought you were dead. Last night I went to bed, and about 10:30 I got up to get a drink of water; as I returned to our room I saw you in one of your white treating gowns beckoning to me. I was so startled that when I went into my room I said to my wife, 'Dr. Beighle is either dead or very ill.' Neither my wife nor I could sleep, and as soon as I got my coffee instead of going to my office I came here." (He knew nothing of spiritualism.) I tried to pass it off as a joke, but he would not have it that way, and begged me to take good care of myself, fearing I was going to be ill. He had not left the office an hour before one of the professors from the Academy of Science, whom I knew very well, came in and said, "Were you ill last night?" I laughingly said, "Did you see me with my white treating gown on, with a halo over my head, beckoning you to come to me?" He looked so puzzled, saying, "Yes, I *did* see you that way, and I have not slept at all. I thought surely you were dead or ill." He had hardly got through speaking when a very lovely woman came in and asked me the same questions. I had appeared to those three people the same night, and the three were all intelligent people and strangers to each other. It pleased me very much, the God Power sending them to me to tell me.

I was treating a young lady who had been very ill, and had been treated for consumption. She asked me one day if I would object to her aunt coming with her. I answered, "No, indeed, bring any one you choose, and take them right into your treating room." A few days later, when I went into her booth, she introduced me to her aunt. I started to treat Miss Fanchor when I turned to look at her aunt. I was amused to see a look of ridicule on her face. The Holy Doctor told me to show her the power. As soon as my hand touched her head the power took hold of her, and she was compelled to tell me all she had said about me. She cried so bitterly when the power left her. I told her it would teach her a lesson not to speak ill of any one she did not know.

Another time an old patient came into the office, bringing with him two friends, a lady and her husband. I was very busy, as usual, and did not have time to diagnose their cases that day, but Mr. B. asked me if I would take the time to just show them the power. My office was full of patients who were waiting for me. The lady looked horrified when she saw me in my white treating gown, and my arm bare to the shoulder. The power spoke to me about it. Well, I started to put my hand on her husband's head, but was quickly taken over to her. Almost before you could speak the power put her in a cataleptic state, she being a subject. As soon as I took it off of her they both hurriedly left the office, much to the amusement of the patients who witnessed it.

I had a lady from Honolulu under treatment, and she, too, asked permission to bring a friend to the office to see the power, remarking that all her friends were so skeptical. A few days later I was out in the reception room when she came in with a lady. As they entered the door I saw three angel forms enter with them. When I went into the booth the friend did not go in with my patient, but remained in the office. I said to my patient, "I see your friend is a medium." She looked at me and laughed, saying, "No, indeed, she is not." I said mentally to the power, "Go out and control that woman." When I went out of the booth I stepped into the office and said to the lady, "Madam, I see you are a medium. Why don't you let your guides control you?" Poor woman, she had to acknowledge it, telling me that they had controlled her for years, and she had four different phases of mediumship. I called to my patient and asked if she heard what her friend said. Well—she was dumbfounded.

The attendant who was in the office came to me one day and said that two of her friends were down from her home, and that one was a doctor's wife. She had been telling them about the power the night before, and had asked them to come to the office, and they had just come in. She asked me if I would kindly show them. I stepped into the office and was introduced to them. The doctor's wife was a tall, handsome blonde, beautifully gowned. I put my hand on her head, when the power took hold of her. She pulled her bonnet off, threw it on the floor, saying, "She will be down on to-night's boat; she did not get the telegram." I had sent three telegrams to Rio Vista for my little daughter to come home; she had been visiting her aunt. Not getting a reply to the telegrams, I was fearful something had happened, and perhaps Dr. Cooper did not want to tell me but he told me through this woman. When the lady came to herself she trembled from head to foot. The attendant, who was a doctor's daughter, said, "My friend here remarked, when I was telling her last night about the wonderful things that occurred, that *she* would like to see the color of any one's hair who could control *her*. *She saw it.*

A lady came into the office one day and asked to see me, saying she had just come from Cincinnati. When I spoke to her she said she had heard of our power in Cincinnati, but had failed to get my address before she left. On the train she overheard two gentlemen, who sat in the seat in front of her, speaking about me. One was explaining to the other our methods as far as he knew them. She said she leaned over and asked this gentleman if he would give her my address. He immediately drew out a card and wrote my name on it. When she handed it to me I read the name of one of our leading lawyers, who had been a patient, and one whom I esteemed very highly for his honesty and integrity. I told Mrs. Avery, for such was her name, that if she could come back at four P.M. I would be able to see her and would give her thirty minutes. She came at the hour appointed. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s private detective was in the office at the time, and one or two others. I sat down in the main office to speak with her. She began by saying that at one time she had been quite an invalid, but had studied Christian Science and had become very healthy. Poor woman, she was then full of disease. However, after speaking a few minutes, I asked her what she thought of Spiritualism. She said that she thought Spiritualism was the seed, but Christian Science was the fruit. I mentally said to the power, "Prove that to her." I then asked her if she would like to see our power. She said she was anxious to, after hearing so much about it. I placed the hand on her head, and in an instant she was under control; not taking the brain, but one of the healers talked in the Egyptian language, and controlled her own hand, pointing out the diseased places. Then she knelt down and prayed. She was a very slender little woman, and with tears streaming from her eyes, and praying so earnestly, she made quite a picture. The detective said he would not have missed seeing her for a thousand dollars. When the power left her I asked her which was it, the seed or the fruit? She said in all her experience she had never had anything like that happen, and begged to be permitted to come to me again. I told her she could, the next day at the same hour. The detective asked permission to come also. The power took possession of her again, which pleased her very much. I then told her what to do to develop. When she went back to Cincinnati she wrote me, begging me to promise to come and visit her.

I had under treatment a whole family. Mr. L——, the husband, said to me one day, "My wife tells me you tell her some very funny things." I laughingly replied, "I never tell funny things—they may seem strange, but not funny." He said, "Well, doctor, *I* want to know something; I have some property I want to sell." I said, "That is enough; you want our power to find out about it for you, do you? Well, I do not want to know anything from you. We will ask Holy Dr. Cooper if he will ascertain where it is and what it is, and let me know when you come again." The next time he came to the office he was eager to know if we had heard anything. I said, "Not yet, but I will ask." Dear Dr. Cooper said, "The property he was asking about is down south, and consists of lots. He has owned it three years." Mr. L—— spoke up, and said, yes, it was lots, but he had bought them seven years ago. Dear Doctor said, "He bought them seven years ago on the installment plan, but did not finish paying for them till three years ago; and tell the gentleman to hold on to them, as property all over the State is rising in value. There is going to be an influx of people in the State which will cause it to be so." Now, that was several months before the Christian Endeavorers came, and ever since that time there has been a continual influx of people in our city and State. And dear Doctor was right about the installment plan, too.

Another patient, Mrs. John F. Snow, was in a bad condition when she came to me. The dear Dr. Cooper told her the power would cure her, and that she would go to the Eastern States three times, which she did after recovering her health. She went on a visit with her husband, and made two trips later. A friend of hers, who was under treatment several years later, brought me a picture from Mrs. Snow of her sister, telling me that Mrs. Snow had received a letter from her sister that morning, saying she was not very well and would I please her by asking Dr. Cooper if he would see what ailed her, and tell her what to take. I took the picture in my hand, and instantly an influence came over me, as though my heart was going to stop beating. Hearing a scream from my dear secretary, I looked at my fingers and the nails were black, and they said my mouth was, too. In a few seconds the influence left me, and I handed the picture back to the patient, saying, "Tell Mrs. Snow that her sister has just died from heart disease." When the news came of her death she had died at the time I held that picture.

It is really wonderful how many powers can manifest through me. When the power is over me Holy Dr. Cooper always stands by me, giving me the returns from the different angel messengers (that is, while I am in the office), and he always diagnoses the cases for me. I remember one time I had a very critical case at the Occidental Hotel from Honolulu. One morning, in attending the case, a strange voice spoke to me. I was panic-stricken, and mentally called and begged for Dr. Cooper. In a short time I heard the blessed voice of Dr. Cooper saying, "I will remain with her to-day, and will explain to her to-night why I must leave her for two days. Do not be offended, as you know she is so used to my voice." I felt so relieved. Really it made me so faint. That night the Holy Doctor said he was compelled to leave me in the care of Dr. Harvey—who discovered the circulation of the blood—but would return as soon as possible, and to accept every word Dr. Harvey would give me, which I did; and since that Dr. Harvey is with us many times.

A physician came into the office to see us about his wife. It seems she was spitting up a fungus growth from the stomach, which seemed to puzzle every physician. It was so wonderful to me to hear the angel Doctors in consultation. I repeated to the physician what I heard, and he was more wonder-stricken than I was. The angel physicians said there was but one case on record; that the patient would live for several months, which she did. The earth doctor said our information would start him thinking about another life.

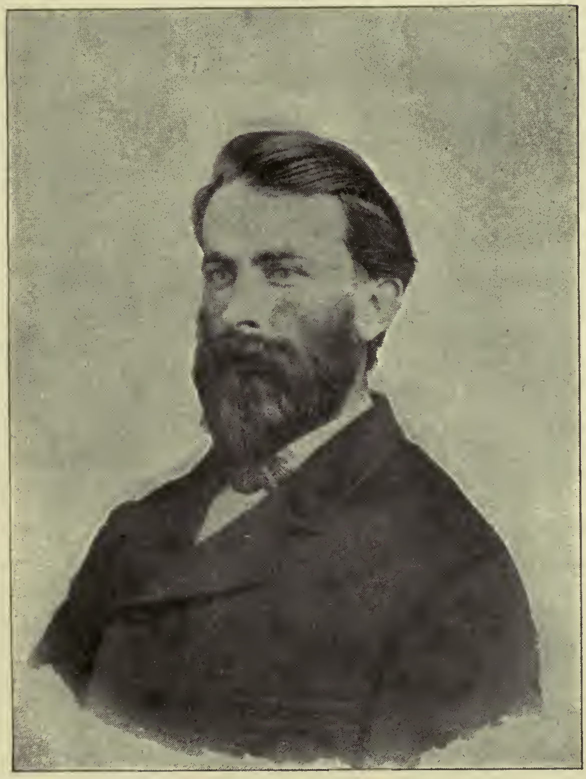
I was treating several electricians. One of the gentlemen asked permission to bring another electrician just to see the electric power. The next day he brought him, and when I showed him the hand with the power I did not put my hand on his head, only took hold of his hand; in a few seconds, when he began to look so queer, I asked him if it made him sick. He said "No, but my head is getting as large as a barrel." I knew that he had been speaking against me, and the power was teaching him a lesson. He had to go out into the office and stand by an open window. My patient turned to me and said, "I guess he will keep his mouth shut now." I did not ask any questions, but I knew he would, too.

I hope I will not tire my dear readers by telling of so many prophesies, but it will please my dear patients to read them. Were I to write all the remarkable prophesies and messages given I would have to write several books.

I want to write about some of our beloved messengers who are famous for finding anything that is lost. I was treating the nephew of a very prominent lady, and she delighted in bringing him to the office. One day I was showing her a ring, and she spoke up, saying, "Oh, Doctor, I want to ask you something. I had two diamond rings, one with three diamonds, the other a solitaire. I lost them about two months ago; I have searched for them everywhere." I said I would call the messengers and ask them about it. In a few moments I was told to tell her she would find them in her bedroom. She did not come again till Wednesday, when she held up her hand with the rings. I exclaimed, "You did find them?" She said, "Yes, Doctor, and I am so awed, and I will tell you. When I went home I told my sister what you said, and we both went up into my bedroom and locked the door and searched everywhere, even the mattresses, but did not find them (that was Monday). To-day I got ready to bring my nephew over, and was hurrying so as not to miss the train. I left my nephew on the steps and ran up to my bedroom. Right by my bureau, on the wall, was hanging a tiny basket and back of it was a photo of a friend. I grabbed the picture and began to wonder if I were losing my senses when something took hold of my arm and my fingers went into the little basket and picked out my rings. I was dumbfounded. I ran downstairs and showed them to my sister. We both right there and then thanked the God-power, for we knew our boy would get well." Now, had this lady come over and told me she did not find the rings, I never would have called on the messengers again; but they *proved* their work to me as well as to her. Another little lady was telling me that she had lost a very valuable pin, and had accused her Chinese boy of taking it. The messenger said, "Tell her to look in the bottom drawer of her bureau, that is, between the drawer and the bureau, and she will find it stuck into a lace collar." She did find it exactly as the messenger told me.

I have had so much proof of the angel power, coming through so many different channels, that this world, while beautiful, seems so limited compared to that of the life beyond. I have lived more in that life than I have in this since the God-power has been with me. Of course every one whose work is before the public, his or her private life is in the hands of the public as well as their professional work. I want to say to my dear readers that I do not think that psychics should ever speculate or do anything outside of their mediumship. I know whenever I have done so it has been against the wishes of my God-power. I have been told by the power that I must not speculate in anything; but sometimes I would, and it would always be a failure. I have never realized a dollar from property, speculation, or any human being, only what I have earned through my God-given power; and I have taken care of many a family outside of my own during the last twenty years since I have had a practise. Indeed, many times I have taken from my dear children to give to those whom I thought needed it, and my beloved children were always willing I should. I have had those whom I have helped (I do not mean with a few dollars, but with many, many of them) turn around and abuse me to others, but "somewhere" they will make amends.

Our power of diagnosis is certainly very wonderful, for I hear every word about the patient; just the same, dear reader, as you hear through the telephone, only mine comes from the life beyond and yours comes from the earth. Charley Farnham, a pure soul, whom I knew when I was a little girl, is the one who is "central" for my telephone, and no power can speak to me except Holy Doctor Cooper, unless he calls me, not even my Sacred Mother. So you can all see how wonderfully I am protected. I have hundreds and hundreds of healers with me daily, many times the power changing several times for the one treatment. I am so used to the changing that I do not notice it as the patients do. Every ninety-eight out of a hundred are what we call blistered for want of a better name, for it is not at all like a blister, but the worst corruption comes out of the body; one wonders where it all comes from. Some people who don't know say I scratch them. How foolish they would be to come and pay me the price they do! Why not scratch themselves? The fact is, there is not a human being, outside of our power, that can produce these sores. There never were two blisters alike on any patient, nor were there any two treatments alike. Some people say, and doctors, too, that I put croton oil on my hand and fingers. If it will produce such terrible looking blisters and ulcers, what would it do to my hand? My hand is just as soft as any lady's who never did any work, and I wear 5¾-sized gloves. I run my hand in all the poisonous sores. God and the angels gave me the power, and He alone can take care of me. When any one undertakes to explain it outside of a God-power they show their ignorance. I knew Dr. Pardee, ex-Mayor of Oakland, very well before my marriage, and visited his first wife. A friend of his was under treatment, and Dr. Pardee, not remembering my married name, did not know it was I who was the healer. He told his friend that he was being fooled, that of course I had croton oil on my fingers. I told my patient to take my book, called the "Little Doctor,"



CHARLEY FARNHAM.

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written by J. J. Owen, and show him my picture. When the doctor recognized the picture he took back everything he had said about me, and he and his family went under treatment prior to my going away. One day in the office I called him into a booth to see a gentleman treated and *blistered.* I asked Dr. Pardee if I should have croton oil on my fingers would I injure the gentleman if I put them in his eyes. He looked aghast, saying, " You would blind him." I immediately put my fingers in his eyes saying, " Well, I cannot have croton oil on my fingers as you thought." He turned and looked at me and said, " Did that man tell you everything I said about you? " I told him, " Yes, every word."

I am going to give some engravings of the ulcers, also blisters, and will explain them to you, dear readers.

So many people, even intelligent people, call our power " massage," and a rub or rubbing, but the *soul* people, I don't care what religion they adhere to, realize the God-power and hold it in holiness. I used to feel like resenting it when they would come in and say they wanted a massage or a rub. Well, the Holy Doctor would tell me never to mind, but consider the source. They did not know any better. Does massage enter the inner system and bring out such loathsome corruption? Does rubbing do it? Just think, my dear friends, those who have had the privilege of being treated, so many come to the office in lovely attire, but I do not often see their clothes; I do see and read their souls, and see the corruption of the body. I want to show you, dear readers, how correct the power is in diagnosing by hair. A gentleman came into the office one day and handed me a letter, remarking, " Now, I do not know where this comes from, or who wrote it, but was told to hand it to you." I saw that it was a sealed letter, and told him if there was hair inside he must open it, and I would turn my back and he would place it in my hand, as I had to touch the hair to get the examination. He did so, when the Holy Doctor told me that it belonged to a gentleman, and he was in another country from ours, and if he was not dead then he would be in a very short time. The gentleman said the letter contained a five dollar bill and wished me to take it, which I did not, as I never charged for examining hair. Three weeks later the gentleman's wife came into the office. She told me that her sister in Canada had sent the sealed letter to her, and that morning she had received an answer to what was told me, and it was so correct. She herself did not know till that morning that the hair was taken from the head of an old gentleman friend who was ill, and when the information was received by her sister the man was dead.

Another case which I will tell you of was this: I was belated one morning getting to the office, and found a good many patients were waiting in their booths for me, but my dear secretary said that there was a gentleman waiting in the main office for me, and he had been there ever since the office opened. I went in to see him, and he said he had been travelling quite a distance to get me to examine some hair. He was a very intelligent-looking gentleman, and looked like a man of means. He asked if I would only examine the hair then, so he could return home. I did not wait to change my clothes but took him into the examining room. As soon as I touched the hair Holy Doctor said, "This hair belongs to a woman, and she will be in this life before many hours." I told the gentleman what I heard, and he said it did belong to a woman, but she was not in bed—sick. Doctor then said to me, "They have been giving her four different kinds of medicine, but it is not fit for her to take." The gentleman said, "Yes, she had four different bottles of medicine." Holy Doctor told me again that she could not live in the body but a few hours. I asked the doctor what relation she was to this man, and he said, "She is his wife," which was true. I heard of the case several months later through a relative of this man. I was told that when the gentleman returned from my office his wife met him at the door and asked if he had seen me. Before he could say anything to her she expired in his arms. Again Holy Doctor was right.

Several years ago one of our prominent men of this city brought a gentleman to the office to consult me about his case. He was suffering from what is called "The Printer's Cramp." He was some high personage from Europe. When I examined him the Holy Doctor Cooper said it was his liver. He disputed that and said his liver was all right. Mr. W——, my patient, said, "Dr. Beighle gets her diagnoses through a spiritual power." He looked so disgusted and remarked, "There is not anything the matter with my liver, and I do not believe in such stuff. I want my arm treated and that is all." I said, "Well, did you ever investigate the subject of Spiritualism?" He said, "No, nor do I want to." "Well," I said, "you ought to be intelligent enough not to pass an opinion on something you know nothing about. But if you want your arm treated, I will, through the Holy Power, treat you, but we could not cure you without treating the cause, and that is the liver."

He went under the treatment for the arm. One day, two weeks later, while treating him, he asked me if I knew a Mr. A——, who was in with one of the largest firms here and at the Sandwich Islands. I answered, "Yes." He said he was talking to him about his arm, and that I was helping him so much. He then remarked that Mr. A—— thought so much of me and it pleased him to hear him praise me as he did, saying now he knew he would get well; and he also knew that Mr. W—— and his good wife thought so much of me, but he had come to the conclusion that I had charmed them in some way; but when he heard Mr. A—— speak the same way he felt very pleased. I told him to tell Mr. A—— that I would not cure him because he would not let me treat the cause.

As this gentleman was going to the Islands when he left me, I asked Mr. W—— if he would let me know how he got along, and he said he would. Four months later Mr. W—— called at my home one night to tell me that his friend had returned from the Islands very sick and had died at the Palace Hotel. An autopsy being held, they found his liver putrid. His liver being diseased and going down in that hot country just finished his career here.

I was treating a gentleman and his wife. The gentleman was on the staff of the *Call*, and they told me about a young dentist who boarded at the same place they did who had been dissecting a human body and had poisoned his fingers, the body being poisoned in some way, and it had affected him in such a way that his fingers were a sight. He wanted to know if I could do anything for him. I told him I would ask Holy Dr. Cooper if anything could be done. If he would come to the office I would look into his case. Well, the next day he came, and it was the first and the only time in my life that I was ever afraid of handling any poisonous disease. Dr. Cooper said in my ear, "Take hold of his hand. What are you afraid of, child?" I did take hold of his fingers and was told to take the case. Now remember, he was poisoned from dissecting a poisoned human body. Who would have dared to handle such poison without the God-power was with them? I treated his fingers for two weeks and they showed signs of improvement. Dr. Cooper told me to have the young man, at his own room, put his hand and fingers in salt water night and morning. So after five or six weeks' treatment, all who saw the fingers were amazed at the result. The young man said he thought the salt water was curing him. Dr. Cooper spoke to me and said, "This is Tuesday; tell the gentleman not to come until Friday or Saturday, and tell him to use the salt water as he has been doing." He came Friday, and of all the looking fingers! I asked him if he had used the salt water and he said he had used it diligently. *We cured that case.* He had been under all the best physicians, and one physician who was here from New York, and who was very noted, had given him salves and goodness knows what else before I treated him. This physician was so astonished when he found the young man was cured, and asked him if the salves had done the work. He said "No," he had used them faithfully but without effect. Then he told him about me. The doctor scratched his head and remarked that there were *some things they didn't know.*

I heard from the young man three years later, and he had an office and had quite a practise, but *I* never saw him after we cured him.

Years ago, when President Garfield was shot, all the papers said he was getting better, and would again take his seat in the White House. Doctor Worsham called to see me one day. He said something about Spiritualism; he being a skeptic, I was surprised to hear him mention the subject. He asked if the spirits said anything about Garfield's case. I said "No," I had never asked them, but I would right away, and that I wanted his opinion first. His answer was he knew that President Garfield would get well; he knew from reading about his condition. Well, I asked my Sacred Mother about him. The answer came, "He will pass to the higher life the latter part of September." Dr. Worsham laughed heartily and said, "Why, child, President Garfield will surely recover; all the physicians think so." He *did* pass away the latter part of September, just as I was told.

Dr. Worsham said: "I want to buy some stock. Which is the best to buy?" The answer given to me was: "He has already bought his stock and has it in his pocket, and it will not amount to a row of pins." He turned pale and remarked: "There must be something in it."

Mr. Beighle, my husband, had always been opposed to Spiritualism; so much so that I would never speak about it before him. During the city election he came home one night all upset about it, and asked me why I did not ask the *spirits* which way it was going, and that if they knew anything they could tell me. Next morning I said to my dear friend, Mrs. N——, who had the house with me, "Let us sit down and see if I can find out about it." My Sacred Mother wrote through my hand and said, "The city will go Republican strong." When Mr. Beighle came home that night I told him, he being a Republican. He looked so disgusted, and said, "Don't you know the city has been Democratic for about twenty-three years? That is just as much as they know about it." It did go Republican, much to the surprise of all, and again my Sacred Mother was correct.

I recall to my memory a case of a lady who had been in ill-health for a number of years. She had been to a good many physicians but received no benefit. She had been ill so long that she was about to give up in despair when she heard of the power in my arm and came to me. When Holy Dr. Cooper told me what the trouble was, and also something of her past life, she concluded to take the treatment. Dr. Cooper said there was an ulcer on the kidney. After she had treated a while, I told her to remain home, and even if it were in the night

I would go to her. I was very busy in the office, and many were waiting for engagements, so I told her she could give her place in the office to one who was waiting, and I would not charge her extra to go to her. I also told her the Powers would tell me when it was time to go to her; she need not send for me. One night, a week later, I began to get ready to retire when Holy Dr. Cooper came to me and said, "Get ready; you must go with me to Mrs. W——; she is very sick." I had a sister visiting me who came from Manitoba, and who is a strong Presbyterian. I went into her room and asked her if she would go with me to see the lady. She answered, "Certainly," but she asked me who came after me. I told her the Holy Doctor had just told me; she looked so incredulous and looked at her watch. It was eleven o'clock. I could not help laughing at the way she looked at me. Well, we started out and I found the place. It was in a lodging-house south of Market Street, and I remember I rang the bell and was told the lady's room was on the third floor. Sister felt very nervous, but I found the room. I heard some one talking, so I rapped and was told to come in. My patient was indeed sick, but overjoyed when she saw me. She said, "Oh, Doctor, they wanted me to send for you, but I would not; I knew the Holy Power would tell you about me; I knew you would come." There were two ladies in the room besides my patient—one, a friend who was taking care of her, the other lady said she was a magnetic healer. As soon as I looked at the patient's back I was surprised that she had not sent for me herself. Her back was black, and so swollen. When I laid the hand on her, well, the corruption that came out would surely have filled a large bowl. The "healer" said she felt so sick looking at it. I laughed, and asked her if she called herself a healer. She said she did, but never saw anything like *that*.

The patient became a very healthy woman.

I had a young lady from Vallejo for a patient who was a very sick girl, but she began to improve after going under our treatment. The family were well pleased with her improvement and were talking about returning home. One night the young patient and her sister (who helped her mother take care of her) started out of the office quite late, about six o'clock. Their rooms were only three or four blocks from the office. The sister put the patient on a car, and she started to walk. All but the McAllister Street cars pass their rooms, and not knowing that, the sister put the patient on the McAllister Street car. Poor child when she found out she was on the wrong car she tried to get off, and it being at the time in the evening when the trucks and teams were going home, she was knocked down by one. The sister coming along quickly saw the crowd, and with a terrible foreboding ran across to see what the trouble was, when, to her amazement, she found her sick sister. She got her to her room, and they were afraid to tell their mother of the accident, but she told her that her head ached and asked to have it bathed. The next morning the sister came to my office and, before she told me, begged of me if she told me something not to tell her mother, and she then told me about it. Well, I was placed so that I could not break my word. I went up to see the patient as soon as I closed the office, and I was astonished to see the change in the sick girl. She always called me her "sweetheart doctor," so when I went in she told me that she had a priest come to see her, and was it all right. I saw that her nerves were terribly shattered, and looked at her closely and said I would send her a nurse who was with me to take care of her. Dinner was ready when I returned to my home, and as I do not eat anything all day, I sat down to dinner before I telephoned to a doctor. I hurriedly ate my meal, and 'phoned for Dr. Barrett. He said he would come right away, and asked me what the trouble was. I told him, when he said he guessed he would not go as he was going to perform an operation. Then I 'phoned for a Dr. Beilhle in the same building where I had my office. He said "Yes," he would come right away, but when he asked me what the trouble was and I told him, he remembered right away that he had a pressing engagement. Well, there I was—I had only God's diploma, and that did not count when it was necessary to sign a certificate. (I had so few pass out of the body that I did not require any one to sign a certificate for me, and ninety-five out of a hundred who came to me were so near dead that it was a question who should get the case, the undertaker or us.) I did not know what to do. In a little while I was called to the telephone by my nurse to send a doctor right over. In a few moments I was called again by a member of the family who resided in the city to send a doctor, as he thought his cousin was dying. I told him I had been trying to get one, but not one would come, and *he* would have to call one in. The dear girl passed out of the body that night. I offered up a prayer that the "Power" would send me some physician that I could have to be with me if ever I was placed in such a position again. A few evenings later Mrs. Mollie Smith asked me if she could bring Dr. J. B. Mitchell and his wife to call on me and see our power. I told her I would be home and would be pleased to see them. She said she wanted me to know the doctor, as he was such an honorable man. They came, and spent the next evening with us. After showing him the power, I invited him to the office to see some of the worst cases we had. He came, and became greatly interested in our work. Some time later I had a very bad case and I was told by Holy Doctor Cooper to have Dr. Mitchell with me, not to give them medicine, but to better satisfy the patient's friends in case of death. The patient recovered, but Dr. Mitchell has been with me in many cases since. He is one of the most honorable, conscientious men I ever knew, and I *know* that with all his patients he is their friend as well as doctor. Thank God he is not ready to operate on all occasions, and he does not give you such strong medicine as to injure you. His office in the Donohoe Building, Market and Taylor Streets, is as clean as the doctor himself. Thank God! There *are some* conscientious men in the profession, and he is one of them. He and his good wife are among my dear friends.

Mr. J. M. Wallis, an old patient who was in the bank, came to my office one day imploring me to ask Dr. Cooper if he was going to lose his position, as they were making so many changes. I told him to come the next day and Holy Doctor would find out. When he came I told him that Dr. Cooper said he would not lose his position in the bank, but he would be promoted to a higher one and that he would hold it as long as he needed one. He said, "Oh, doctor, I am afraid Dr.

Cooper did not look into it, because every one is so upset at the bank. Indeed, doctor, I would be glad if I could keep my old position." Well, he did get a higher position and retained it till he passed on to the other life, which was a few years later. When he went on his yearly vacation, at the country place he went to, he was taken ill and died. Dr. Cooper was again right.

I was treating a lady from one of the interior towns. She had been an invalid for many years, and a nurse who was called to attend her told her about me. The nurse brought her to the office, and being satisfied with the diagnosis, she went under treatment. She was getting along so well, and expected to return home in a week or two. One day she was sitting in the office when I saw a large coffin come from the floor, apparently, and get into her lap. I told her what I saw, and she said perhaps it was her father. That was on Friday. Monday morning she was dead. I had warned her not to touch morphine again as the penalty would be death. It seems on Sunday she heard some bad news and, being nervous, took the morphine; the result was she passed to the other life.

A gentleman came into the office one day to consult me. He said an old patient had told him about me. After I had examined him he turned and asked me where the above-mentioned gentleman was. Knowing that my patient had a good many enemies, as his name and business were public, I did not answer. I had not seen him for a year or more. The gentleman said, "I am a friend of Mr. F——." I said, "Yes, but you are a stranger to me. I will ask my Power if you *are* a friend." Dr. Cooper answered me and said he would tell me in about fifteen minutes. I went and attended to a patient, and when the fifteen minutes were up, Dr. Cooper told me that Mr. F—— had been up north, and that the gentleman would shake hands with him in a few hours. At four o'clock that afternoon the gentleman telephoned me that he was then shaking hands with Mr. F——.

They both became my dear friends afterwards.

A gentleman called at my office to see if I could go out and examine his sister. She had been brought home from St. Luke's Hospital, where she had been for a long time; but the disease she had been doctored for had turned and taken the symptoms of insanity. The gentleman, Mr. C——, who was on the police force, knowing some friends whom we had cured, was very anxious to have me see his sister, so I drove out to see her one evening and made an examination. I found the lady's limbs so powerless that her nurse could not put stockings nor shoes on her. After I placed my hand on her my Holy Doctor told me her condition and what was really the disease. So her husband and brother asked me if I would take the case. I said, "Yes," I would take her, providing they would take her to the office. They were only too willing to do that, and promised to bring her the next day.

After I left the house that night the husband of the lady asked the nurse who attended her if she did not think I was very wonderful. She said indeed she could treat, too, if she could wear a tailor-made suit, ride in a carriage and get plenty of good things to eat. Well, I laughed when I heard it, having heard before so many ridiculous things about the power.

They did carry her up every day and we did cure her, and the "tailor-made suit, carriage and good things to eat" did not do it either. That was over three years ago, and to-day she can walk as well as anyone and with brain perfectly clear.

Mr. Cullinor, the lady's brother, lives on the corner of Post and Devisidero Streets, San Francisco.

A few years ago one of the Episcopal ministers came to the office to see about taking treatments. He was very old and feeble, and all we could do for him was to give him strength to help him until he was called to the higher life; and I told him that seeing he had been teaching the word of God I would gladly give him the treatments. His dear wife came with him every day, and he was very well pleased, saying, when he came into the office, that he wanted more of the Holy Power. We gave him the treatments for quite a while and, feeling so much better, he concluded he would go away and visit his son.

Some two or three months later his wife came to ask me if I was going to Berkeley very soon, as her husband was so anxious to have another treatment; he being too feeble after his trip to his son to come to me. I told her I was going over to my daughter's the next night for dinner; but to please him I would take my dinner in the city and then go over; which I did, taking a carriage at my own expense, disappointing my precious daughter, paying extra for my dinner—all of which I did most gladly. Well, we went to the minister's house and treated him. After I got through the old gentleman got out and knelt down by his bedside and prayed earnestly, asking God if he did right to let me treat him, as I was a Spiritualist. The whole scene was so ridiculous that I could not help laughing. I told him not to worry! I thought God would forgive him and would not punish him for it. The laughable part was—he got his treatment before he thought of asking God if it were wrong. Imagine what a large soul he had. Why, I did more charity work in a week than he did in a year.

I had another Episcopal minister from Oakland who came to put himself under our care. When I diagnosed his case he said he was well pleased and would take the treatment, but he did not draw his salary until the first of the month, and that was three weeks hence; and if I would trust him till then it would be such an accommodation to him. I told him "Yes," seeing he was a minister of the Gospel, and his word was good, I would break my rules and let him do so. He took the treatment all right. He had asthmatic conditions and choked from it. The first time he had it in the office I asked him if he would object to taking a little good whiskey. He said, "No, indeed," he would be glad to take it; and I found later on that the choking continued until the whiskey gave out. After that he got along all right. The three weeks lengthened into nearly five, and the "Reverend" never mentioned money. I told my secretary to speak to him about it, which she did. He then spoke to me and said he would like to pay me, but as I had not helped him he did not feel like paying for it; and that he was going to be married the next day, but after he came back from his wedding trip he would come and take treatments again, and then, if it helped him, he would pay for it. I said, "Oh, no; you will not take any more treatments from me." He replied, "Oh, yes, indeed I will, doctor." I said, "No, indeed, if you paid a million dollars a treatment you could not have another treatment from me. You have broken your word."

The very next day I received a letter from an old patient (the letter is still in my desk) saying she had just found out that the Rev. Dr. L——, of Oakland, was under our treatment; that all his friends noticed how much better he was looking, but did not know with whom he was doctoring till that day, when she heard he was with me.

I have had some pretty severe lessons from so many sources. One lady, whose husband was one of the pillars of the Baptist Church, asked permission to let her bill run for a month or two. She, too, was very devout. Well, one day she came into the office, showing me some purchases she had made which were not only handsome but expensive. I remarked to her that I would have to draw on her for some money right away. She said she was going to tell me before she went out of the office that her husband concluded I was a fraud and did not intend to pay me. The powers told me her husband gave her the money to pay the bill, and I heard the same from a friend of hers; but she had taken it and bought her things with it. *Somewhere* she will pay the debt and with interest.

Not alone have different members of the various churches acted dishonestly, but some calling themselves Spiritualists have done some very unkind things. For instance: I closed the office for a month for a much needed rest. While I was away a lady came down from Oregon expecting to go under treatment. Not finding me in the office she went to see a magnetic healer, a lady who had her card out before the public. This lady asked the healer if she knew me. She said she did. The lady asked her if I had the wonderful power that they were all talking about. She said, "Don't you believe it. I know the man well who put up her wires." When I returned the lady came to me and told me. I laughingly remarked that I was so glad she was so well acquainted with God Almighty, for He was the only one who put up my wires; and I proved it to the lady to her satisfaction.

The mediums are not very charitable to one another, and that is the reason why I have given them all a wide berth.

A lady came into the office to see me about her husband to make an appointment to have him examined. While she was speaking, Sir Astley Cooper, my Holy Doctor, said, "This lady's husband has had a shock which has greatly injured his kidneys, his kidneys being a little affected before the shock, but he can be cured." The lady said she lived in Oakland and that six years previously her husband had been sandbagged one night coming home, and that he had ever since been a great sufferer. For a few days he would feel quite well, and then in a few moments he would lose his senses and often wandered away from home for days at a time. Then he would recover from that, feeling quite well again, and in a few moments again it would come upon him, affecting his limbs so he would fall and become perfectly helpless. It would last quite a long time —sometimes for weeks. All this had been going on for six long years—an eternity to her. She said that when it affected the brain the doctors treated the brain; and when it affected the limbs they treated the limbs; and that his case had been written up in all the papers as one of the very *peculiar* cases. Next day she and his father brought him to my office, and as he was placed on the operating table, I turned and looked at his father, and he had such a peculiar, skeptical look on his face that I remarked, "You do not believe in this, do you?" He said, "No, I do not." I then said, "What would you say if we should cure your son?" He replied, "Well, I would worship you." I laughingly said, "Begin right away, as I will not only cure him, but before three years have transpired I will cure *you*." He said, "Oh, no, I am too healthy a man." Well, I did cure the son, and within a week or two of the three years we saved the father's life when seven of Oakland's best physicians gave him up to die. We proved that the Holy Doctor knew what was in the future for him. Both gentlemen were well-known business men in Oakland. When Mr. Henry Conklin, jr., came and begged me to go to his father, saying, "You must come, as you said in three years you would save his life, and the doctors now say he has but a few hours to live," we did go, and with the Holy Power did save him and he became a well man again. But right here I must tell you that the leading doctor whom he had through his sickness said that *he* could have blistered him too, but that he did not want to hurt him.

I think, dear reader, I hear you ask why I did not go to him in the beginning. They did come after me, but the prophecy had to be fulfilled by saving his life without earthly medicine—all being done through my hand, controlled by the God-power.

The result is what talks, not only in this case but in thousands of others.

I want to speak to you about another case of a gentleman who came to consult us. I say *us*—the Holy Dr. Cooper and Healers, who are ever with me when I am around the sick, I being the engine and they the engineers. This gentleman was one of the worst cripples from rheumatism, as he called it. We ascertained what organ was affecting the muscles, and how long he had had the disease, and how it began. He looked stolid, said nothing and went away. In the afternoon of the same day he returned and said that he would take the treatment, as he had consulted and treated with so many physicians and not one had told him what I had, he being a total stranger to me; and that if I could tell him so much about himself, recalling to him things of years gone by, he thought I certainly could cure him. He was a man of means, and had been crippled so terribly you could hardly realize that he ever had been like other men. He was an educated man, and while treating him he would argue, in fact, about everything. He told me he was bitter against Spiritualism—so much so that when one doctor whom he had claimed to be a Spiritualist, and when he found it out he settled his bill. Now I tell you I had to keep the Holy Doctor close to me when this gentleman was being treated so I could answer him back in all his arguments. The result was that he not only got well and could walk as well as any other man, but he told me that whenever he would hear Spiritualism mentioned he would lift his hat in reverence and think of the dearest little woman and doctor on earth. I tell you I thought we had indeed accomplished a great deal. He was such a worthy man, and a man whose opinion would convert many to the higher life. I will give you his letter to me when he left.

San Jose, Cal., *April* 25, 1896.

Dear Dr. Beighle:—I have no disposition to obtrude myself upon your notice, for I well know that every moment of your time is taken. I cannot resist the inclination, however, to venture a few words just to tell you how well I am feeling. I do this because I know it will give you pleasure, for I believe you really rejoice as greatly over the recovery of a patient as the patient does himself. I am just doing splendidly, doctor. In fact, I can't tell you how well I am feeling; but suffice it to say that everything has assumed *couleur de rose,* and I now feel new interest in life. This, too, in spite of the protracted disagreeable weather. It has rained almost continuously ever since I left the city. I have not seen the sky until this morning. A small patch of blue is now visible, perhaps about enough to make a pair of pants; certainly not enough to make a pair of modern feminine sleeves, but it gives promise of growing, and I confidently expect some bright weather. As soon as the weather will permit making the trip comfortably, I expect to visit Mt. Hamilton and take a peep at other worlds through the great Lick telescope.

Will probably return to the city next week, and expect to take the next steamer thereafter for Portland, unless upon examination the "Boss" deems further treatment necessary, which I scarcely think will be the case.

Please retain all mail that may come for me, and believe me,

Sincerely and gratefully yours,

John Thomison.

A gentleman from Sacramento who was under our treatment was suffering with stomach trouble to such an extent that he could not eat anything (really if it were not for his jolly disposition he never would have lived to come under our treatment), and he used to make all kinds of remarks about Spiritualism. One day I took him to task, asking him if he did not know that I was a Spiritualist. He replied, "I think you are wonderfully gifted, just as one would be in music or in painting." He said, "Look here, Doctor, I know what I am talking about. I have been around to see many of your so-called mediums, and there is not one that I have been to that I cannot take out to dinner, and take them home just when I please." These words fell like a thunderbolt, and I began to look into it and found that indeed it was too true. Right here, I wish to say a word about the psychic, the medium, the instrument that God has selected to bring these truths before the world.

Dear reader and friends, did it ever occur to you how you treat your mediums? A minister of any denomination is paid a salary large enough to keep him in plenty, and to take a vacation to Europe if he desires to go. How about your mediums, whom the people turn to for consolation? How are they paid? Perhaps twenty-five cents, fifty cents, or one dollar, if all the information is satisfactory. If not, not anything. Do you ever find mediums who are rich, and who can afford to drive in their carriages? No, most of them live in a few rooms, and either have children or some one whom they have to care for. Then comes the temptation to make up something for the one seeking information. Dear readers, why don't the Spiritualists—the rich ones—salary their mediums as other denominations do? Place them in a position where they will not be tempted to sell their souls for bread and butter; and I know there is not one of them to-day but would be as pure as the day they were born. But no, our rich spiritualists are like Micawber in David Copperfield—always waiting for something to turn up.

I have heard them say (as I know a few of them) that they were in a speculation, and if it turned out well they were going to build a temple, and they were going to place the mediums where they ought to be. The speculation turning out all right, they would put that away and wait for another good turn of fortune; and so it has been going on for twenty odd years to my knowledge.

Again we will turn to Mr. Sawyer, the gentleman who had such a poor opinion of mediums in general; one day he was saying something funny, as he thought, about the higher power, when suddenly the Holy Doctor told me to tell him that before two years would pass he would come to me begging for information from the angel world. He laughed and said, "I guess not." Two years later, within a week or two, Mr. Sawyer came

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to my office with his son (he had one son and a daughter), and when I saw him I exclaimed at his changed appearance. With tears streaming from his eyes he said, " Your prophesy is fulfilled. I want a message from the spirit world." I said, " What has happened, Mr. Sawyer? " He replied, " Oh, my daughter, Doctor, my beautiful daughter whom I used to talk to you about is dead, and I want to hear from her. You know I told you when I was here before that she was going to be married. She did marry, and when her child was born she died, and my heart is almost broken. I have come to you to open the door so that she may speak to me." Poor man, the prophesy came true sure enough. Well, I sent him to a strange medium whom I knew received messages from the higher life, and one whom he could *not* take out to dinner. To-day he raises his hat in reverence to Spiritualism. The one being on earth that he loved had to go on her journey to open the door for him.

Mr. Stratton, a gentleman whom we have cured, and whose daughter we went to see in Berkeley, came to my office one day bringing with him the Reverend Dr. T——, one of the Methodist ministers of Oakland, and one of a number of ministers who had reprimanded Mr. Stratton for coming to me, a Spiritualist. But Mr. Stratton told them at the time they had no better woman in their congregation than Dr. Nellie Beighle. And when they found out how well he was from the treatment, quite a number of the congregation came to me for treatment too, also the leading minister's wife. Mr. Stratton came into my office and sent word into the operating rooms by the attendant that he would like to see me as soon as possible, as the Rev. Dr. T—— wanted to have his wife examined. As soon as I found time I called them into the examining room. Mr. Stratton introduced me to them. Dr. T—— addressed me, saying, " Dr. Beighle, I am not at all surprised, after seeing you, that you have this wonderful power that I hear spoken of. You are a woman of fine physique and very healthy." I asked him if he thought the power emanated from me. He said he did. I replied, " Dr. T——, if this holy power emanated from me I would be proud to receive an introduction to the Rev. Dr. T——." I washed my hands before them. While doing so I asked the Holy Powers to diagnose the doctor's case before his wife, and to give me something about his past life that would astonish him. When I finished I started to examine his wife; he turned to her and said, "I know now it is not from Dr. Beighle." When I got through examining Mrs. T——, Dr. T—— said, "Dr. Beighle, if all Spiritualists were like you I should want to be one." I told him if he would show me a *good* Spiritualist, man or woman, he would show me a good man or woman. The church members looked at the chaff and not at the wheat, and I thought we did the same with their churches. I had but one religion, and that was "to do unto others as I would have them do unto me." This power was God's law; a knowledge, not alone a religion.

It ended by all his family treating with me.

LITTLE NORMA DEARBORN.

One day, a few years ago, a gentleman and a lady entered my office, the gentleman carrying a little girl of about seven years of age. Her little leg was all fastened up in irons. The lady said she wanted me to see what was the matter with the child. When we examined her we found the leg withered and about three inches or more shorter than the other. The shoes she had on were shoes that go with such irons. I told them that we would take the case, but we would have to take the irons right off, and they must get shoes for walking. The poor father and mother looked bewildered, but I told them that the Holy Powers said they must do so if they wished to put her under our treatment. I left the room for a short time, and upon returning they said they had decided to let us take charge of her. The physicians who had had charge of her, and they had many, treated her leg, saying the disease was there; but the Holy Power said it was in her kidneys, and after three or four months' treatment through the power in my hand, without any earthly medicine, she was cured; and to-day, which is several years since we treated her, she can walk and run as well as any girl; and you cannot tell which leg was afflicted. Dear

CAST OF DR. BEIGHLE'S ARM.

Power enters at place indicated by dark line, and passes out through the hand.

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little Norma, her cure was the means of her sending me about three hundred or more patients.

Her parents live in East Oakland.

HERBERT THOMPSON.

We had another case also from Oakland; a little boy whose father was vice-president of one of the banks of that city, and whose aunt is editor of one of the leading weekly papers of the same place. When they brought little Herbert to me he was about nine years old, and suffering from hip-disease. After examining him the Holy Power told me to take the case and if, after treating him two weeks, he could walk at all without his crutches that we could cure him. He was such a sensible boy I knew I could speak plainly to him. When the two weeks had expired and we were ready to test him, the patients, and we had a good many, were anxious to see what he could do. I was so nervous I did not dare let anyone see him except his mother. We went out into the hall, and the little chap handed me his crutches and started to walk. My soul was in prayer with the God-power. The few moments seemed months to me, but he walked; he continued treatment and we cured him. He is now one of the bright young men of Oakland, and as well as any one.

I was highly amused one day, and I am going to tell you about it. I was very busy, as usual, when I was informed that a lady was very anxious to see me. As soon as I could give her the time I took her into my private room. She was a very slight, light-haired, sickly-looking woman. She eyed me very closely; I showed her the power in my arm and then began to examine her. She acknowledged that I was right, but in a few moments denied it. Then she turned to me and said, "Do you know who I am?" I answered, "No, I do not." "Well," she said, "I am going to graduate next month as a physician," and she looked so defiant. I said, "Physician, heal thyself." She turned around, pretending not to notice what I said, and asked what my charges were. I told her and she seemed astonished, saying that her husband was a poor clergyman and she could not afford to pay out so much money, and that she did not believe in spiritual healing anyway. I asked her if she read her Bible aright, as spiritual healing is one of the principal laws laid down by Christ. She did not say anything more, but, as the boy said, " she looked her scorn," and asked what the fee was. I told her and to pay it to my secretary as she passed out. The office was full of patients as she entered and laid the money on the desk, saying, " Fools and their money are soon parted." It amused the patients very much.

It is very singular to see little children who are sick and crippled coming to the office. The first time they come they are very timid, but just as soon as we can get the God-power over them they are always ready and anxious to be with me, and their mothers and protectors tell me that anything in the shape of flowers, pictures, or candy they want to save for me. One little girl in Berkeley, little Catherine Grant, a little tot of four years, is very fond of me. One day a lady was walking up the street and she saw little Catherine standing by the letter box with her little apron full of flowers, putting them into the box. The lady asked her what she was doing, and she said she was sending flowers to doctor by mail. Bless her! We have treated hundreds of children, and every one after a treatment was glad to come back to the office. Little Norma Dearborn, a little girl whom we cured, and whose cure was the means of hundreds coming to me, was compelled one day to remain at home on account of her swallowing a large piece of gum. So her mother told her to remain in bed till she returned from my office. The dear little girl had her father wrap a shawl around her and carry her into the garden so she could pick some pinks for me.

Skeptics, those who have never troubled themselves about the communication between the two worlds, have said to me, " What good comes of it? " I will answer now. If Spiritualism never did but one thing, it takes away the fear of death, and that in itself is everything. But it does more: it proves to us that our loved ones do return to us daily. Let me tell you of a little incident I heard a few days ago: Mr. McClure, the president of the *Philosophical Journal*, a gentleman up in the seventies, and one whose word is law to those who know him, said that forty years ago he was in a mining camp alone, and had been for quite a while. He said he had the toothache for ten days until he thought he would lose his mind. At last, in desperation, he cried aloud, " My God, have you forsaken me? " Then in a few moments he felt a presence with him, as though his sister Mary was in the cabin with him. He said he knew nothing of Spiritualism whatever at that time. He spoke aloud, saying, " Sister Mary, if this is you who are here with me, can it be possible to bring something to help me? " He told me that in a few moments he felt as though a hand was placed on his head and he began to feel as though he had taken an opiate. When he awoke the sun was shining in his face. He had slept through the night and late into the next day. From that time on he felt perfectly well; and from that on he became an ardent Spiritualist.

One afternoon about five o'clock, I was told by Holy Doctor Cooper to change my clothes immediately and go to Berkeley. I was amazed, as I was treating about sixty-five or seventy patients daily, going to the office about eight A.M., and not leaving until eight P.M. But as I always did what they told me to do, I hurriedly changed my clothing, thinking that my children might be ill or something had happened to them, as all my children lived in Berkeley. When I left the train, I hurried to my son-in-law's store to know what was the trouble. Sam looked so startled when he saw me at that hour and said, " Mamma, dear, what is the matter? " I asked him if any of them were ill. He said, " No." I then told him that the Holy Doctor had sent me over there. Sam said, " Mamma, I know what it is. Mr. Stratton's daughter has been dying all day." I told him to get a carriage as quickly as possible and I would go there. I had treated Mr. Stratton two years before. He had been superintendent of the Public Schools of Oakland, but was taken sick. He had one of our city physicians of considerable note, who had applied electricity and paralyzed his spine, and after being a helpless wreck for more than a year, he was told about me and my powers. He came, and the result was that we cured him. He lived in Berkeley with his daughter, Mrs. Cody, who was a widow and who had been teaching school in Oakland. It seems that she had been taken sick with pneumonia. They called in one of the physicians of Berkeley to attend her, and she had five relapses, as I found out later, or at least the night I went there. When we drove up to the house, Sam rang the bell and a young lady came to the door, whom I had met once before. She said, "Mrs. Cody is dying, Doctor; you are too late." She was crying bitterly. I did not say anything, but knew I was not, or I would not have been taken out of my office in that manner. I entered the sick room and met the physician. I did not ask him if I could examine Mrs. Cody, but went over and washed my hands and then went to the bedside. She lay there with her eyes half closed, a position she had been in all day, so I was told. While washing my hands, my soul was in prayer with the God Power, and when I laid my hand on her it simply put life into her. Her eyelids closed for a few moments; then opened, and she spoke. I turned to the good doctor, apologizing for my coming in that way; but he was so interested and amazed. I then asked him if he could come into the other room, as I wished to speak to him. I again offered an apology, also telling him that I knew he was treating her for her heart and lungs. He said he was. I then said, "Change it," and told him what to do. He said he certainly would, and he did. Mrs. Cody had a picture of mine which belonged to her father. She had it hung on the wall so that she could see it, and they told me that the good doctor, when he came in, would look at it and say, "A wonderful woman, a very wonderful woman." As I could not go over to see her, I will here give the letter that Mr. Stratton, her dear, good old father, wrote me. He is one of the most conscientious men I ever knew; honorable, upright, pure, and good. All who know him sing his praise. Poor in wealth of this earth, but in the life beyond he will be rich indeed. I am positive he never wronged a human being and always gave a helping hand to those who needed it. In the higher life I shall meet him, and will be so proud to lead him to my loved ones there.

This is his letter:

BERKELEY, *October* 19, 1893.

Dr. Nellie Beighle.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I did not write earlier in the day, as I hoped it would be possible for you to come this evening to give

Ida another treatment. But of course you could not, with all your office patients on your hands. But by the blessing of God, I feel you have already saved her precious life. Your treatment seemed to arouse her sinking vitality, to give her new life, and she has continued to improve rapidly ever since. To-day, for the first time since her last relapse, she speaks confidently of getting well. For this, together with all you have done for us in the past, mere words but feebly express our thanks and heartfelt gratitude. Last night she had a most singular experience. You promised to send your spirit forces over to help her. They came; and as a result, she expresses herself as not only feeling much better in body, but strangely happy and elevated in spirit. For some time she was in a trance state, such as she had never before experienced, alarming the watchers and all of us, as we could not arouse her while it lasted. She came out of it very happy, saying she had enjoyed a heavenly communion with many spirit friends, and had received a new spiritual illumination, never experienced before. New and higher views of life were unfolded. She will explain it all as soon as she is strong enough to talk.

For an old Methodist whose belief is dyed in the wool, it would seem to be a strange manifestation; but thank God, the world moves spiritually as well as socially and physically. If no new spiritual truths are revealed old ones are receiving an illumination that gives them a beauty and power undreamed of by our fathers. I still cling with love to the good old Methodist faith, as taught by Wesley, modified, of course, by circumstances of individuality and personal experiences; but since witnessing so oft the wonderful spiritual power for good you possess, and which I were blindly stupid not to believe in, the good old Scriptural doctrine of the ministration of angels, instead of being a vain, unsatisfactory belief, has become a living verity. No longer an unsatisfying, misty article of faith, but a beautiful and grand truth, a blessed fact, a daily and hourly help and consolation. Thank God for my past year's illumination through your spiritual guidance. Instead of loving the blessed Bible and the teachings of Christ less, their words have received new beauty, life, and power.

Gratefully yours,
(Signed) JAMES STRATTON.

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to give to the public my testimony in regard to the wonderful cure performed on me by Dr. Nellie Beighle. I had a large tumor in the abdomen; was examined by three of the best physicians in Oakland and San Francisco, and they pronounced my case hopeless unless I submitted to an operation, and even then would give me very little encouragement. But I had made up my mind to have the operation performed and take the risk, when I heard of Dr. Beighle through a friend, and decided to see her first. She made an examination and said she could cure me. I began taking treatment immediately, and commenced improving from the first. The tumor is gone, and to-day (thank God and the little doctor) I am a perfectly well woman. I shall be glad to tell any one personally of my case if they call on me at my residence, 1224½ Haight Street.

MRS. NELLIE OSGOOD.

Mrs. Osgood, the lady whose letter I give here, came to my office to be examined. She had such a very large tumor that she was immense. She had such a yellowish brown color, and she looked so hopeless, but dear Dr. Cooper told me to take the case and the power would be able to cure her. She came to me regularly, and her letter shows that we kept our word. To-day she is a very handsome woman. She met one of her doctors on the street after we cured her, and she said he was so astonished to see her looking so well. When she told him about our taking the tumor away, he said, "The doctors ought to *know* about this."

DEADWOOD, TRINITY CO., CAL., *March,* '02.

After twelve years of sickness, having gone through three operations under skilled physicians, I came from the sanitarium a total wreck. Having no desire to live, my health being so impaired, I prayed for death, thinking that would be my only relief from all my suffering.

As a last resort, I commenced treatment four months ago with Dr. Nellie Beighle. My system was so full of poison it is something beyond a miracle when I think of Dr. Beighle effecting a cure without the aid of one drop of medicine. Since treating with her I have felt for the first time during my sickness that I will again be a well woman.

Words can never express my gratitude to the Doctor when I consider all she has done for me; for life, when deprived of your health, is not worth living.

May God bless her!

Gratefully yours,

Mary A. Dobler.

Mrs. Dobler, whose letter I give here, came to me a total wreck. Her husband and her friends thought she would surely lose her mind; and no wonder, for she was so blood-poisoned from the operations. Those who saw the poison that came out of her were shocked, but dear Dr. Cooper said she could be cured. That was a year ago, or nearly so. A few days ago I received a letter from her, and she is still improving.

In the year 1901 a lady came to the office for consultation, saying that Mrs. John F. Snow, of the Dyeing Works, had sent her to me. I made an examination through the power, and found her in a bad condition. She being perfectly satisfied with her diagnosis went under treatment not any too soon. One day, while treating her, she told me her husband had consumption, and that one lung was entirely gone and the other had a big hole in it. The Holy Doctor spoke in my ear and said, "No, my child, he has *not* consumption, but his liver is in a bad condition." He then explained what the trouble was. Mrs. A—— said she would bring him with her the next time and let him see the power. He came, and the diagnosis being correct, he went under treatment and to-day is still alive. For many years he was the librarian for the Knights of Pythias. A friend of his wrote him, inquiring about our treatment, as he wished to put his wife under it. Mr. A——'s letter, which his friend's wife gave to me, explains. Mr. A—— does not know that I have ever seen the letter.

Corvallis, Ore., *Aug.* 9, 1892.

My Dear Friend Garrett:—You ought to be near enough to me to give me one real good hard kick. I deserve it. No adequate apology can be made in this case, therefore you will have to subtract the adverse value from your former good opinion of me, and if you discover a remainder, fling it into the ash-barrel along with the other refuse. It will be the most unprofitable thing a scavenger ever collected.

The most important thing you wanted to know was relative to Mrs. A——'s doctor. Well that Doctor is a good one—bless her soul! She cured me of a miserable cough that I confidently expected would cost me a wooden shirt—by the way, the saving of that expense was probably not worth the trouble.

My wife had been under doctors care for five years, and apparently was getting steadily worse. She was under the care of Dr. Beighle for six or eight weeks and was entirely cured, or apparently so, when we left the city. Her health is not quite so good now, but she attributes it to work and worry since coming home. She is so convinced of Dr. Beighle's ability to do what she says she can do that it would be impossible to persuade her to take treatment of an old school physician for anything that Dr. Beighle said she could cure. When Mrs. A—— went to Dr. Beighle she was suffering with bladder, kidney and stomach troubles. She was really in a desperate condition. The principal trouble was apparently in her heart. That organ, Dr. Beighle said, was not particularly affected, and apparently she was right, for under her treatment the pain ceased in that organ in a very short time. She charges what looks like a steep price, does not advertise, has a large practise and a most intelligent class of patients (myself excepted). She is quite entertaining, rather good-looking, possesses an excellent figure and is really good to look at; but I do not think that looking at her would cure a black eye or make me forget the toothache of any kind, or cease to cough with a badly irritated condition of the bronchial tubes. But that she has some occult power whereby she can hocus-pocus the situation sufficiently to make you believe you are not suffering from these evils, cannot be denied by those who are familiar with her work. Call and have a talk with her—see some of her patients—I am not advising you to have her treat Mrs. G——, although Mrs. A—— says, "By all means advise your friend to take his wife to Dr. Beighle." I have told you in this things that I know, and I am, or rather have been, as bad a skeptic in matters of this kind as anyone could be. Asking your and Mrs. G——'s forgiveness for my carelessness in not answering sooner,

I remain yours,

D. ALLISON.

This gentleman, whose letter I will give, was sent to me by one of the leading men of our city. He had baffled all the doctors, and it was between the undertaker and myself who should have the case. Holy Dr. Cooper diagnosed his case correctly through the power, and said it was his stomach; so he decided to go under our treatment. His condition was indeed terrible; he never knew when he was going to have one of his "spells," as he called them. They were liable to come on him at any time. The second treatment we gave him he had a spell in the office; his tongue protruded from his mouth and turned such a dark color, and he trembled from his head to his feet. It was awful while it lasted. I will give his letter, and it will show how much he improved.

IN CAMP NEAR TOWER HOUSE, SHASTA CO.

DEAR DOCTOR:—I have you "on the list" for a letter for some time, and if you are going to get it before I go home I must be writing it, for I expect to leave for San Francisco the latter part of the week.

My three months are a little more than up, and it is with pleasure I say that your promises have been more than fulfilled, for I am stronger and better in every way than I have been at any time for three years past. I feel that I am under deep obligations to you, and I hope to be able to show in some way my appreciation of all you have done for me. You are at liberty to use my name as a reference, or in any way that may be of advantage to you, and rest assured I shall not fail to tell what you have done for me, and hope to send others to you. We are in camp in a delightful spot, and I wish you could run away for a while and enjoy such beauties of nature as surround us on every hand. Our camp is on the banks of a fine stream, in a beautiful wooded canyon, one-half mile from the stage road to Trinity County. I have been here two weeks, and it has done me a world of good. When I tell you that I am the only man in camp, cut all the wood for stove and camp fires; take six or eight mile tramps hunting and fishing; have a daily plunge in the creek, etc., you will imagine there has been somewhat of a change in me. But I suppose Mr. Weister has told you of my improvement. Poor boy, he is having a seige of it. I hope you will soon be through with him.

Well, I hope to see you some time next week, and until then will say good-bye, with my best regards and good wishes.

Sincerely,
Aug. 3, 1896. (Signed) H. W. BARNARD.

These letters from a very dear patient, whom I love dearly, I wish to give here.

BERKELEY, *October* 24, 1902.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—I have much pleasure in sending to you the verses promised some little time ago. Now, my dear Doctor, I would like to speak on a subject of great interest to me, to your many patients, and to the world at large. The subject—the work you are about to publish: could you not give space to those of your patients who wish to publicly thank you for the wonderful things you have done for them? It would surely give me the greatest pleasure if you would accept such testimony from me in behalf of my family; for who, amongst all your patients, can speak with greater knowledge of your wonderful gift and power of healing, or who has more cause for gratitude?

In the first place we must thank you for the return to health of my brother-in-law. Let me explain. You know, dear doctor, the condition of his health when he first came to you for treatment three years ago. He had then been under treatment for some years with several of our most eminent physicians; they declared him to have consumption, his lungs perforated, and entirely *incurable.* He was able to walk only a few yards without having violent spasms of coughing. Then he came to you, and you cured him in a few months by your wonderful power and without the aid of any drugs whatever. He was in such a perfect condition that he went up to Cape Nome, mining. He requested me before he left to write his thanks to you.

Then you remember my little son, whom we feared would be forever an invalid, and you restored him to health and to us. He is now a lovely, strong, and healthy boy.

Then, again, what can I not say of myself? I who have now the first ray of hope after so many (eleven) years of intense suffering from concussion of the brain. Can I not tell how you, with your great power of personal electricity alone, have drawn the congested matter of years standing from my brain and spine —drawn it directly through the pores of my body on to cloths, that any one could see and no one could even attempt to deny? Am I not so much better that I can write this to you? Surely there are many who feel the same sense of gratitude for the wonderful things you do for them. And now, my dear Doctor, let me thank you at this moment. You who are the soul of generosity, the soul of charity, and the soul of love: thank you for the kindly interest you have ever shown, and thank you for our present state of good health.

Once more, my dear Doctor, believe me to be

Your loving friend and patient,
(Signed) Mrs. M. J. Doolin.

Berkeley, *February* 20, 1903.

My Dear Doctor:—I must tell you of the great pleasure I experienced in our little conversation on Wednesday. Such moments are indeed very dear to me, as away from discordant surroundings (why do I sometimes feel those discordant vibrations through and over those terrible partitions) there is communion of spirit and interchange of thought. I am just writing as your telephone rings. And now, dear friend and doctor, I will try to tell you what you have done for me. It is now eleven years and three months since the terrible accident in which I sustained concussion of the brain and such severe injuries to my spine that I was confined to my bed for a year. I was wheeled in a chair during two years. I suffered complete lapse of memory and of knowledge of persons and surroundings. From the moment of the accident, for eleven and a half years, I have never been able to take any pleasure in life, never been left alone for one moment, and never recovered my memory of places and things; though

I could walk, I could not find my way from one point to another. And now, my dear benefactor, what do I experience after six short months of treatment from you, through your most wonderful and heaven-sent power? I am perfectly cured, and perfectly well. Last week I went with a lady friend through the entire business portion of San Francisco, buying for her summer wardrobe. We crossed the Bay home, I helped in the arrangements for dinner, and experienced not the least fatigue or inconvenience. Remember this is the first time in eleven years that I have been able to do any such thing. Indeed, I have never even attended an entertainment or concert in all that time.

Now, how am I to thank you, dear Doctor? Dear little Doctor, Nellie Beighle! Words are all too small, for you have indeed renewed in me life and hope, and therefore given new life and hope to my dear, faithful husband who has given all he possessed in life in trying to benefit me. You have the written testimony of six of our most noted physicians that I was perfectly *incurable,* and that I would be a physical wreck to the end of my life. And now, dear Doctor, I would publish before the world your great, heaven-sent healing power, and subscribe myself with my husband,

Your most grateful and loving patient,
(Signed) MRS. M. J. DOOLIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, *August* 26, 1892.

DEAR MRS. DR. BEIGHLE:—Words cannot express my gratitude for the benefit I received while under your treatment.

Your power to me has been simply marvellous, as I have witnessed so many cures performed by *you* which were pronounced hopeless over and over again by others. The more I think of it the more I am convinced that the gift has been wisely bestowed, for you give as freely as you receive, without distinction of race or color. And as you go from us with your precious healing powers, you also go laden with our love and wishes for success, which you so richly deserve personally as well as professionally.

Lovingly,
(Signed) MRS. LUDINGTON.
2512 Fillmore Street.

SAN FRANCISCO, *September* 29, 1890.

DEAR DR. BEIGHLE:—You must excuse my not calling upon you oftener to express my thanks to you. Many and constant engagements must be my excuse. But I feel my obligation to you, and my appreciation of your services to Mrs. Henshell just as much as if I called every day to speak of them to you. Your treatment is inexplicably powerful in its effects upon her, except upon the principle that you are aided in a way that is not ordinarily understood among medical practitioners, not to speak of men in general. The effects I speak of are immediate as well as powerful. It has seemed, during the last twelve months, as if, whenever Mrs. H—— is out of health, she has nothing to do but come and see you, and she returns to her home a new being.

I should like to know how it comes to pass that you are thus privileged to have access to the fountain of life, but probably you scarcely know how it is yourself. However, the fact is there, you renew Mrs. Henshell's youth as I have never known any one else or anything else to do. I am glad that there are some powers that worldly wealth cannot purchase, and I am glad, too, from what Mrs. H—— so often says of your beautiful and generous nature, that you possess one of them.

I am, yours very truly,
(Signed) REV. JOHN HENSHELL.
(Church of England).

SAN JOSE, CAL., *September*, 9, 1892.

DEAR DOCTOR BEIGHLE:—Hearing that you have been receiving testimonials from a number you have cured, I take pleasure in telling of what I consider a wonderful cure of my wife some eight years ago.

It was a critical period of her life. We had several first-class physicians prescribe for her, but none seemed to do her any good, and she was failing rapidly until kind Providence directed us to you. After one week's treatment by you, there was a remarkable change for the better, and it was not long thereafter before she was entirely cured of the disease which no physician seemed to understand. Your diagnosis of the case was perfect in every respect, and I feel like saying to you, "God bless you for what you have done for my wife."

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) J. Z. ANDERSON.

(The above letter was written by the father of Lieut. Governor Alden Anderson.)

BERKELEY, *August* 18, 1892.

DEAR DOCTOR BEIGHLE:—I am unwilling you should leave California (as I learn you propose doing) without a slight testimonial from me, and a grateful acknowledgment of benefits received that mere gold can never repay. My present freedom from pain, with the cheering prospect of a complete restoration to health in the near future, is, I believe, entirely due to your wonderful healing power.

For several years I have been a great sufferer from a diseased liver and its attendant ills. The last two years I have been unable to attend to my business—much of the time confined to my bed, suffering most excrutiating pains in the spinal cord and sciatic nerve. Physicians had exerted all their skill in their vain efforts to cure. Though somewhat relieved at times, and even able to get about a little with the aid of a cane, the slightest over-exertion was sure to bring on a relapse to my old torture.

All my friends considered my case beyond the reach of medical science. I had seemingly exhausted the whole catalogue of remedies in the fruitless struggle for relief, and had long given up the entire use of medicine as utterly useless in my case.

It was only three months ago I heard of you and the wonderful cures you were performing, and at once placed myself under your treatment. Though commenced with little faith or hope on my part, the result was little less than marvellous. The first two weeks I received your treatment daily (Sundays excepted), afterwards on alternate days. At the expiration of six weeks (at which time you had predicted a cure) my liver—badly ulcerated for years—appeared to be perfectly sound and in healthy action. My spine was all right, the sciatic pains were gone and a thrill of life, unfelt for years, pervaded my whole being.

Now, just how or by what *Power* this was done I know not but this I do know: that whereas I was helplessly, hopelessly sick, I am now, if not a well man, at least on the high road to health, with every prospect of retaining it. True, your treatment necessarily still left me weak and enfeebled by my long debilitating sickness, but I was free from pain, and felt altogether a new man—or an old one pretty well made over. It seemed too wonderful to be true, or at least to last. But as I rapidly gained my strength and flesh, with returning appetite, and no return of my old enemy, I wanted to—well, I felt like holding a hallelujah meeting all by myself, and a pretty enthusiastic one, too.

That a change for the better has been suddenly wrought in me, all my friends can testify. They simply know the fact, and can only wonder and say, "How strange!"

And now, dear Doctor, allow me to wish you God-speed in your proposed journey and the full fruition of all your hopes. And be assured that of the host of friends you leave behind, whose kindly wishes will follow you wherever you may go, none will hold you in more grateful remembrance than

Your sincere friend,
(Signed) JAMES STRATTON.

Dr. Nellie Beighle.

DEAR DOCTOR:—After having suffered about three years with my head, and going to all the best doctors, who relieved me only for a few days, I was recommended to you.

I was not to be trusted out alone, as I would fall wherever I was. And now I consider myself a well woman, thanks to the dear "Little Doctor," and the God who gave her the power.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) MRS. JOHN F. SNOW.
(Mission and 12th Sts.)

SAN FRANCISCO, *August* 21, 1892.

Dr. Nellie Beighle.

DEAR MADAM:—I herewith wish to acknowledge the great benefit I received from your treatment, you having cured me of a disease of which my family physician was entirely unaware. I deem your diagnosis as something wonderful, and I am enjoying better health than for many years, and I feel that such could not have been the case had those gall-stones remained in my system until this time.

I hear of many wonderful cures through your mediumship, and you must be somewhat elated when you look over your record the past fourteen years.

What shall we say of Christians who claim to follow Christ, but have not the power to heal, and it is left to the much-despised Spiritual medium to do His work? He taught the disciples to heal, but who ever heard of an orthodox preacher curing the simplest ailment by the simple touch of his hand?

I hope that right hand of yours will continue to give relief to many sufferers, and that your other spiritual powers will be instrumental in removing the dark pall of superstition that has long hung over the minds and hearts of the people.

Most gratefully and truly,
(Signed) WM. LYONS.

SAN FRANCISCO, *October* 21, 1892.

DR. BEIGHLE:—I can assure you it gives me a great pleasure to be able to say a few words about your wonderful mediumship and wonderful spirit power. I am very much pleased in being one of your patients. I know you have helped me wonderfully. Being a Spiritualist, I am better capable of appreciating the great work you are doing for suffering humanity; and doing it so nobly and faithfully, you deserve great credit. You treat everybody alike. You make no distinction between rich and poor, and you teach the world a lesson that speaks volumes for itself.

Yours truly,
(Signed) FRED ANDERSON.

ALAMEDA, *August* 18, 1892.

MRS. DR. BEIGHLE:—A little over five years ago I was brought to you for treatment, as I could not get to your office alone.

I was in a very bad condition, suffering with my kidneys, bladder, and rheumatism in my arms and shoulders. I had been subject to sick headache all my life, and was frequently taken with a choking spell very much resembling croup. In fact, all doctors who attended me when suffering from that cause pronounced it croup.

You told me differently and explained the cause. You said you could remove it, *and you did.* I can assure you, I was never so surprised in my life when you told me I was affected in that manner, as you had never seen or heard of me before.

Since your treatment I have been entirely well, and have full confidence that I will never have a return of either sick headache or that choking in my throat.

I am now sixty-five years of age and can assure you, dear madam, that there can be no healthier man living than your ever

Grateful friend,
(Signed) JAMES LAMB.
2040 San Antonio Ave. near Chestnut.

SAN FRANCISCO, *February* 8, 1892.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

Know that I, the undersigned, was doing business in the town of Ophir, Placer County, Cal., the year 1890. The month of July I was sunstruck, and within six weeks after that time I was overcome with the heat twice. During this time I would stagger when I attempted to walk, as though I were drunk. I became so weak I went to San Francisco for medical aid. I called on Dr. ——; he experimented on me four days and called my complaint nervous prostration; said I should move into a cool climate. I came to San Francisco finally and started business, with the belief that I could build myself up, as I had an unnatural appetite. I was treated by the doctor two months and continued to get weaker all the time—my head and back ached. Some nights I could not sleep at all the pain was so severe. I went to other doctors during the summer of 1891, but could not get a positive answer whether they could give me any relief or not, but called it nervous prostration. I finally became so weak that I could not raise my head. Then I quit business, as I believed, forever.

I heard of the Oriental Medical Syndicate. I went there. The chief examiner said I could be cured. He had me go to see the surgeon-in-chief. He asked many questions, and finally came to the conclusion that my trouble was nervous prostration, and if I would play gentleman six or eight years, do nothing to excite my nerves or brain, and take medicine all the time, I might get well—nothing sure. I said to myself, "Good-bye to medical science." A short time after that I called on a friend, Mr. Lamb, master-mechanic of the P. & O. R. R. In talking with him, he advised me to go to Doctor Nellie Beighle. Mr. Lamb told me what condition he was in, and how well Dr. Beighle described his condition after examination; that he began to take treatments of the Doctor at once, and was able to go to work in a very short time, and that the Doctor diagnosed diseases without asking questions. When I learned that was the case, I went to Dr. Beighle the same day, as I believed there was a chance for me yet. The Doctor examined me, told me where the seat of my trouble was and the cause of same; she said she would cure me in six or eight weeks. I began treatments the second day of December, and in eight weeks' time I felt as well as I ever did in my life; and furthermore, I gained ten pounds in flesh during the treatments. The Doctor says that in three months from this time I will be safe in knocking a man down; I can do it now, and don't you forget it.

I shall bless the day as long as I live that I went to Doctor Nellie Beighle. She saved me from a premature grave, or, worse, from being a raving maniac, which some of the doctors said would be my fate.

I would advise any one who is suffering for the want of proper treatment and who would like to get well to go to Dr. Nellie Beighle. I am sure that if any one can effect cures she can.

(Signed) H. HOPWOOD.

P. S.—Dr. Nellie Beighle, you are at liberty to do with this letter or statement as you like.

Respectfully,

H. HOPWOOD.

SAN FRANCISCO, *Feb.* 28, 1901.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Just a word to say how shocked I am to see the death of your dear husband as I glance at the morning paper before retiring. Oh, my heart goes out to you, and I wonder so many things—if his illness was of long duration, and if you are well yourself. I had not thought of death as coming to you and your loved ones, for it seemed as though you would be given power to hold them back—and yet—would you do so, when you have had such sweet visions of the better world, and your faith is so strong?

I have promised myself that I would come in and see you, ever since Mr. H—— told me of your return to the city, but now I shall surely do so in the near future, for I am so sorry for you!

My husband joins me in kindest regards, and believe me,

Yours truly,

M. E. H.

The above letter came from a very dear friend whose husband was a patient at one time. In her letter she said she had not thought of death coming to me. Dear readers, I have not been saved any sorrow. I have had to go through it all as well as you, and if you only knew what I had to go through when my husband met with the accident that ultimately caused his death. But it has all proved a blessing in disguise. As I often tell my patients, all sickness, all sorrow, proves a blessing in some manner. In sickness or sorrow, when mortals cannot help us, we turn to God, calling on Him and our loved ones who have passed out of this life for help, thus opening up an avenue to the life beyond.

SAN FRANCISCO, *March* 28, 1901.

MY DEAR DR. NELLIE:—Your dear little missive arrived this morning. I am so sorry we are to be deprived of the pleasure of seeing you this week, for really it is an inspiration for us to be with you, but next week I sincerely hope nothing will prevent your coming. My husband will come home then, too.

Right here I must jot down these lines by Milton. They have been in my mind so much of late, and I always think of you; they seem to describe you so perfectly. Here they are:

> "So dear to heaven is saintly chastity
> That when a soul is found sincerely so,

A thousand liveried angels lackey her
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal."

Don't you think they were intended for you?

We all enjoyed our little excursion Saturday so much; the children have said to me so often, "Mamma, you will take us to see Dr. Nellie again, won't you?" Take good care of yourself.

I am with love, yours affectionately,

(Signed).

(I omit the name of this dear friend, but I must put her letter in our book, to show her how much I appreciated it.)

A great many patients call me Dr. Nellie, leaving off the last name.

How many sorrows and afflictions are placed in our pathway, what fiery furnaces have we to be put through, to open up our sympathy to those we meet in sorrow and bereavement, so that our souls shall expand! How many times have I cried aloud, in years gone by, "Oh! God and angel loved ones, have you deserted me?" And when I thought every ray of light was taken from me, the God-power and holy angels to whom I had appealed would give me the clairvoyant power, and I would see the room filled with forget-me-nots, showing me that I was not forgotten, but learning the earth trials and sorrows; becoming a teacher of the kingdom of God; showing me I must suffer to be able to sympathize with those who would need my encouragement in the years to come.

Indeed, I have seen all the sad part of life, dear readers; many of you see only the front of the stage, but I have always had to witness the back of it. Not alone my troubles, but those of the thousands whom the God-power has sent me; and not alone to heal the physical, but the mental, and the soul. I am able to thank God and my Sacred Mother and Holy Dr. Cooper that I was selected to do their holy work. (*But because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world.* St. John XV. 19.) Again and again I thank them for the open gate of sympathy between the people and myself, for it has been the means of making *all* better whom I have been permitted to know. Both the poor and the rich, *all* need the God love and protection some time in their lives. I have never met any one but the God spark was in them, and it needed only an encouraging word to bring them to realize it. The most bitter skeptic, the most ignorant, or the most repulsive beings with whom I have come in contact realize, before they leave, that it is God's power that is with me; and I have had them say to me, "I want to be a better man since I met you," or "I want to be a better woman;" proving that when we recognize the higher spiritual laws, we not only help ourselves, but all with whom we come in contact.

Time and time again I am consulted by the patients about business and how it is best to proceed with it. I have had women come into my office and say to me (they were skeptics, too), "Doctor, will you ask your Holy Power what I shall do about my girl or my boy?" The Holy Doctor or my Sacred Mother would advise them for the best. In the first place, allow me to say a few words here about the father, mother, and children. Holy Doctor Cooper always advises complete chumship between the parents and children. We know they are all right when small, but when a boy or girl turns into manhood or womanhood then is the time for full confidence. Chumship is to be established. Fathers and mothers, you forget your duty so often at those times. My advice to you is to make your home a *home,* not with fine furniture alone, so you cannot use it except on certain occasions, but throw your doors open, let the sunshine of your girls and boys join with God's love, and irradiate your homes. Fill your homes with music; join with your boys and girls in making your homes cheerful; buy them games and play with them; teach them to play cards and play with them; better tire your physical being than to allow your boys to go into other homes for amusement. It does not take them long to be drawn away from you, but sometimes it takes a long time to bring them back, but by being a chum with them, by entering into all their pleasures, you fill your own lives with riches. I know a family in Alameda; the father came to us for treatment. He had malarial rheumatism, and was, indeed, in a very bad condition. We cured him, and from that on I became very intimate with his dear family, which consisted of a charming wife, four sons, and one daughter. The sons are young men now. I want to tell you that I always feel as though I had a tonic when I go over and spend Saturday night and Sunday with them. The whole family play cards, and I play with them. It is so different from what my father was in his home. Sunday the curtains were drawn down, and you could only read the Bible. My sisters tell me that they did not dare speak to my father. He was one of the props of the Presbyterian Church and all his children stood in awe of him. But let us turn again to this family, where perfect chumship exists. The three older boys are now holding responsible positions, but the father and mother are boy and girl with them. The whole family are one in pleasure or sorrow. I tell you, friends, in their God-loved home—not the old-time God, but the new universal Love, which, when we define it, means honesty, integrity, confidence—God is with them and will be glad to welcome them into their higher home where chumship will continue to reign.

Another family, of Oakland, who are patients, have a son who smokes cigarettes. His mother asked me if I would ask the power to cure him of the habit; he was with her when she asked me, so I turned to the boy and asked him if his father smoked. He said his father was smoking all the time. Well, I told him to keep on and smoke as long as his father did; that I had raised my dear children to do anything they saw me doing, and if father and mother would look at it in that way they would have the best children in the world, if they would all start right in life.

If I were rich enough I would like to put a sanctuary and one of Edison's phonographs in every home. Music harmonizes; it rests the tired brain and the sanctuary rests the soul, for there you are in communion with God and the angel loved ones.

Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophesy, with the laying on of hands. 1 Timothy IV, 14.

Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all. 1 Timothy IV, 15.

Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee. 1 Timothy IV, 16.

Now, dear friends and readers, I want to write just a little about myself, that is, my power of endurance. If I appear conceited to you I shall be sorry, for I do not mean to be. I know that ever since this divine power has been with me I am only the instrument. It is not *I*, but the God-power working through me. The engine cannot run alone, but in the hands of a competent engineer it works wonders. So it is with the psychics who are chosen to enlighten the people. In looking over the records of all the instruments for the divine use I find that I have been more closely in touch with it than any other psychic that is on record. I have been twenty-three years in my office, healing the sick and giving messages from the angel loved ones to those who have been patients. In all that time I have had but eleven months vacation, counting every day. Until within a few years, I treated evenings, Sundays and all. I think I have done without sleep and food more than any other individual. My "God-power" left me twice; the first time it was as a lesson to the family; the second time it was to give me additional power.

When the power first came to me I was told by Holy Doctor Cooper that if I would always keep myself as pure as I was at that time the fountain of life would never be empty. I will leave that to my dear ones to say if I have done so. The first time the "Power" left, I tried to think in what I had erred, but the dear "voice" said, "You are not at fault; it is only a lesson; we will come to you again." Oh, how lonely I was without the loved influence! It remained away for nearly three months, which to me was an eternity. Mr. Beighle one day in lifting a piece of carpet wrenched his back and he was brought home. I sent for Dr. McNutt, he being our old physician prior to my having the power, but Dr. McNutt was out of town, and the physician he left in his place came instead. When the doctor came into the room he looked at my dear husband and then turned around to me and said, "You can do more for him than I can." I had never seen the man before, and wondered at his speaking in that manner. I answered him, saying, "I cannot *now,* doctor; there was a time when I could, but not now." (I realized afterward that the doctor was clairvoyant). He left the room, saying, "*You* must do for him; *I* cannot." After he had gone out I said to my husband, "How strange the doctor acted! George, I wonder if the power would come to me? I have tried so many times, but it is not in my arm." I laid my hand on his back, and felt a little sensation in my hand, and, as I looked at my husband, I saw that he too felt the power. I tried again and there was a little more; and the third time I tried—well, God be praised! the power was again with me. I knelt by the bedside of my husband, and I know that no human being ever offered up a prayer more fervently than I did, and I know my husband felt near to God and the angels, too. In my humbleness, I promised that never again would I think of wealth, that is, money; and that my life would be devoted to the Creator, the angel loved ones, and humanity as long as I remained in the body.

Most singular, but the second time they gave it back to me was through my husband being hurt again, and ever since it has been with me; and now I know it will never leave me until Holy Doctor Cooper is permitted to take me home. Who has a better right to come for me than he who had been my constant guide and teacher? Even those who are so skeptical listen attentively to every word which he utters to me, and are guided by it. He always speaks in such a gentle voice to me. Indeed, many times when I have been nervous, and sometimes, I think, very hateful, he always answers me so gently and so courteously that I would vow I never would get impatient again, yet I would—but he always excused me.

In writing of my power of endurance, I wish to say that I have always been in the office every day, healing the sick, treating from forty to seventy patients daily, besides examining those who wanted to go under treatment. Once I dislocated my treating hand (which of course is the right hand), dislocating three fingers and thumb. I had made an engagement one Saturday afternoon with some friends to go bicycle riding. Holy Dr. Cooper told me not to go out, but to send a message saying I could not go; but I wanted to go and disobeyed, and the consequence was we had not ridden a dozen blocks before I fell from the wheel and dislocated my fingers and thumb. I was at that time treating about sixty patients a day, and there were fifteen of those who would have passed out of the body if I had not been there to treat them. I did not think of the pain I was in, but I did think of the patients and my disobedience to Holy Dr. Cooper. When I returned to the house the dear doctor told me what to do, but I tell you, my dear readers, I paid well for my disobeying. Monday morning found me at the office, and I treated my patients, and continued to do so, too. I think I hear you say, "I wonder if it hurt her." Well, now I tell you I paid the penalty for about five weeks. I was careful ever afterwards to pay attention to the God-power. I will not tire you by telling you any more, only to say that it made no difference what suffering was put upon me, I have always been in my office every day with my beloved patients. I have been in my office all day and every day since I began, through the powers, to write this book and collect the material for it. My writings have nearly all been done at night, when most people were asleep, usually between twelve and three o'clock in the morning. I want the angel world to give credit to *all* whose writings and experience we have inserted here. The closing chapter, "Signs and Wonders" you will find in "Fragments," by J. J. Owen, late editor of the *San Jose Mercury,* and author of many other works. Mr. Owen was a warm friend of mine, and in writing "Signs and Wonders" he alluded to our treatment, so I will do him the honor to close the book with it, knowing that he wrote it for me.

If I have fulfilled the mission that was placed before me, I am so glad. I have had for my companions the dear angels and the love of my patients and friends, and the love and adoration of my dear children and relatives. I will close with the verses Mr. J. J. Owen composed for me. Many readers will recognize them.

OUR LITTLE DOCTOR.

By J. J. Owen, Editor *San Jose Mercury.*

Thou angel ministrant of health,
What magic lies within thy hand!
Thy spirit gifts, what priceless wealth
Is placed at thy command!

The touch of sympathy and love
Goes with thy power the sick to heal,
And solace from kind hearts above
The suffering soul may feel.

The lame arise and cast aside
Their bonds, to stand henceforth alone,
In all the conscious strength and pride
Of health's most precious boon.

The blind behold the light again,
The deaf the voice of love can hear,
And the dark clouds of woe and pain
Are caused to disappear.

What service grander can there be
Than that which breaks the galling chain
And ushers into liberty
The body free from pain?

Long may our "Little Doctor" live,
The world's sad side of life to cheer,
And of her "Balm of Gilead" give
To those who need her here.

If the good we do shall blossom forth
In blessings in the world to come,
What "pearly gates" and mansion grand
Will be her spirit home!

FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Among the "Spirit Messages" in the late "Better Way," published in Cincinnati, Ohio, given through the mediumship of Henry H. Warner, is one from Henry Beighle, father of the husband of Dr. Nellie Beighle, referring to the "Little Doctor."

"I do not know whether many of the people of San Francisco will remember me or not, but there is one who will, and to her I say, Nellie, dear heart, you need not fear, for there is a band of faithful workers who have ever stood by your side in the dark hours of the past, when sorrow and affliction were your portion, and shall we desert you now, when you are so near the haven of rest? No! We draw still closer around you and ever strengthen you with our presence. This is the symbol that is given to us for you: A wreath of laurel leaves, among which are twined blossoms of heartsease, sweet mignonette and lilies-of-the-valley; the laurel is the emblem of your victory over all opposition; the heartsease is what you have been to many weary travellers on life's highway; the mignonette, the sweet incense of love and harmony that you are continually giving unto others, and the lilies typify the music of the spiritual realms to which your heart is ever attuned. May you ever realize the presence of the angel loved ones near you to guide and sustain you.

To Mrs. Dr. Beighle, San Francisco.

Henry H. Warner was a perfect stranger to me. I had never even heard of him till the "Better Way" was brought into my office by a friend who had noticed it.

The electricity in my arm (which extends about two inches, I think, above the elbow) is a puzzle to electricians. The moment I make a circuit by touching another person the battery, as it were, stops. This electricity will penetrate glass, and is conducted by hair.

In the fall of 1888, my practice being very large, I suppose it aroused the envy and jealousy of the old school practitioners; they sought to drive me from the field by intimations of prosecution for "illegal" practice. After receiving a number of letters from the different boards and not paying any attention to them, knowing that the patients we *cured* were turned out to die by the "regular" doctors before they came to us, one morning on reaching my office the following letter came in the mail. I had become so tired of reading these letters I thought I would answer this one. It requires no further explanation.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF EXAMINERS OF THE MEDICAL SOC'Y OF CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, *November* 1, 1888.

Mrs. Dr. N. Beighle.

DEAR MADAM:—We have been informed that there is a Dr. Beighle practising medicine at Market and Jones Streets, and on looking over the records of this office, as well as the list of licentiates of the Homeopathic and Eclectic Boards of Examiners, we find no one of that name recorded. No doubt you are in ignorance of the fact that it is against the law of the State to practise medicine without a license from one of the above-mentioned Boards.

We are about to publish a register of all the physicians practising in this State, and we desire your name to appear among those licensed. Unless we are informed that you have been granted a legal license we shall be compelled to include your name among the "Illegals."

Hoping that we may hear from you at your earliest convenience, as we shall go to press with the Register by December 1st, I am,

Yours respectfully,
CHAS. E. BLAKE, M.D., *Sec'y.*
431 Geary St.

ANSWER.

Chas. E. Blake, M.D., Sec'y, etc.

In view of the lamentable loss of human life, resulting from what is known as "regular" practise, I am proud to be recognized among what you term the "Illegals," where you will please place me.

As a large share of my practise is among those whom you, or your confrères, have declared to be incurable, but who, in their ignorance, prefer to be restored to health in an "illegal" and non-professional way rather than yield up the ghost at your professional suggestion, you will pardon me if I do not choose to attach much importance to a membership in your State Society.

My license comes from a higher Board than any claimed by your Schools of Medicine; my diploma consists of the long list of names of those who have been healed through the divinely endowed gifts I profess to practise.

As I use none of your methods, and avoid every appearance of imitating the same (from a sincere regard for the welfare of my patients), I cannot understand why your august body should trouble itself about me. I am,

Very respectfully,

Dr. Nellie Beighle.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION OF DR. NELLIE BEIGHLE BEFORE THE OAKLAND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY.

December 28, 1893, and *March* 1, 1894.

Oakland, Cal., *March* 8, 1894.

A meeting of the Oakland Psychical Society was held in their rooms in the Central Bank Building, corner Broadway and Fourteenth Street, on the evening of December 28, 1893.

The president called the meeting to order, after which Mrs. Dr. Nellie Beighle, of San Francisco, was presented to the Society for its investigation.

She is a lady whose right arm is possessed of a power of a phenomenal character, entering about three inches above the elbow and extending to the tips of the fingers. The committee appointed by the President desire to make this report of their experiments held with said lady, which came under their direct observation and in the presence of the other members of the Society. Dr. Nellie Beighle was first conducted to an adjoining room by a committee of ladies (members of the Society), for the purpose of ascertaining whether an electric battery or any other artificial device capable of producing the power was concealed on or about her person. After thoroughly satisfying themselves, the lady was returned to the Society in waiting for investigation, with her right hand and arm bare to the shoulder.

Five members of the society were operated upon in the following manner:

A chair was placed in the centre of the room; Dr. N. K. Foster, a member of the committee, was the first to occupy it. When Mrs. Dr. Beighle placed her right hand upon his head he reported feeling a distinct shock, similar in character to which one would receive when coming in contact with an electric battery, though the vibratory force was devoid of that stinging or burning sensation usually felt when emanating from a battery, and the vibrations were heavy, less rapid and throbbing in character.

When the lady touched the hair upon his head with the tips of her fingers the result was the same. If she touched the back of the chair the same force was observed.

With one finger she touched his forehead, moving it over the top and down the spinal column, the force following the movement of the finger.

The lady then took a common glass tumbler used for drinking purposes, holding it in her right hand, and whenever the person was touched with it the same power was experienced. She pressed the glass against the bottom of the shoe on his foot with a like result.

When in contact with the force or power of this arm she touched the person with the tips of the fingers of the left hand the power instantly ceased.

Dr. Foster reported observing the temperature and pulsation of the arm to be in a normal state.

The most singular feature connected with the experiments occurred when the fourth person occupied the chair.

Dr. Beighle placed her right hand upon the subject in like manner as the others; when the hand came in contact with the back of his head she immediately exclaimed: "I can't take my hand away! Do you not suffer with pain in your head?" The subject's answer was, "I do." While her hand remained against the back of his head her arm to the elbow became swollen and congested, having the appearance of an arm tightly bound with a cord.

After this experiment the lady was obliged to bathe her hand and arm in water. After they had resumed their normal condition, five hands, one of each of the five subjects, were placed one upon the other, Dr. Beighle placing her hand upon the top, when the sensation was plainly felt by all, from the first to the fifth below. She also used the glass with this experiment, producing a like result.

In the several experiments enumerated above, when the lady used the glass she also held the same against the person by the pressure of one finger.

On the evening of March 1, 1894, Mrs. Dr. Beighle again came before the Society for further investigation. Owing to a violent rain storm at the hour of meeting, a majority of the members and invited guests (members of the medical profession) were unable to be present.

Dr. Frank L. Adams, a physician of this city, and C. L. Cory, Professor of Electrical Engineering, a representative of the California University, of Berkeley, by invitation were present and conducted the investigation.

Mrs. Dr. Beighle exhibited in her right hand and arm the same power and in a similar manner to that described at the meeting previously reported.

On this occasion, however, Dr. Beighle, in answer to the question, "Is this power or force always in your arm?" stated that power came only when she desired to use it for demonstration and in practising her profession. She exemplified her statement by exhibiting her hand and arm with and without the power.

Mrs. Dr. Beighle (née Nellie Craib) then gave a short biographical sketch of her life.

She is a native of Canada, born in 1851 of Scotch parents; her mother dying when she was two years old.

Five years later, at the age of seven, she was brought to

California, and has resided in the city of San Francisco most of the time since. In 1871 she was married to Geo. W. Beighle.

At an early age she developed various phases of mediumship. In 1879 she became endowed with this peculiar power in her right hand and arm, which, with two exceptions, has remained with her to the present time, using it in practising the "Art of Healing."

Mrs. Beighle is a "Psychic" of refinement and education, having (before marriage) been a teacher in the public schools.

She is a firm believer in the principles and philosophy of Spiritualism, and claims to receive this force through the power of spirit entities.

J. G. CHESTNUT,
N. K. FOSTER, M.D.,
J. C. MCMULLEN,
H. F. DEANER,
S. P. CHANNELL,
President.
J. B. RANDOLPH,
President.

MAGNETIC HEALING.

AMAZING RESULTS OF ELECTRICITY APPLIED BY HEALER TO PATIENT.

In the Spreckels Building, on the fourth floor, is a lady who has long resided in San Francisco, and who has acquired, gradually and silently, a reputation which can only be described as marvellous. This lady is Dr. Nellie Beighle, who for several years was a teacher in the public schools of this city. At the age of twenty-eight she perceived that a peculiar power had developed in her right arm. From shoulder to wrist the arm had become the habitat of an electric current equal to that generated by a small battery. Disease, she found, fled at her touch, and cases were constantly occurring which suggested something not far from miraculous.

A day or two ago she was visited in her beautiful offices. The doctor, still young looking and in the flush and flower of perfect womanhood, explained her methods and gave the addresses of a number of her patients. It was thought worth while to visit some of the persons named and find out what they really thought of her and of what she had done to them. A prominent attorney, a wealthy man with a large practise, who was reluctant to have his name published, but who would be perfectly willing to see any one privately, declared that Dr. Beighle had restored his sight when almost gone, and in the case of his sixteen-year-old daughter had cured a curvature of the spine. " I only know that doctors could do nothing for me or my daughter, and that, after Dr. Beighle's treatment, the trouble in both cases disappeared." A real estate agent, doing one of the largest businesses in the city, was suffering from the effects of a fall he met with as far back as 1849. " I went East," he said; " I went to Europe, but could get no help. I came home to die and Mrs. Beighle cured me."

The Doctor assures us that she can refer to multitudes of such cases, persons here in the city whom she has restored to health. It is easy to be incredulous or scornful; it is not easy to explain such results, and it is impossible to ignore them.—*Chronicle*, Sunday, Sept. 29, 1895.

"THE LITTLE DOCTOR."

This is not the name of a popular novel. It is the name of a popular little woman. " The Little Doctor " is known and beloved by many hundreds, not only for the good she has done in this world for suffering humanity, but for her kindness of heart and loyalty of character. Letters, testimonials, affidavits, in fact, whole stacks of documentary evidence, has she in her possession to prove that her professional career has been one of continuous success in battling with disease, no matter in what form the dread enemy has faced her. At a touch of her magic hand pain is vanquished, and you realize that the days of miracles are not yet passed. Who is " The Little Doctor " ? She is Mrs. Nellie Craib-Beighle, and she may be said to be to the sick and suffering of San Francisco what Florence Nightingale was to the wounded soldiers upon the battlefield—a veritable Samaritan.

People are prone to speak lightly of that which they do not understand. It is so easy to denounce as "impossible" that which is beyond our comprehension! Dr. Beighle does not claim to perform her wonderful—one should say her marvellous—cures unaided.

Surely the source must be nothing else than divine when a human hand and arm are endowed with ability to eradicate disease from the system of a patient. "The Little Doctor's" arm is a tower of strength to the weak, an instrument of physical salvation to the suffering. Seeing is believing, and no one can go to her for treatment without being convinced of the fact that the little Doctor is most marvellously gifted with healing arts, and that Shakespeare uttered a great truth when he made one of his characters say, "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Dr. Beighle enjoys the gratitude and admiration of all whom she has benefited.

Her handsome offices in the Emma Spreckels Building are thronged daily with people who, once knowing her, believe once more that life is worth living. Her reception room, 401, is as bright and cheerful and restful as is the little Doctor herself. The writer was charmingly received there. Let the reader, also, go and be made welcome.—*Town Talk,* October 26, 1895.

NATURE GIVES POWER TO HEAL.

MEDICINE AND INSTRUMENTS DISCARDED BY A 19TH CENTURY DOCTOR. "TO DO GOOD IS MY RELIGION, TO CURE THE SICK MY MISSION." MEN AND WOMEN PROMINENT IN CITY AND STATE TELL OF HEALTH RESTORED.

> Ring out the old, ring in the new;
> Ring out the false, ring in the true,

has a wider application perhaps than the poet knew when he penned the famous lines. In the healing art, book knowledge derived from the schools and so-called scientific institutions has signally failed to conquer the diseases which prey upon mankind and make desolate countless homes. The old regime of nauseous medicines, the surgeon's knife and the whole paraphernalia of instruments of torture have been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

At the close of the century a more rational method of treatment, evolved from Nature's Arcana, like a ray of light pierces the gloom and meets with instant and widespread success.

This revolution, fraught with so much of hope and blessing to poor humanity, has been accomplished by the work of one woman, who has resided among us for the last seventeen years, but so modest, so unassuming have been her ministrations among an army of the afflicted to whom she has brought health and happiness that our community little knew that in Dr. Nellie Beighle, or "The Little Doctor," as her patients endearingly term her, San Francisco possessed the most successful healer of our day.

The story of her discovery of the healing power developed in her right arm to touch the sick and bid them be whole is familiar to our readers. Within that potent right arm "the Giver of every good and perfect gift" has made the seat of an occult force which science has often essayed to describe, but as often failed "to pluck out the heart of its mystery."

A *Call* reporter paid a visit to her beautiful offices on the fourth floor of the Emma Spreckels building yesterday. A throng of patients awaited their turn in the reception room. The Doctor obeys the injunction, "Physician, heal thyself," for the glow of health sparkles in her eye and its roses mantle in her cheek. There is something masterful, yet tender, in her manner as she accosts her patients, and their first step on health's highway is taken in confidence and love.

The doctor is a charming conversationalist, and in answer to a question said she treated forty patients a day. Being urged to describe her methods of treatment she modestly said she was afraid she couldn't, for no two persons were treated alike.

"The power which God has given me," she said reverently, "enables me to treat the patient through natural laws. In nervous diseases I am especially interested, and the numberless expressions of gratitude from sufferers from this cruel form of disease, restored to health by my instrumentality, are among my most precious possessions.

" I treat all diseases of the stomach except cancer," she continued, " together with kidney, liver and rheumatic affections—in fact, all diseases."

She stated to the reporter that her charges were $5 for a single treatment, or $15 for a course. It is a remarkable fact that the doctor diagnoses a case without asking a question, and it is conceded that in this regard she stands without a peer. The reporter wanted to see some of the testimonials from prominent people, about which so much had been said. " That I cannot permit," she said, and a look of firmness came into the kindly eyes and a tone of severity to the gentle voice. " The letters of patients are inviolate, and can be shown only with the consent of the writers. However, here are the names of a few prominent professional and business people whom you may interview if you desire. But in any case, their names must not be published."

" You may say for me," said one of the best known real estate men in the city, " that Dr. Beighle saved my life. I received a fall in 1849 which compelled me to give up my business. I tried the best physicians East and in Europe without benefit. I went to her and got cured. You can't say too much in her praise." " I have been a sufferer from nervous trouble for years," remarked the wife of the foregoing, " and Dr. Beighle has restored me to first-class health. For nervous troubles Dr. Beighle has no equal."

Both of the above volunteered enough information of cures effected by " The Little Doctor " to fill columns.

A well-known ex-Senator testified to having had stomach and liver complaints which made life a burden. He tried, without success, the most eminent physicians and the best springs. " Dr. Beighle restored me to perfect health," he concluded enthusiastically.

A public man who once held the second highest office in the State had an affection of the eyes and was fast becoming blind. His experience with the most noted specialists in diseases of the eye here and elsewhere brought him no relief. " At last I applied to Dr. Beighle, with the result that she completely restored my sight."

These are a few people taken at random out of scores that live to testify to health and happiness restored. And surely these grateful voices must fall like a benediction on the uncrowned queen of the divine mission of healing.—*Call*, December 25, 1896.

DIFFICULTIES OF AN INTERVIEWER.

MYSTIC FORCE THAT SUBJUGATES DISEASE. PRIESTESS OF THE NEW DISPENSATION WHO DISCARDS THE SURGEON'S SCALPEL AND PHYSICIAN'S DRUGS.

I went up to the Emma Spreckels Building yesterday instructed to obtain an interview with one of the most unique and interesting personalities of which this many-sided metropolis can boast, for the benefit of the readers of the Christmas *Call*. Interviewing has its difficulties at times, and when your vis-a-vis is a delightful conversationalist, and talks charmingly and freely on any subject, except herself, what are you going to do?

Who has not heard of Dr. Nellie Beighle, San Francisco's beloved " Little Doctor," whose name is an inspiration to once darkened lives and homes?

She occupies an entire side of the Spreckels Building on the fourth floor, and these rooms, furnished with quiet elegance, are the Mecca of daily increasing throngs afflicted with almost all of humanity's ills. The reception room was well filled in the morning hour, and it was a veritable pleasure to note the quick light of confiding affection that came into the eyes of her patients as she entered.

I have mentioned how reluctantly she alludes to herself, instinctively shrinking from notoriety, a characteristic well understood by her friends.

But her admirers are more communicative, and lovingly dwell on her miraculous gifts, her life consecrated to the noblest use that this world can afford—the divine mission of healing. They tell of men and women prominent in the world of business, learned professions and society, a prey to devouring disease, dwellers in an Inferno of sorrow, to whom the world's physicians could bring no balm or hope, rescued by the " Little Doctor's " divine art and enriched with health's energies and enjoyments.

From these grateful spirits what is written here was obtained, the gentle Doctor being inflexible in not permitting the names of patients to be used.

The development of magnetic power in the Doctor's wondrous right arm is familiar history. Its potency to subjugate disease came as a revelation, and this earnest soul, herself a woman of culture, a former teacher in the public schools, saw in the occult energy that so strangely became part of her only the path of duty and enlarged opportunities of doing good. The sick came to her, and her success attracted the attention of scientists and the medical profession. Here was a new conception of Nature, and it mystified them. They were fettered with the prejudices of ancient schools and they could not understand this new enlargement of human power. A committee of the Oakland Psychical Research Society was appointed to investigate her. She modestly appeared before it. The signed report speaks of the rigid precautions observed, and specifies the manner in which she demonstrated her power by placing her right hand upon the head of a member of the committee, who " reported feeling a distinct shock, similar in character to which one would receive when coming in contact with an electric battery. When the lady touched the hair upon his head with the tips of her fingers the result was the same. If she touched the back of the chair the same force was observed."

The report is very interesting and received wide publicity. Suffice it to say that the committee was thoroughly convinced of her power.

What is this mystic force which sets at naught the learning of the schools? By its fruits it can be judged. " Dr. Beighle saved my life," said one of the most prominent merchants in the city. " I tried the best physicians in the East and in Europe without avail. She cured me permanently." A United States Senator testified to a cure of stomach and liver complaint that the most famous springs and physicians could not relieve. But space forbids the recital of cases of restored health from the lips of grateful men and women.

The Doctor exemplifies in her own person the secret and living force with which God has dowered her; she is radiant with health and grace, and her features express her soul and its aspirations. Her innate sympathy reproduces in her gentle breast the suffering of the patient. This may explain in part her success in nervous diseases, and her modest reference to it. "I am deeply interested in this cruel form of disease, and I cherish the grateful testimony of sufferers whom it has been my privilege to restore to health."

The regime of scalpel and drug seems to be passing away, and in its stead has come the new dispensation of which the "Little Doctor" is the seer and priestess.—LURA SMALLEY, *Call,* December 18, 1898.

CHAPTER III.

CONTROLS AND MEDIUMS.

Sir Astley Cooper, a celebrated English surgeon, was born at Brooke, in Norfolk, where his father was a curate, in August, 1768. In his sixteenth year he went to London and placed himself under the care of Mr. Cline, one of the most noted surgeons of his day. He devoted himself with ardor to his profession, and was a constant attender at the dissecting rooms, and also at the lectures of the famous John Hunter. In 1787 C. was appointed demonstrator of anatomy at St. Thomas's Hospital; and four years after he assisted Mr. Cline, who was surgeon at St. Thomas's, in the course of lectures on anatomy and surgery. In 1792 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy at Surgeon's Hall, and in 1800 surgeon to Guy's Hospital. In 1813 he received the professorship of comparative anatomy in the College of Surgeons. Meanwhile, C. had been enriching medical literature by various contributions. An essay on the effects resulting from the destruction of the membrana tympani gained him, in 1802, the Copley medal of the Royal Society, of which he was elected a Fellow three years afterwards. In 1804-1807 appeared his great work on Hernia, with illustrations mostly of life size, a contribution of the utmost value to medical science—the anatomy of the disease and the mode of operating for its relief being little understood before—though in a pecuniary point of view it proved very unprofitable to himself. The practical part of his profession was not neglected during this time. He was the first to attempt the tying of the carotid artery, an attempt which, though unsuccessful in his hands, has since proved effectual in the hands of other practitioners. His annual income, which in the fifth year of his practise amounted only to one hundred pounds, had in 1813 risen to the enormous sum of twenty-one thousand pounds, perhaps the largest ever received by a surgeon. In 1817 he tried what has been considered the boldest experiment ever attempted in surgery, the tying of the aorta, which did not prove successful; and it has since been tried with no better result. In 1820 C. removed a steatomatous tumor from the head of George IV., who marked his appreciation of the operation by conferring a baronetcy upon C. some six months after. In 1822 he was elected one of the Court of Examiners of the College of Surgeons, and in 1827 president. In the following year he received the appointment of sergeant-surgeon to the king, and in 1830 was made Vice-President of the Royal Society. Other honors flowed in upon him. He was made a member of the French Institute and corresponding member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, a D.C.L. of Oxford, and an LL.D. of Edinburgh.

Ever busy with his pen as with his knife he, in 1822, published a work on "Dislocations and Fractures," which threw much new light on the subjects discussed, and also suggested improved methods of treatment. His treatise on the "Anatomy and Diseases of the Breast" (1829-1840) was characterized by all the care, research, and originality which distinguished his previous works; so likewise was his "Anatomy of the Thymus Gland," 1832. C. died February 12, 1841. A colossal statue to his memory is erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. As a teacher, C. possessed the faculty of communicating knowledge in a manner at once easy and agreeable; and he elevated medical surgery, the operations of which before his time have been described as a series of "frightful alternatives, or hazardous compromises," into a science.

A dear friend who was traveling in Europe copied the following inscription from the monument erected to Sir Astley Cooper, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England:

Sir Astley Paston Cooper, Baronet, K.C.N., F.R.S., D.C.L., Member of the National Institute of France, Sergeant-Surgeon to their late Majesties Geo. IV., Wm. IV., to her present Majesty Queen Victoria, and for a period of forty-two years Surgeon to Guy's Hospital.

Born 1768. Died 1841.

Animated by a fervent attachment to the science and practise of his profession, it was the study of his life to augment and exemplify the resources of surgery, and by a most assiduous, benevolent and successful application of his time and talents to this noble department of the healing art, not his country alone, but the world, became indebted to his exertions and familiar with his fame.

As a memorial of their admiration, his contemporaries and pupils have erected this monument to perpetuate his name and his example.

Sir Astley Cooper is my principal control.

MOLLIE C. SMITH.

Mrs. Mollie Smith, the wonderful psychic, the "Trumpet Medium," and Mrs. Maud Lord Drake are the only two mediums I have ever associated with and invited to my home and table. Mrs. Mollie Smith, God bless her! Indeed, He has blessed her when He selected her for the wonderful power. She is as nearly an angel as one can get to be on this earth. Her powers are peculiar, and so wonderful. She generally sits for five at a time. The first sitting I ever had with her was one evening when a gentleman and his wife (he was once Governor of California) and a Mrs. T—— were invited to dinner at a friend's house to meet Mrs. Smith and have an evening with her. After dinner we retired to the back parlor, there being a piano and a few chairs in the room. The host told the Governor he wanted him to tie Mrs. Smith, and he produced three pieces of wide white tape for that purpose. After he had tied her as only a sailor can, the host then handed him nails and hammer and told him he wanted him to nail her to the floor, so he would be sure she could not handle the "'phone," which is a trumpet about two feet in length, with one end small and the other about four inches in diameter. This 'phone, when being used, is brought up close to the ear and a private conversation can be carried on between the angel loved one and the one seeking information.

After Mrs. Smith was securely tied and nailed, we six, the host and hostess, Governor and his wife, Mrs. T—— and myself, sat down in a half circle a number of feet from Mrs. Smith, and joined hands. Then the lights were put out, and we sat there for a long time—I think about two hours—when the piano began to play, and a *power* was handling the "'phone," and began to speak through it. The Governor became so excited; as we had all joined hands, and all searching for the truth, one could hardly blame him. He turned to me, as I sat next to him, and said, "Doctor, are you helping Mrs. Smith?" I laughed heartily, as he did not notice that he not only held my hands, but had placed his feet over mine. When I called his attention to it, Mrs. Smith spoke up and said, "You have forgotten, Governor, that you have not only tied my hands together and tied me to the chair, but you have also nailed me to the floor."

You cannot believe what a wonderful evening we had. When the angels had ceased to speak with us, the lights were turned up, and Mrs. Smith, poor, dear girl, had sat there for four hours in one position, the tapes being tied so tightly that it made her hands swell so you could not see the tape. The sitting was hard on her, but it made that many more converts to the truth.

Mrs. Smith sat forty consecutive nights before the Psychical Research Society of Boston, and the investigation was all written up in the *Arena*. Her principal control is General Wilbur Thompson, familiarly known as "Wilbur," and whose intelligence baffles the most skeptical; and as a peacemaker, well, he has no equal. He is so full of mirth that one longs to go to the higher life, too. God bless him! He has been a panacea to many poor darkened souls. Yes, God has indeed blessed him when He gave him Mrs. Smith as the instrument to lighten the burdens of the people, and make better all he could speak to. I can but poorly express what I know about him and his work. It is all so wonderful, so grand, that one seems so insignificant compared to them; and I have never known any one who has ever spent an evening with the angels and Mrs. Smith but wanted to be better, that is, if he had any intelligence at all. In these later years Mrs. Smith has been one of my warmest friends. My home has always been open to her, the same as her own, and I always felt honored when she accepted it.

Beautiful in character, beautiful in thought, a fitting instrument for God's work.

MAUD LORD DRAKE.

Mrs. Maud Lord Drake is another wonderful psychic. I had often heard about her but never had had the pleasure of meeting her. I noticed in the morning paper her arrival at the Palace, and 'phoned my son-in-law to go to the hotel and see if I could make an engagement with her. He did so, but found she had left the Palace, and the clerk could not give him any information about her. The next night I was sitting in the car when Mr. W——, an old patient and friend, entered. He was surprised to see me, and I joked him a little about being out so late, when he began to tell me about what a wonderful evening he had with some friends who had invited him to meet Mrs. Maud Lord Drake. Of course I became deeply interested, and asked him what he thought about her, knowing him to be very skeptical. He said, "Doctor, she has wonderful power." I then asked him if he thought there would be any opportunity of my getting her to come to my home. He said he would see his friend the first thing in the morning and ask him to speak to Mrs. Drake for me. The next day I received a message from Mr. W—— saying Mrs. Drake would come to my home Wednesday evening, as she was anxious to meet me; also, that she had intended going away in a day or two, but would remain over to be with me. Mr. W—— wanted me to reserve a seat in the circle for him. He also wrote me that I could have twenty people in the circle. I immediately began sending out invitations. My guests were bankers, lawyers, doctors, and some who were leading members in different churches.

Mr. W—— came at seven o'clock, so he and my son could prepare the seance room. They took the back parlor for that purpose, taking out all furniture except chairs. Mr. W—— advised me to take Mrs. Drake into the dining-room when she came so she would not become familiar with the voices of the guests. I did so, and when I presented her to the guests I mentioned only *her* name. We all went into the back parlor and Mrs. Drake seated us. My son-in-law thought it was going to be very warm, so Mrs. Drake asked me if I had any fans. I happened to have two, and brought them in. During the seance we could feel the fans moving, although every one in the circle joined hands and Mrs. Drake sat in the centre of the circle, and kept clapping her hands together so we would all know where she was. The gas had not been turned out three minutes when all present began to feel small hands and large ones on them, and eight distinct voices were speaking at once, giving messages all around the circle. Two little girls (I saw them myself) materialized and told their names. They came for D. F. Walker, the banker from Salt Lake City, and his wife. Now remember, we could hear Maud Lord Drake giving tests to different ones during that time. When we first sat down Mrs. Drake asked me, "Who is the most skeptical?" I told her they were all skeptics. Well, the God-power and the angel friends did well, and one and all were wonder-stricken. I had Mrs. Drake ten times at my home after that, and invited the guests myself. All were well pleased with her God-given power.

Mrs. Maud Lord Drake is a very lovely woman. She has always borne an excellent character, and is beloved by all who know her. I know I love her very dearly. She has been in my home many times, and I hope to have her again. She has given tests before all the noted people. May the angels continue with her.

Questions are often asked me regarding evil spirits and how they get possession of one. I always caution all with whom I come in contact and who are interested in such matters, and are turning their thoughts to the life beyond, to be very careful about visiting so-called fortune tellers and mediums on a low plane. Let me explain what I mean when I say *on a low plane:* so many claiming to be mediums are not fit to be before the public, because they are not sufficiently developed. They get a little clairvoyance and then put out a card for the public, and what they do not get through the spirit power they make up—anything and everything—disgusting you and bringing around you an influence which is of the undeveloped spirit, those who have been ushered into the other life unprepared and impure, and if you are at all mediumistic, the first thing you know you are influenced by them. Such an influence will cause you great trouble and annoyance to get rid of, so my advice to you is to find a medium who is morally good and pure, and, when you do, ask of God and from your very soul that power shall be given to your spirit friends to come and communicate with you. Many people themselves are to blame. They go to a psychic with dishonesty; that is, they make up their minds to puzzle the medium, and not accept the truth when it is given them, thereby bringing an influence of that kind around them. So many times I have found young mediums (because they are mediumistic, or they could not get possession of them) with evil influences coming to them in this way. I would advise my dear readers to read the book entitled "The Gadarene," by that grand, intelligent man, Dr. J. M. Peebles. I advise you all to read that book, as I advise my dear patients to take their boys and girls to the Anatomical Museum and let them see the dangers they may be thrown into.

I have had so many cases brought into the office of those who were obsessed. One lady, of whom I will relate here, who was obsessed by an unclean spirit. You know Christ speaks of this, *For he said unto him, come out of the man, thou unclean spirit.* St. Mark, V, 8.

I was in one of the operating rooms when I was called to come quickly. I entered the office and a lady seemed to be choking. I realized in an instant that it was a case of obsession, and, having handled many cases before of a similar nature, I immediately called on the Holy Power, and, placing my hand on her head, commanded him to leave. As I did so I saw the spirit of the most repulsive looking man, with such a diabolical grin on his face, but our power soon took him away. I ascertained that this lady's husband had died very suddenly. She told me that her husband, Mr. T——, had been feeling badly; he thought he would take a rest for a week and that the change would do him good, so one day they went over to Lake Merritt to take a row on the lake. Mrs. T—— said they were enjoying it so much, when her attention was attracted to a boat coming toward them; in turning round to speak to her husband she saw him fall back on his seat. Her screams brought the people in the rowboat to her assistance, but too late. Mr. T—— was dead. The shock nearly killed the poor wife. She told me that after she began to get over it, she hunted up several mediums, hoping to hear from her husband, and, being mediumistic, this influence had taken hold of her and had told her that she was going to die, too, purporting to be her husband, and told her to give away everything that belonged to her to her friends. Poor woman, she did so, causing her at the time she was brought to me to be in straitened circumstances. Well, we succeeded in getting her all right, and later on she married a very excellent man.

Always remember, dear reader, that "like attracts like." If you go to a medium for divine information, do not lock the door of your soul when you go there, but open it wide, and send forth your very best thoughts, and God will send your loved ones to meet you in the same manner.

I am going to copy from "Outside the Gates," by Mary Shelhamer, whose work through the "Banner of Light" many are familiar with. I always call "Outside the Gates" my Bible, having seen myself so many things mentioned in it. I want to show, if one does not do right here, how they have to suffer "outside the gates."

Mary Shelhamer is a very wonderful medium who was with the "Banner of Light" for many years. She would be put under control by her intelligent guides, and a reporter would take down what she said for the "Banner of Light." Thousands of dear angels were able to communicate with their dear ones on earth in this manner.

"Outside the Gates" came under my notice in a very peculiar way. I had been taken out of the body so many, many times, traveling in the "higher life." It was all so wonderful to me that I was filled with surprise. One day I was directed to this book, "Outside the Gates," by the Holy Power, and when I read it, I found many, many things in it which I had experienced. Therefore I prized the author and the book very much. I have bought a great many of the books and given them to patients and friends; those who were spiritual enough appreciated them. I have myself seen, from the lower to the higher, which is written in this book. I will give here "Spirits in Darkness," showing how they are compelled to be "outside the gate." By permission of Mary T. Shelhammer-Longley.

SPIRITS OF DARKNESS.

(*From Chapter IV.*)

Again I found myself *outside* the heavenly walls that glowed before me with a richer beauty and a clearer light than they had done before; the atmosphere around me seemed a little less heavy and dense than it had been in my former sojourn here, and I breathed with greater ease; a feeling of—not exactly peace or content, but something less despairing than my former frame of mind, possessed me, and I observed that my robes, that before seemed of a funereal black, now appeared of a dark blue color. Still, I drew their folds around me, for I was not yet prepared to expose my features to my fellow travellers, nor to take a general interest in their welfare. The sight of the golden gates again drew my heart toward their portals, and a great sorrow that I was unworthy to enter the land that lay beyond filled my being.

Thus again I paced to and fro with bowed head and heavy heart; but now I would occasionally look up and glance at those who hurried by me or who sat around in gloomy postures or despairing or abandoned attitudes; for since my experience with Lettie I could never again be altogether indifferent to the sorrows of my fellow creatures.

At length I was drawn to a solitary, hard-visaged young woman, who constantly remained in one place, and crouched low as if to bury herself from sight. Usually her features wore a defiant, reckless expression that forbade all approach; but once or twice I observed a softer shade sweep over them, as though love, or repentance, or some *spiritual* emotion was working in her breast. Finally, moved by her utterly forlorn and hopeless aspect, I resolved to try to draw her into conversation, and approached her for that purpose. Her entire appearance was so utterly repelling and forbidding as she confronted me that I shrank back appalled, and, contenting myself by simply saying, "My poor woman, I pity you! If I can help you, let me know, for I, too, am one who suffers and I know how to sympathize with others," left her again to herself.

But having once spoken to the poor creature, I could not rest without again attempting to offer her consolation, and, after many rebuffs and failures to elicit anything from her, she finally broke into moans and wails of distress, and, crouching at my feet like a wounded animal, revealed to me her tale of woe.

Never shall I forget the shock of horror, of pain and fear that went over me as I listened to the terrible story. I cannot relate it to you in all its horrors. This creature had been an abandoned woman of the streets. For years she had lived a life of shame, and, even worse than bartering her own womanhood in passion or for gold, she had been instrumental in inducing other women to part with their virtue and self-respect. A life of horror and misery passed, until one day she was confronted by the jealous fury of one to whom she had promised to be faithful, and before she had time to defend herself or to offer a word of explanation he felled her to the floor and fled from the scene. The woman lingered in the body for a week, and then her struggling spirit was released from its prison of pain. The man was arrested, tried for and convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

This was the substance of that dreadful tale, from which I shrank as its recital fell upon my soul like a burning flame that scorched and withered me. But the poor woman continued, "I have been a vile, vile creature, cursed by God and man, and hated by the very ones who clustered round me; but there were times when I wanted to do right and tried to be good, but I couldn't do it. Once I went to a strange place and tried to get honest work; but the people looked at me with suspicion, and no one would employ me—and then I cursed them all, and returned to the only means I had of earning my bread. I was not always the bad thing you see me; I was once a fair, gay-hearted girl; they flattered and spoiled me at home till my head was turned, and when a young fellow asked me to run away with him and get married I went. He did not give me a wedding ring, but he robbed me of my honor and then deserted me. I went home, but my father said I was no child of his, and my mother was dead, and so I turned away to the vile life of the streets. Don't think I am all bad," she moaned, lifting her heavy eyes to mine; "I was true to Jack; such as I was, I was all his after I came to love him. I would go to him now if I could find him. I clung close to him all through the trial, and if they had hanged him, I should have cursed them. But they took him away, and somehow I lost him and got here. I *love him* and I want to find him; he must be lonesome. Help me to go to him."

The woman clung to me in desperate supplication; all the fear and horror vanished from my heart, and a feeling of great compassion seized me. She had been wicked, and vile, and degraded, but she was a human creature. Was she not worth helping? She had once been innocent, and pure and sweet. Could I help her to find her lost purity and draw her to a realization of a better life? Heaven helping me, I would do what I could.

I will not pause to tell you how I labored. I know now that an inspiration and an assistance from higher sources guided me on. Once we both caught a glimpse of a sweet, mild countenance beaming upon us through the shadows, but she cried in terror, "That is my mother; take her away! take her away! Don't let her see me like this!" and it vanished.

I told her of the truths I had learned from angelic visitors through my medium sister on earth; of the purposes of life, of how each should strive, in repenting of any past sin, to atone for it by trying to think holier thoughts, do better work, and to believe kindly things of all people. I gave her brief lessons at first; I showed her that I sympathized with her, and pitied her sad condition, and taught her that if *I* believed in her power to become purer and happier, how much greater faith and love must the angels have. She understood me; she knew I was not selfish in my desire to lighten her sorrows. She clung to me, and gave me a kind of dumb devotion very touching to witness. "Only help me to get to Jack," she would say, "and I will go anywhere or do anything to show my gratitude, or to help any other poor thing like myself!"

But first we found that she must do other work, and she began to manifest a desire to hunt up some of the poor girls who had occupied her den of iniquity on earth, and to help them. I accompanied her in her quest, and in three instances, by our united will and influence, we succeeded in turning erring human souls into paths of rectitude and right-doing. When the third effort to save a fellow creature had been successfully made, I said to her, "I think now we can find Jack," and in a little while we did so, found him the lonely occupant of a stone cell; and in the still hours of the night calling upon the name of her whose life he had destroyed, crying, "Kate! Kate! I was mad to do it! For God's sake come and help me out of this cursed place."

For awhile I tarried; long enough to see Kate fling herself by the side of the criminal with a great cry of love and tenderness, a cry that revealed the depths of her heart to be still womanly, and loving, and warm; long enough to know that, through the ministrations of this spirit and by the teachings of a lovely woman who weekly visited the prisoner in his cell—a woman sent to the jail by a liberal Unitarian society, to take a flower and a kindly word to the imprisoned human beings there—a work of regeneration would be wrought in the heart of that rough and sinful man that would develop its first impulses of goodness.

Then I turned to go. My charge drew near and whispered, "God bless you! You have given me faith in Him and love for my fellow creatures. From the moment when you first spoke so pityingly to me and said you was a sufferer, too, and could sympathize with such as *me*, I loved you; I longed to confide in you then, but could not till afterwards. God bless you forever!"

I gave her a parting embrace—why should I not? Was she not my sister woman, and was she not nobly redeeming the errors of the past? and departed with a feeling akin to peace in my heart that had not for a long while dwelt upon its own sorrows; and constantly the words rang through my soul, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the *least* of these my children, ye have done it unto me!" How sweet and holy they sounded, and how beautiful their application to the blessing called down upon me by my repentant friend!

I thought, "I will go to the sorrowful country again, but I will not grieve hopelessly over the past; I will strive to help others who are in woe; I may even find a blessing *outside the gates*."

Once more I found myself in the old place; but again the golden bars gleamed brighter in the clear beyond; the air grew less heavy, and now I could see further into the haze that wrapped its folds over all the place. Glancing down as I moved along, I discovered a tiny flower occasionally appearing at my feet. "Ah!" I thought, "this is not such a gloomy spot after all. The darkness seems to be more within ourselves than in our surroundings." I glanced at my garments; they had assumed the appearance of a dark gray, and were fresher and brighter than before.

Now I took a genuine interest in those around me, and as I approached them I found that I could read their condition and their sorrows, and that I had no need to ask an utterance of them. One woman had lived a life of deceptive practises; after winning her confidence I revealed my history to her, and showed her how I had found relief and comfort, and bade her do likewise, by taking interest in her fellow sufferers. Another was wrapped in such a contemplation of her own pride and what she considered to be her virtues—but what appeared to me as follies—that I could make no impression on her. One man had been respected and loved by his earthly family and friends, but he had been a defaulter to a large amount in the establishment in which he was employed, and when his crime was discovered he took his own life. Here in the spirit world he was fully alive to his wrong-doing, and his soul was wrung in torture. The knowledge of the ignominy he had brought upon his innocent family lashed him into frenzy. I pitied him from the depths of my heart, and for a long time sought in vain to win his attention. At length he gave it to me with an air of sufferance; but as I proceeded to talk to him—inspired as I believe by some good angel—he grew interested and even animated; and when I closed by advising him to confess his error and his pain to those he had wronged, and to send a private message of love and contrition to his wife and children, he consented to do so if I would show him how.

The work was successfully performed. We found a pure-minded medium, a woman in private life, who gladly received the humiliated spirit and sent his communications to those for whom they were intended. Weak and humbled, but with a lightened heart, the sorrowing man sought his former home, and avowed to me his purpose of working constantly to bless those he had wronged.

In the border land "outside the gates" I have seen the defiant brawler, the reckless gambler, and the bold and lawless woman of shame; those who still hold their old hardihood are not yet prepared for spiritual ministrations; they are neither teachable nor tractable; but many from all depths of former debasement are ready to be operated upon by higher influences, as their contrite, repentant attitude attests, and they are promptly attended to by invisible but constant protectors and guides.

On my return from that visit to the lovely medium with my new-found charge, I met in the twilight of earth the figure of a female whose face was buried on her arm, and who stood with her back toward me. Her whole attitude was one of shame and despair. I approached, and laying my hand on her arm, whispered, "I am a friend; let me share your sorrow; perhaps I can help you to find peace." She trembled and shrank from my touch, but did not lift her head.

Again I essayed to draw her toward me, but without success. I could see the agitation of her mind and read her interior condition.

"Come, my friend," I repeated, "let me share your burden. You are sad because of past errors. You feel that you were unfaithful to a holy mission; that yours was a high calling, and you were not equal to its fulfilment. You now mourn because you prostituted sacred gifts to base ends. Do not shrink from me; I do not condemn you; a higher judge than I must alone bring you judgment. I pity and would help you. Give me your confidence."

At my words the woman raised her face and fastened a penetrating gaze upon me, as if to read my sincerity. She must have been satisfied for she demanded, "Do you know who and what I am?" Assuring her that I had never seen or heard of her before, she continued: "You have truly stated my condition of mind. It is two years since I left the body, and I am still restless and miserable. I linger here or around my old home, but with no thought but the everlasting regret that fills my soul over the life of the past. You look like one who has suffered; I will tell you of my past. Do you know what it is to be a medium?"

She hurled the question at me as though it had been a ball from a cannon, so short and sharp and swift were her words.

"I know something of the trials and conditions of mediumship," I softly answered. "I have had mediumistic powers myself, and I have a loved sister on earth who is a mouthpiece for the angels."

"God grant that she may be ever kept a pure instrument for angelic power, and be saved from the temptations and snares that sometimes beset such as she," ejaculated my companion. "If you are acquainted with the laws of mediumship, perhaps you know something of the influences and conditions that sway its subjects; acted upon by unseen intelligences, they become very susceptible and sensitive, and are open to the control of the influences who come about them. I was a medium on earth—one well known in a certain quarter. I was sought by all classes of persons who through interest or anxiety or curiosity wished to learn something of the invisible world through my occult powers.

"For some years I successfully practised my profession as a reliable and honest medium for the spirit world; but after a while I found my powers failing; I could not always receive intelligence from my controls when I most needed it. I was told by other mediums that my development was changing, and that soon I would become a medium of remarkable power. Ah! then the temptation fell upon me to supplement my genuine gifts with fraudulent practises. I let it become known that I was developing wonderful powers, and in a little while I opened my house to the surging public.

"I cannot repeat all the miserable artifices I used to deceive those who came to me for light—for light! Oh, my God! and I gave them darkness and deception! I coined money; I made many friends, who, had they known me as I was, would have scorned me.

"But I parted with my self-respect; I lost the dear spirit friends who had formerly guided me; I failed in health, and at last I passed from the body.

"You do not know how I suffered; how I longed to be free from the fetters I had myself forged; how I loathed the deceiving influences who helped me to go on in my evil course, and whom I had *myself by my own folly* drawn around me. It did not make me happy to see my friends deceived; I was not without conscience, and the terrible weight on my mind sent me untimely from the body."

She paused in her recital, but I encouraged her to proceed, knowing that the effort would relieve her sorrows. "Since then," she continued, "I have wandered aimlessly back and forth, regretting my past mistakes and doing no good. Twice I have seen the sweet little innocent who was my messenger spirit in days past; but I could not bear to look at her and I turned away. Oh! how I have longed to throw myself at the feet of all mediums and shriek in their ears, 'For God's sake *be true to yourselves!* For your own future peace of mind *give nothing in the name of the spirit world that does not emanate from its inhabitants! Be faithful to your holy work!'* And oh! that all would heed my words. I know not any who are impure or dishonest; all may be true, for aught I know. I was unfaithful to *my* gifts, and I am wretched!"

She ended with a wail of woe. Then, ah! then, how I talked to her; how I implored her to *work* for the atonement of her sin; how I pleaded to take her to a true-hearted medium whom I knew, through whose instrumentality she might work a redeeming power for souls in bondage.

At length she consented to accompany me; and with her I retraced my way to the medium whom I had visited before. To this medium my companion repeated her unhappy tale; she was received kindly, and gently invited to come again. Not to enlarge, I will simply say that this unhappy spirit became a constant visitor to that beautiful medium, through whose ministrations of love she gained magnetic strength to begin a new work for humanity.

After a period of trial she became a "cabinet spirit" for a genuine and noble-hearted medium, whose materializing powers were grandly employed by a wise band of intelligences for demonstrating the truths of immortality to eager humanity; and in aiding inexperienced spirits to manifest to friends, in giving loving messages for those spirits who could not express themselves, and in speaking words of counsel and admonition to those who come to her for instruction, she is performing a grand work, and is nobly atoning for the mistakes and errors of her earthly career.

But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory. I Cor. II, 7.

So many people whom I know speak in whispers about Spiritualism, and when they go to a medium, it is under cover. They will get information many times, and yet they will not give credit to the dear ones. If they are ashamed of it, why do they ask for help? *But he that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God.* St. Luke, XII, 9. I am receiving letters daily from people asking information through the "Power," and they acknowledge to me the benefits they receive through it, and yet to their friends they will not do so. Friends, be candid with your angel loved ones. Be as true to them as you would be to your loved ones here. When you receive the truth, acknowledge it openly; by your doing so others will learn of the hereafter. Since I have known that there is a living God and that my sacred mother still lives, my life has been a constant prayer. Many people have asked me if I believe in prayer; certainly I do. My sister "Sunshine" said (in answer to a question as to which is the best way to pray, mentally or audibly), "The vibrations from the voice act in a manner similar to a telegraph wire, so does audible prayer vibrate and connect with the God-power," but mental prayers count, too. I am going to give here some instances where prayers have been answered:

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF C. H. SPURGEON.

On his fiftieth birthday, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was interviewed in reference to his long and eventful ministerial life, especially as to his confidence in the efficacy of prayer. Being asked whether he had in any way modified his views, he replied:

"Only in my faith growing far stronger and firmer than ever. It is not a matter of faith with me, but of knowledge and everyday experience. I am constantly witnessing the most unmistakable instances of answers to prayer. My whole life is made up of them. To me they are so familiar as to cease to excite surprise; but to many they would seem marvellous, no doubt. Why, I could no more doubt the efficacy of prayer than I could disbelieve the laws of gravitation. The one is as much a fact as the other, constantly verified every day in my life. Elijah, by the brook Cherith, as he received the daily rations from the ravens, could hardly be a more likely subject for skepticism than I.

"Look at my orphanage. To keep it going entails an annual expenditure of about ten thousand pounds. Only one thousand four hundred is provided by endowment. The remaining eight thousand six hundred comes to me regularly in answer to prayer. I do not know where I shall get it from day to day. I ask God for it and He sends it. Mr. Muller, of Bristol, does the same on a far larger scale, and his experience is the same as mine.

"The constant flow of funds—of all the funds necessary to carry on these works—is not stimulated by advertisements, by begging letters, by canvassing, or any of the usual modes of raising the wind. We ask God for the cash, and He sends it. That is a good, material fact, not to be explained away.

"But quite as remarkable illustrations of the efficacy of believing faith are constantly occurring in spiritual things. Some two years ago, a poor woman, accompanied by her neighbors, came to my vestry in deep distress. Her husband had fled the country; in her sorrow she went to the house of God, and something I said in the sermon made her think I was personally familiar with her case. Of course, I had known nothing about her. It was a general illustration that fitted a particular case. She told me her story, and a very sad one it was. I said: 'There is nothing we can do but to kneel down and cry to the Lord for the immediate conversion of your husband.' We knelt down, and I prayed that the Lord would touch the heart of the deserter, convert his soul, and bring him back to his home. When we arose from our knees, I said to the poor woman, 'Do not fret about the matter. I feel sure that your husband will come home, and that he will yet become connected with our church.' She went away, and I forgot all about it. Some months after, she reappeared, with her neighbors, and a man whom she introduced to me as her husband. He had indeed come back, and he had returned a converted man. On making inquiry and comparing notes, we found that the very day on which we had prayed for his conversion, he, being at that time on board a ship far away on the sea, stumbled most unexpectedly upon a stray copy of one of my sermons. He read it. The truth went to his heart. He repented, and sought the Lord, and as soon as possible he returned to his wife and to his daily calling. He was admitted a member, and last Monday his wife, who up to that time had not been a member, was received among us. That woman does not doubt the power of prayer. All the infidels in the world could not shake her conviction that there is a God that answereth prayer.

"I should be the most irrational creature in the world if, with a life every day of which is full of experiences so remarkable, I entertained the slightest doubt on the subject. I do not regard it as miraculous; it is a part and parcel of the established order of the universe, that the shadow of a coming event should fall in advance upon some believing soul in the shape of prayer for its realization. The prayer of faith is a Divine decree commencing its operation."—"Faith Made Easy."

ANNIE AND VANIE'S FIRST REAL PRAYER.

Two sisters, one about five years of age, the other older, were accustomed to go each Saturday morning some distance from home, to get chips and shavings from a cooper shop.

One morning, with basket well filled, they were returning home when the elder one was taken suddenly sick with cramps or cholera. She was in great pain and unable to proceed, much less to bear the basket home. She sat down on the basket, and the younger one held her from falling. The street was a lonely one, occupied by work-shops, factories, etc. Every one was busy within; not a person was seen on the street. The little girls were at a loss what to do. Too timid to go into any work-shop, they sat awhile as silent and quiet as the distressing pains would allow. Soon the elder girl said, " You know, Annie, that a good while ago Mother told us that if we ever got into trouble, we should pray and God would help us. Now you help me to get down upon my knees and hold me up and we will pray." There, on the side-walk, did these two little children ask God to send some one to help them home. The simple and brief prayer being ended, the sick girl was again helped up, and sat on the basket, waiting the answer to their prayers.

Presently Annie saw, far down the street on the opposite side, a man come out from a factory, look around him, up and down the street, and go back into the factory.

" Oh, sister, he has gone in again," said Annie. " Well," said Vanie, " perhaps he is not the one God is going to send. If he is, he will come back again."

" There he comes again," said Annie. " He walks this way. He seems looking for something. He walks slowly, and is without his hat. He puts his hand to his head, as if he did not know what to do. Oh, sister, he has gone in again; what shall we do? "

" That may not be the one whom God will send to help us," said Vanie. " If he is, he will come out again."

" Oh, yes, there he is; this time with his hat on," said Annie. " He looks this way; he walks slowly, looking around on every side. He does not see us; perhaps the trees hide us. Now he sees us, and is coming quickly."

A brawny German, in broken accents, asks: "Oh, children, what is the matter?" "Oh sir," said Annie, "sister here is so sick she cannot walk, and we cannot get home."

"Where do you live, my dear?"

"At the end of this street; you can see the house from here."

"Never mind," said the man, "I takes you home." So the strong man gathered the sick child in his arms, and with her head pillowed upon his shoulder, carried her to the place pointed out by the younger girl. Annie ran round the house to tell her mother that there was a man at the front door wishing to see her. The astonished mother, with a mixture of surprise and joy, took charge of the precious burden, and the child was laid upon a bed.

After thanking the man she expected him to withdraw, but instead, he stood turning his hat in his hands, as one who wishes to say something, but knows not how to begin. The mother, observing this, repeated her thanks, and finally said, "Would you like me to pay you for bringing my child home?"

"Oh, no," said he with tears, "God pays me! God pays me! I would like to tell you something, but I speak English so poorly that I fear you will not understand." The mother assured him that she was used to the German, and could understand him very well.

"I am the proprietor of an ink factory," said he. "My men work by the piece. I have to keep separate accounts with each. I pay them every Saturday. At twelve o'clock they will be at my desk for their money. This week I have had many hindrances, and was behind with my books. I was working hard at them with the sweat on my face, in my great anxiety to be ready in time. Suddenly I could not see the figures; the words in the book all ran together, and I had a plain impression on my mind that some one in the street wished to see me. I went out, looked up and down the street, but seeing no one went back to my desk and wrote a little. Presently the darkness was greater than before, and the impression stronger than before, that some one in the street needed me. Again I went out and looked up and down the street, walked a little way, puzzled to know what it meant. Was my hard work, and were the cares of business driving me out of my wits? Unable to solve the mystery, I turned again into my shop and to my desk. This time my fingers refused to grasp the pen. I found myself unable to write a word or make a figure; but the impression was stronger than ever in my mind that some one needed my help. A voice seemed to say, 'Why don't you go out as I tell you? There is need of your help.' This time I took my hat on going out, resolved to stay until I found out whether I was losing my senses, or there was a duty for me to do. I walked some distance without seeing any one, and was more and more puzzled, till I came opposite the children, and found that there was indeed need of my help. I cannot understand it, madam."

As the noble German was about leaving the house the younger girl had the courage to say: "O, mother, we prayed." Thus the mystery was solved, and with tear-stained cheeks, a heaving breast, and a humble, grateful heart, the kind man went back to his accounts.

I have enjoyed many a happy hour in conversation with Annie in her own house since she has a home of her own. The last I knew of Annie and Vanie, they were living in the same city, earnest Christian women. Their children were growing up around them, and, I hope, will have like confidence in mother, and faith in God.

SEND FOOD TO JOHN.

On the summit of Washington Mountain, overlooking the Housatonic valley, stood a hut, the home of John Barry, a poor charcoal-burner, whose family consisted of his wife and himself. His occupation brought him in but a few dollars, and when cold weather came he had managed to get together only a small portion of provisions for the winter. The fall of 1874, after a summer of hard work, he felt sick and was unable to keep his fires going. So, when the snow of December, 1874, fell, and the drifts had shut off communication with the village at the foot of the mountain, John and his wife were in great straits.

Their entire stock of food consisted of only a few pounds of salt pork and a bushel of potatoes; sugar, flour, coffee and tea had, early in December, given out; and the chances for replenishing the larder were slim indeed. The snow-storm came again, and the drifts deepened. All the roads, even in the valley, were impassable, and no one thought of trying to open the mountain highways, which, even in summer, were only occasionally traveled; and none gave the old man and his wife a thought.

December 15th came, and with it the heaviest fall of snow experienced in Berkshire county in many years. The food of the old couple was now reduced to a day's supply, but John did not yet despair. He was a Christian and a God-fearing man, and his promises were remembered; and so, when evening came, and the northeast gale was blowing, and the fierce snow-storm was raging, John and his wife were praying and asking for help.

In Sheffield village, ten miles away, lived Deacon Brown, a well-to-do farmer fifty years old, who was known for his piety and consistent deportment, both as a man and a Christian. The deacon and his wife had gone to bed early, and, in spite of the storm without, were sleeping soundly, when with a start the deacon awoke and said to his wife: "Who spoke? Who's there?" "Why," said his wife, "no one is here but you and me; what is the matter with you?" "I heard a voice," said the deacon, "saying, 'Send food to John.'" "Nonsense," replied Mrs. Brown; "go to sleep. You have been dreaming." The deacon laid his head on his pillow, and was asleep in a minute. Soon he started up again, and waking his wife, said, "There, I heard that voice again, 'Send food to John.'" "Well, well!" said Mrs. Brown, "Deacon you are not well; your supper has not agreed with you. Lie down and try to sleep." Again the deacon closed his eyes, and again the voice was heard: "Send food to John." This time the deacon was thoroughly awake. "Wife," said he, "whom do we know named John who needs food?" "No one I remember," replied Mrs. Brown, "unless it be John Barry, the old charcoal-burner on the mountain."

"That's it," exclaimed the deacon; "now I remember, when I was at the store in Sheffield the other day, Clark, the merchant, speaking of John Barry, said: 'I wonder if the old man is alive, for it is six weeks since I saw him, and he has not yet laid in his winter stock of groceries.' It must be old John is sick and wanting food."

So saying, the good deacon arose and proceeded to dress himself. "Come, wife," said he, "waken our boy Willie and tell him to feed the horses, and get ready to go with me; and do you pack up in the two largest baskets you have a good supply of food, and get us an early breakfast, for I am going up the mountain to carry the food I know John Barry needs."

Mrs. Brown, accustomed to the sudden impulses of her good husband, and believing him to be always in the right, cheerfully complied; and after a hot breakfast, Deacon Brown and his son Willie, a boy of nineteen, hitched up the horses to the double sleigh, and then, with a month's supply of food and a "Goodbye, mother," started at five o'clock on that cold December morning for a journey that almost any other than Deacon Brown and his son Willie would not have dared to undertake.

The northeast storm was still raging, and the snow falling and drifting fast; but on, on went the stout, well-fed team on its errand of mercy, while the occupants of the sleigh, wrapped up in blankets and extra buffalo robes, urged the horses through the drifts and in the face of the storm. That ten miles' ride, which required in the summer hardly an hour or two, was not finished until the deacon's watch showed that five hours had passed.

At last they drew up in front of the hut where the poor, trusting Christian man and woman were on their knees praying for help to Him who is the "hearer and answerer of prayers;" and as the deacon reached the door he heard the voice of supplication, and then he knew that the message which awakened him from sleep was sent from heaven. He knocked at the door, it was opened, and we can imagine the joy of the old couple, when the generous supply of food was carried in, and the thanksgivings that were uttered by the starving tenants of that mountain hut.—*Albany Journal.*

I have never prayed for money, nor for anything selfishly. I have stood by the bedside of those who were nigh unto death, and prayed from my soul to let them remain longer on this earth, and I know my prayers have been answered. I have a sanctuary in my home, and I enter it every night to be alone with God and my loved ones. I not only hear in my ear the dear voices, but I also hear them independently, and am also getting them in the light. We frequently hear the raps at our dinner hour, and each loved one gives his or her peculiar rap. Sometimes our guests are quite surprised. My sanctuary is my church.

God is a spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. St. John IV, 24.

I have heard so many peculiar views expressed in the office in regard to religion. One lady begged me not to tell her mother that I was a Spiritualist, as her mother was a church member. Christ was a "Spiritualist."

The woman answered and said, I have no husband. Jesus said unto her, Thou hast well said, I have no husband: St. John IV, 17.

For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; in that saidst thou truly. St. John IV, 18.

The woman saith unto him, Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet. St. John IV, 19.

Come see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ? St. John IV, 29.

As you see, dear readers, that the Christ, as I said before, had no creed; but He understood the spiritual laws, and tried to make others understand them. If those who are so bitter against Spiritualism and who object to my being one would just stop and think how it would look when a very sick man, woman or child should enter the office, if I would ask them, What is your religion? If you do not believe and have the knowledge as I have, I cannot treat you; how would it sound to the unseen loved ones? How would it sound to the afflicted one? If I were to write here the many foolish things I have heard, dear reader, you would be disgusted, too, and be glad when the day shall come when the people will live the Christ life of universal love.

One dear old Baptist lady, who had tried all the doctors she had heard of, came to me as a last resort for treatment. She was one of the kind (and I know many) who goes to a psychic, under cover, and takes her minister with her, but would not openly speak of the truths she received. (She *did* have to tell me.) This lady said to me one day, "What! do *Catholics* come here?" I answered, "Certainly they do. Do you not know, my dear woman, that the Catholics are more spiritual than any other denomination?" I have studied each religion, and while there are many things in Catholicism that I do not like, still I find them more spiritual than any other denomination. Do they not pray for their departed friends? Do they not all pray together? Are they not a unity? Are not their churches open day and night, so that the people can go in and worship God? The poor people are received there as well as the rich. When are the Protestant churches open? Only on Sundays, and possibly once a week for prayer meeting. The poor people are not received there as they should be. I know the churches have done and are doing good, but when I see so many beautiful churches and so many poor people, I wonder if each family could be helped to earn a small comfortable home, would not the air be filled with prayers and thankfulness? I have heard many people say if they could have better clothes to wear, they would go to church, but they could not afford to go. Dear readers, I fear it is too often the attitude of the wealthy toward the poor that keeps them away. May the time be hastened when this barrier shall give way to the spirit of meekness and brotherly love!

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, *Jan.* 6, 1902.

Dr. Nellie Beighle, San Francisco, Cal.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND CO-WORKER:—Your favor of Nov. 22d duly received at Battle Creek and forwarded on to me in Australia, where I am now lecturing. I just closed a two months' engagement at Melbourne, Australia, and am now in Sydney, speaking in the Unitarian church in the morning, and for the Psychic Society of Spiritualists in the evening Sundays.

This is my fourth journey around the world. I have left my business in the hands of my assistant physicians, three of them, some of which are Psychics and Mental-metaphysicians; but I have a supervision of my work, while absent in the body.

I was glad that you were so pleased with my article in "Mind." I have received very many commendations for it, one from Judge Daily of Brooklyn, N. Y., and others, who are trustworthy critics in their decision. I remember well of meeting you in San Francisco, and I know very much of your noble work in healing the sick and in encouraging the despairing and blessing those who are afflicted, whether physically, mentally or morally. Surely you are one of the Saviours of the age. You know that an old prophet said that a Saviour shall come up on Mt. Zion; and so all over the world are masculine and feminine saviours, teachers, and grandly-inspired souls. I go from here to Tasmania to lecture, then to New Zealand, Ceylon and Egypt, and if possible, to Palestine again; then to Rome, London, homeward.

I am now 80 years of age, and right in the morning, spiritually. I could never do so much mental and spiritual work as at present, and largely because of the help I received from the unseen realm.

Please give my regards to Mr. Newman, Mrs. Foye and others.

Very sincerely yours,

J. M. PEEBLES.

Address care of W. H. Terry, Astral Building, Collins St., Melbourne, Australia.

The above letter I received from that grand man, J. M. Peebles, M.D. All my beloved readers will do well to read his interesting books. I will here name a few of them: "Travels Round the World," "Seers of the Ages," "Immortality and our Future Home," "Christ the Corner Stone of Spiritualism," "Critic Reviews of Rev. Kips Against Spiritualism," and many others which are of great interest, and will open many avenues to the higher life, and teaching the people how to live here as well. His pamphlet went on "Who are these Spiritualists?" and "What is Spiritualism?" I am going to give to my dear readers. I have asked permission of Dr. Peebles to do so, and also spoken to his intimate friend, Mr. Thomas Newman, who is editor of the *Philosophical Journal,* published in San Francisco, as I would have to quote a good deal or none at all.

When I hear so many people comment on Spiritualism, of course I realize one thing, that a great many do not care to investigate it, as they would have to live a purer life by so doing. That is why I am so glad that I can use this pamphlet to let them know that they will have to live a good many years of their lives to equal the people who are the Spiritualists.

CHAPTER IV.

WHO ARE THESE SPIRITUALISTS?

Thinking—meditating, Columbus concluded that if there was a "this side," there must necessarily be a "that side" to the world. And so sailing on, and still onward towards the Western sunset under the inspiration of a lofty faith, he discovered the new world, and faith became fruition.

And so the Spiritualists of this century meditating, investigating, discovered, or rather rediscovered, the spirit-world—the Spiritualism of the elder ages. Intuition, the soul-sense and the ideal are ever prophesying of the incoming real. The to-days afire with life and love assure us of coming to-morrows. This world indicates another, a future world, which Spiritualists have not only rediscovered, but have fully described.

Spiritualism does not create truth but is a living witness to the truth of a future existence. It reveals it, demonstrates it, describing its inhabitants, their occupations and characteristics.

Hannibal crossed the Alps twenty centuries before Napoleon did. Napoleon reasoned that what man had done, man could do, and so with flags and banners unfurled he led the conquering French over the snow-capped Alps. And through all the centuries before and since Hannibal's time, through all the historic ages there were rifts in the clouds, there were visions and voices from the better land of immortality. Inspired mystics and philosophers testified alike to the reality of apparitions, the appearance of good demons, and the fulfilment of dreams. An angel appeared to Joseph in a dream announcing the coming of Jesus.

Patriarchs, prophets and seers in Abraham's and Isaiah's time conversed with spirits and angels according to the Scriptures. Apostles, disciples and the early Christians before and after John and Paul's time, consciously communed with the spirits of those they had known on earth—and why should not we? Neither

God nor His laws have changed. The reputed wise man Solomon said: *The things that had been, is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done—and whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever.* Eccl. III, 14.

If there were visions, trances, apparitions, spiritual gifts and conscious spirit communications all through the past ages, why not now? Have the heavens over us become brass, and have angel tongues become palsied? These things did happen in the past and they occur to-day. And few, if any, except the illiterate, except the atheist, the impudent bigot and the iron-clad, creed-bound churchman deny it. Spiritualism is most unpopular among the ignorant. It is also unpopular in sectarian club rooms, idiotic infirmaries and State penetentiaries.

When that highly inspired man of Nazareth preached his radical doctrines in Palestine, and performed his astonishing mediumistic works, crowds following him, some of the doubting, cautious conservatives of those times asked this question—"Have any of the rulers of the Pharisees believed on him?" If so, we, the driftwood—we the putty-headed policy men—will fall in line. Human nature is the same in all ages, and moral cowards are ever the same oily-tongued cowards.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

Spiritualism must be differentiated from spiritism. The terminologies of the two words absolutely necessitate, as every scholar knows, entirely different meanings. Chinese, Indians and Utah Mormons are spiritists, believing in spirit communications. Most of the African tribes of the Dark Continent worship demons and believe in spirit converse, but certainly they are not intelligent and religious spiritualists.

Spiritism is a science—a fact—a sort of modernized Babylonian necromancy. The baser portion of its devotees, hypnotized by the unembodied denizens of Hades, divine for dollars. It is promiscuous spirit commerce with a high tariff. It is from the lower spheres, and morally gravitates towards the dark. It has its legerdemain, its tricksters, frauds and travelling tramps. They should be exposed and shunned as you would shun dens of adders. Spiritism, I repeat, is a fact; so is geology, so is mesmerism, so is telepathy, and so, also, is a rattlesnake's bite. Facts may be morally true or false. They may serve for purposes of good or direct ill. As an exhibition of wonders—as pabulum for scoffing atheists who demand visible sight of the invisible, infinite One, and insist upon a terrific clap of thunder to convince them of the existence of electricity, commercial spiritism, with its attending shadowy hosts manifesting in ill-ventilated rooms, may be a temporal necessity, but it legitimately belongs, with such kindred subjects as mesmerism, to the category of the sciences.

But Spiritualism, originating in God who is Spirit, and grounded in man's moral nature, is a substantial fact, and infinitely more—a fact plus reason and conscience; a fact relating to moral and religious culture—a sublime spiritual truth ultimating in consecration to the good, the beautiful and the heavenly.

Spiritualism proffers the key that unlocks the mysteries of the ages. It constituted the foundation stone of all the ancient faiths. It was the soul of all past religions. It was the mighty uplifting force that gave to the world in all ages its inspired teachers and immortal leaders.

Rightly translated, the direct words of Jesus are, "God is Spirit." The spiritual is the real and the substantial. The spiritually minded are reverential. They are religious. Their life is a prayer. "The fruit of the Spirit," said the apostle to the Gentiles, "is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Spiritualism, by whatever name known, without the fruit of the Spirit, without religion and moral growth, is but the veriest rot and rubbish; and religion, by whatever name known, in any age, without spiritualism and its accompanying spiritual gifts, is only an empty shell—an offensive creedal cadaver that should be buried without ecclesiastical formalities.

God is Spirit. And Spiritualism, while inhering in and originating from God, does not centre alone in, and rest entirely upon phenomena, but upon spirit—upon the spiritual and moral constitution of man, which constitution requires such spiritual sustenance as inspiration, prayer, vision, trance, clairvoyance and heavenly impression from the divine sphere of love and wisdom. Spiritualists, like the primitive Christians, believe in God the Father and in the brotherhood of the races. They acknowledge Christ; they cultivate the religious emotions; they open their seances, many of them, with prayer. They are richly blessed with visions and calm, uplifting ministrations from angelic homes. They see in every pure crystal stream a Jordan, in every verdure-clad mountain a present Olivet, and in every well-cultivated prairie a Canaan flowing with the milk and honey of spiritual truth—love to God and love to man.

Spiritualism teaches salvation by character; or by the life, as did Paul in his higher inspired moments, who said, *Being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.* Romans V, 10.

God is Spirit. And neither matter nor sea-slime nor protoplasm constitutes the basis of life, but spirit; that is to say, spiritual or divine substance. Spirituality is the substantial reality. And man is a spirit now, a spirit living in a material body, which body bears something of the same relation to the real, conscious, invisible man that the husk bears to the corn. Evidently man is a trinity in unity, constituted of a physical body, a soul, or soul body, and a conscious, undying spirit—one uncompounded, indestructive, divine substance—the divine Ego. Advanced spirits are denominated angels. Spirits are but men and women divested of their mortal bodies. They have taken with them consciousness, memory, reason, sympathy, character. They walk by our sides often, and yet unseen. Philosophically considered, there is but one world, and that one world embraces the yesterdays, and to-days, and the innumerable tomorrows of eternity.

Spiritualism, with its signs, wonders, visions and healing gifts, was the religion of the apostles; of the post apostolic fathers, and of the primitive Christians up to the reign of Constantine, the murderous Roman emperor.

Spiritualism has not only positively demonstrated a future life, but it has explained the philosophy and psychic methods of spirit intercourse; it has greatly liberalized the religious mind; it has encouraged the philanthropic reforms of the age, and it has given us a revised geography of the heavens and the hells. Mortals enter the future world with as absolute substantial bodies as we have here, only more refined and etherealized. There are different degrees of happiness there. Memory is the undying worm. There is intense mental suffering in those Cimmerian spheres. And yet, God builds no hells. He burns no man's fingers here, damns no souls there. Men are the architects of their own hells; they reap what they sow. Every child born into this world is a possible archangel or a possible demon; his head touches the world of light, his feet the world of darkness. Man is a rational moral being, having the power of choice. Punishment follows sin; there is no escape. Divine punishment is disciplinary in all worlds. Christ Jesus still preaches to undeveloped imprisoned spirits. The angels call, and souls are constantly coming up through tribulation deep. The door of mercy is not shut; there is ever the opportunity of progress from darkness to light. God is love.

Modern Spiritualism—of which Swedenborg was the John the Baptist and that Christian people, the Shakers, the first organized body of men and women in America to fully realize the true meaning of the phenomena—has disclosed some of the unspeakable beauties awaiting us in the many mansioned house of the Father. These mansions—aural spheres, enzoning stars and planets—are real, substantial, and adaptively fitted for the abodes of spirits, angels and archangels. These, aflame with love, are ever active in some educational or redemptive work. Heaven's rest is not idleness; the soul's activities are intensified by the transition. The future life is a social life, a progressive life, a heavenly life of growth, of love and of truth.

WHO ARE THESE SPIRITUALISTS?

In the above statement or definition of Spiritualism, I speak for myself only, not others. Spiritualists have no Pope, no cast-iron creed, and they desire to build up no new sect.

When Jesus of Nazareth preached his radical doctrines of the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the present ministry of angels and spirits, the cautious, conservative scribes and the synagogue Jews inquired, "Have any of the rulers of the Pharisees believed on him?" That is to say, have any of the Rabbis, any of the reputed great and wise believed on him? If so, we, the driftwood, will fall in line. Human nature is the same in all ages, and moral cowards are ever cringing cowards. Though Spiritualists number millions upon millions in all enlightened countries—and though there are more or less Spiritualists in every church in the land (unless it be that little seven by nine issue, the Seventh-day Second Adventists) there are those who ask, half sneeringly, "Who are these Spiritualists?" My brief reply is: they constitute the brains of the world. I repeat, the brainiest people of the world to-day are straight out-and-out Spiritualists, or favorably inclined to Spiritualism. They are the cultured. They are the inspired. They stand upon the Mount. They walk in the sunlight of eternal truth. Take among the giant-minded thousands the following:

Alfred R. Wallace, F.G.S., author, scientist and naturalist, who for his great scientific achievements the Queen has pensioned, pointedly said: "My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences.

"Up to the time when I first became acquainted with the facts of Spiritualism I was a confirmed philosophical skeptic, rejoicing in the works of Voltaire, Strauss and Carl Vogt; an ardent admirer—as I am still—of Herbert Spencer. I was so thorough and confirmed a Materialist that I could not at that time find a place in my mind for the conception of spiritual existence or for any other agency in the universe than matter and force. Facts, however, are stubborn things. The facts beat me. They compelled me to accept them as facts long before I could accept the spiritual explanation of them. Those who believe as I do—that spiritual beings can and do (subject to general law and for certain purposes) communicate with us—must see in the steady advance of inquiry the assurance that as far as their beliefs are logical deductions from the phenomena they have witnessed, those beliefs will at no distant date be accepted by all truth-seeking inquirers."

William Crookes, F.R.S., editor of the London *Quarterly Journal of Science*, and Fellow of the Royal Society, says: "That certain physical phenomena, such as the movement of material substances and the production of sounds resembling electric discharges, occur under circumstances in which they cannot be explained by any physical law at present known, is a fact of which I am as certain as I am of the most elementary facts in chemistry."

In his book, "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism," he states his convictions of the fact of an intercommunion between the dwellers of the visible and the invisible worlds.

If it had not been for Prof. William Crookes, the discoveries of Professor Roentgen would not have been made. This man who paved the way for the recent developments in photographic science has been widely known for years, and there are few men who have achieved more brilliant results in the laboratory than the discoverer of the "tube" which is just now figuring so prominently in all the experimental work with the new light which makes the photography of concealed things possible.

Professor Crookes was born in London sixty-four years ago, and in his boyhood became interested in photography. He took a course in the Royal College of Chemistry under Dr. Hoffman, and soon became assistant to the tutor. At twenty-two he was appointed superintendent of the Radcliffe Observatory at Oxford. In 1859 he founded the *Chemical News*, and in 1864 became the editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, and contributed many valuable papers to the publication.

Professor Crookes was indefatigable in original research. He discovered the force and invented the radiometer. In recognition of his discovery of the new metal, thallium, he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1877 he invented the otheoscope, and in the same year, in a paper read before the Royal Society, he said that he had succeeded in obtaining a vacuum so nearly perfect that the pressure in it was only .0000004 of an atmosphere. It was this discovery that made possible the incandescent electric light. He has written many scientific books, each of which is considered of great value. His name was brought before the public generally in 1870, when he undertook an investigation of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism. His book on the results of those experiments was widely read at the time of its publication, but while the scientific world placed the highest value on his experiments in other lines it paid no attention to his investigations on the occult side of nature. They were too bigoted. Too many of these professed scientists do little besides strut around with cigar stubs in their mouths, pork in their paunches, and old, warty barnacles upon their backs. Professor Crookes is certainly the most patient experimenter of modern times, and his name can never be dissassociated with Spiritualism and the Roentgen ray because his discovery was its basis.

C. F. Varley, the distinguished English electrician, chief engineer to the Electric and Internation Telegraph Company, assistant in the construction of the Atlantic telegraphy in connection with Sir Michael Farady and Sir William Thompson, the first to demonstrate the principles governing the transmission of electricity through long, deep-sea cables. Writing in 1880, he said:

"Twenty-five years ago I was a hard-headed unbeliever. Spirit phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, were soon after developed in my own family. This led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude, as much as circumstances would permit, the possibility of trickery and self-deception.

"That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late now to deny their existence. Having experimented with and compared the forces with electricity and magnetism, and after having applied mechanical and mental tests, I entertain no doubt whatever that the manifestations which I have myself examined were not due to the operation ot any of the recognized physical laws of nature, and that there has been present on the occasions above mentioned some intelligence other than that of the medium and observers."

M. Leon Favre, Consul General of France, and brother of Jules Favre, the eminent French Senator, says:

"I have long, carefully and conscientiously studied Spiritual phenomena. Not only am I convinced of their irrefragable reality, but I have also a profound assurance that they are produced by the spirits of those who have left earth; and further that they only could produce them. I believe in the existence of an invisible world corresponding to the world around us. I believe that the denizens of that world were formerly resident on this earth, and I believe in the possibility of intercommunion between the two worlds."

On my way to Constantinople a few years since to fill a Consular position under General Grant, I was his guest for a week in Paris, witnessing the manifestations in his own parlors. I shall never forget the kindness of the Consul's son who accompanied me as a guide to Versailles and other cities in France, sight-seeing.

J. Herman Fichte, the distinguished philosopher and metaphysician, writing of Baron Guldenstubbe, of Stuttgart, said: "As to my present position in regard to Spiritualism, I have to say that I have come to the conclusion that it is absolutely impossible to account for these phenomena save by assuming the action of superhuman influences or unseen spirit intelligences."

Professor de Morgan, at one time London's greatest mathematician, says: "I have both seen and heard, in a manner which would have made unbelief impossible, things called spiritual which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincident or mistake. The physical explanations which I have seen are miserably insufficient."

Professor Challis, the late Plumerian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, stated his opinion in a letter to the *Clerical Journal* of June, 1862, as follows:

"I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts which has come from many independent sources and from a vast number of witnesses. In short, the testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous that either the facts must be admitted to be such as reported or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up."

Dr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, said: "The names we are able to quote of men who have publicly acknowledged their conviction of the reality of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism form only a small portion of those who are really convinced, every Spiritualist knows." In a letter of Dr. Chambers addressed to Alfred R. Wallace, February, 1867, he says: "I have for many years known that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures, and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubted in the past; and, when fully accepted, they will revolutionize the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters."

M. Thiers, ex-President of the French Republic, exclaimed: "I am a Spiritualist, and an impassioned one, and I am anxious to confound Materialism in the name of science and good sense."

Camille Flammarion, well known in scientific circles as an astronomer and member of the Academie Francaise, thus testifies to the truth of Spiritualism:

"I do not hesitate to affirm my conviction, based on personal examination of the subject, that any scientific man who declares the phenomena denominated "magnetic," "sonambulic," "mediumic," and others not yet explained by science to be "impossible" is one who speaks without knowing what he is talking about; and also any man accustomed by his professional avocations to scientific observation—provided that his mind be not biased by pre-conceived opinions—may acquire a radical and absolute certainty of the reality of the facts alluded to."

Dr. Lockhart Robertson, long one of the editors of the *Journal of Mental Science*, a physician who, having made mental disease his special study, would not be easily taken in by any psychological delusions. His testimony to the reality of the spiritual phenomena is most distinct and positive.

Serjeant Cox, an Assistant Judge of the Middlesex Sessions, President of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, getting satisfactory proofs of independent writing through a distinguished medium, wrote of it thus, August 8, 1876:

"I can only say that I am in full possession of my senses;

that I am wide awake; that I was in broad daylight; that the medium was under my observation the whole time, and could not have moved hand or foot without being detected by me. That these spiritual phenomena occur it is vain to dispute."

Swedenborg conversed with the spirits of the so-called dead for twenty-seven years, and some of his tests were perfectly astonishing, such as the following: In 1758 a revolution was attempted in Sweden. On the 23d of July in that year Swedenborg was in Stockholm. On that day Count Brahe and Baron Horn were executed in the capital. Swedenborg did not lose sight of Brahe when he was beyond the axe, as the following passage in Scriptural Diary shows:

"Brahe was beheaded at ten o'clock in the morning and he spoke with me at ten at night; that is to say, twelve hours after the execution. He was with me almost without interruption for several days. In two days' time he began to return to his former life, which consisted in loving worldly things; and after three days he became as he was before in the world, and was carried into the evils he had made his own before he died."

Professor Sherer relates this: Conversing with a companion one evening in Stockholm about the spiritual work, one of those present, as a test, said, "Tell us who will die first." Swedenborg at first refused to answer. Then, after seeming to be for a time in silent and profound meditation, he replied: "Olof Olofsohn will die to-morrow morning at forty-five minutes past four o'clock." This prediction greatly excited the company, and one gentleman, a friend of Olof Olofsohn, resolved to go on the following morning at the time mentioned by Swedenborg, to the house of Olofsohn, in order to see whether Swedenborg's prediction was fulfilled. On the way thither he met the well-known servant of Olofsohn, who told him that his master had just died—a fit of apoplexy had seized him and had suddenly put an end to his life. The clock in Olofsohn's dwelling apartment stopped at the very moment in which he had expired, and the hand pointed at the time.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was a firm believer in spiritual phenomena. Prof. A. B. Hyde, D.D., author and professor of Greek in the Denver University, says in his work on Methodism: "During these years strange noises were heard at the Epworth parsonage. They were first heard in the whistling of the wind outside. Latches were lifted; windows rattled and all metallic substances rang tunefully. In a room where persons talked, sang or made any noise, its hollow tones gave all the louder accompaniment. There was a sound of doors slamming, of curtains drawing, of shoes dancing without a wearer. When any one wished to pass a door its latch was politely lifted for them before they touched it. A trencher, untouched upon the table, danced to unheard music. At family prayers the 'goblin' gave thundering knocks at the Amen. and when Mr. Wesley prayed for the king the disloyal being pushed him violently in anger. The stout rector shamed it for annoying children and dared it to meet him alone in his study and pick up the gauntlet there. Many then and since have tried to explain the cause. It was thought to be a spirit strayed beyond its home and clime, as an Arabian locust has been found in Hyde Park. Of such things this writer has no theory. There are more things in heaven and earth than his knowledge can compass. Only he is sure that outside of this world lies a spiritual domain, and it is not strange that there should be intercommunication."

Robert Southey, in his life of Wesley, when speaking of these spiritual manifestations, states that they continued in the Wesley family for over thirty years, commencing in 1716. Dr. Priestly, the discoverer of oxygen, speaks of the Wesleyan phenomena as among the most remarkable in history. There is a record of them in the "Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica," by Samuel Babcock. Here is the closing paragraph:

"I know not what became of the ghost of Epworth, unless considered the prelude to the noise Mr. John Wesley made on a more ample stage, it ceased to speak when he began to act."

Wesley himself, in referring to his experience and conviction of the truth of spirit manifestations, said: "What pretence have I to deny well-attested facts because I cannot comprehend them? It is true that most of the men of learning in Europe have given up all accounts of apparitions as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it, and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment which so many that believe in the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. I owe them no such service. They well know (whether Christians know it or not) that the giving up of these apparitions is in effect giving up the Bible; and they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with spirits is admitted, their whole castle in the air (Deism, Atheism and Materialism) falls to the ground.

"One of the capital objections to all these accounts which I have known urged over and over is: 'Did you ever see an apparition yourself?' No, nor did I ever see a murder, yet I believe there is such a thing. Yet the testimony of exceptional witnesses fully convinces me of both the one and the other. With my last breath will I bear testimony against giving up to infidels one of the greatest proofs of the invisible world—I mean that of apparitions confirmed by the testimony of all ages."

Dr. H. W. Thomas, probably the ablest preacher in Chicago, said in a sermon: "The perfect vision should see in Spiritualism the essential truth of the continuity of life and possibility of communion between the two worlds. The phenomena manifestations or forms of slate writing, seances, and materializations are but incidents—but the accidents attending any form of faith should not be permitted to close the vision to the underlying realities. The fact of a conscious intercommunion between the two worlds has become an established truth."

Dr. Robert Hare, scientist, chemist and Spiritualist, invented the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, producing a flame so intense that it would consume a diamond and vaporize the most solid substance. The doctor was a professor in the Pennsylvania University, and he stood so high among European philosophers that Philadelphia was chiefly known to them as the residence of the learned Professor Hare. When Spiritualism came to his notice, being a rank skeptic, if not a downright atheist, he set about constructing instruments to detect and expose the frauds of mediumship—when lo, the spirits made use of his own instrument to convince him of the fact of spirit existence and of their power to communicate with mortals. Becoming a Spiritualist he became a believer in God and immortality. When Dr.

Hare attended the American Association of Science in 1856, asking for an hour to present the scientific methods and results of his investigations in relation to Spiritualism before the body convened, the majority decided against him. Among the minority were such savants as Professor Mitchell, Agassiz and others. This great chemist, scientist, philosopher and electrician, the peer of Farady—the crowning glory of the old Pennsylvania University—lived and died a devoted Spiritualist. His life, his scientific researches and philosophical attainments, constituting an imperishable monument, honors science as well as graces and adds lustre to the early history of Spiritualism in America.

Victor Hugo, that eminent literary celebrity, with intellect so clear and radiant, and moral nature so highly developed, could not well avoid being a Spiritualist. Upon my second voyage around the world I met him in Paris in a seance of the literati, Mrs. Hollis-Billings being the medium. Hugo wept in gratitude when his risen son gave him a most satisfactory communication in written French, when she, an American, could neither speak nor write a line of French.

In his "Toilers of the Sea," he writes: "There are times when the unknown reveals itself to the spirit of man in visions. Such visions have occasionally the power to effect a transfiguration, converting a poor camel-driver into a Mahomet; a peasant girl tending her goats into a Joan of Arc. Those that depart still remain near us—they are in a world of light; but they as tender witnesses hover about our world of darkness. Though invisible to some they are not absent. Holy is their converse with us."

Theodore Parker wrote: "This party (Spiritualists) has an idea wider and deeper than Catholic or Protestant; namely, that God still inspires men as much as ever. Now, in 1856, it seems more likely that Spiritualism will become the religion of America than in 156 that Christianity would become the religion of the Roman Empire. It has more evidence for its wonders than any historic form of religion hitherto. It is thoroughly democratic, with no hierarchy; but inspiration is open to all. It admits all the truths of religion and morality in all the world's sects. Shall we know our friends again? For my own part, I cannot doubt it; least of all when I drop a tear over their recent dust. Death does not separate them from us here. Can life in heaven do it?"

Judge J. W. Edmonds, the pride of the New York Bench for years, a jurist of unimpeachable integrity and keen discernment, as well as an authority in International Law, was not only a Spiritualist but a medium with fine clairvoyant gifts. Sitting in his seances by the hour I have listened to his visions, as exalted as those of Peter or Paul, or the ecstatics of the pre-Constantine period.

William Lloyd Garrison, the author, speaker and pioneer "liberator," writing of Spiritualism said: "The manifestations have spread from house to house, from city to city, from one part of the country to another, across the Atlantic into Europe, till now the enlightened world is compelled to acknowledge their reality. We have witnessed these surprising manifestations; and our conviction is that they cannot be accounted for on any other theory than that of spiritual agency."

William Howitt, the noted English writer and author of seventy volumes, was a writing and drawing medium. It gave me great pleasure to sit in one of his seances and witness his automatic drawings. In the English *Dunfermeline Press,* Mr. Howitt wrote thus: "Who are the men who have in every country embraced Spiritualism? The rabble? the ignorant? the fanatic? By no means. But the most intelligent and learned of all classes." In America the shrewd and honest statesman and President was a Spiritualist. So were the Hon. Robert Dale Owen and Judge Edmonds. Longfellow, now in England, and just treated with the highest honor by the University of Cambridge, and about to be fêted by the whole literary world of England, is and has long been a Spiritualist."

When Longfellow was upon his late European tour he attended Spiritual seances at the house of the Guppy's in Naples, and at the palatial residence of the Baron Kirkup in Florence. I had this upon the authority of several eminent gentlemen in Italy.

Abraham Lincoln, the martyred President, was a Spiritualist. He frequently attended seances at the residence of the Lauries in Washington. The daughter was a medium. Lincoln's emancipation message was an inspiration from the spirit-world. Judge Edmonds, delivering an oration in Hope Chapel, N. Y., upon the life of Lincoln, gave the proof of this. It is undeniable.

In Judge Pierpont's address to the jury at the Surratt trial, he said: "I now come to a strange act in this dark drama—strange though not new—so wonderful that it seems to come from beyond the veil that separates us from death. On the morning of April 14th, Mr. Lincoln called his cabinet together. He had reason to be joyful, but he was anxious to hear from Sherman. Grant was here, and he said Sherman was all right; but President Lincoln said he feared, and related a dream—a dream which he had previous to Chancellorsville and Stone River, and whenever a disaster happened. The members of the cabinet who heard that dream will never forget it. A few hours afterwards Sherman was not heard from—but the dream was fulfilled. A disaster had befallen the Government, and Mr. Lincoln's spirit, by Booth's assassin hand, had returned to God who gave it."

Dr. Adam Clarke, the distinguished Methodist commentator, was a Spiritualist. In commenting upon Saul and Samuel (see his commentaries, pp. 298-299), he says:

"I believe Samuel did actually appeal to Saul; and that he was sent to warn this infatuated king of his approaching death, that he might have an opportunity to make his peace with his Maker.

"I believe there is a supernatural and spiritual world, in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness.

"I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God, in the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world and become visible to mortals."

Bishop John P. Newman, General Grant's pastor in Washington, D. C., is a Spiritualist. From a printed sermon of his, delivered at the funeral of an aged lady at No. 561 Madison Avenue, New York, I made the following extracts:

"This venerable woman has gone, not to sing songs nor to be idle, nor indifferent as to the scenes of earth and time. These sons and grandchildren over whom she watched with the tenderest love here, she will continue to love and guide hereafter. The belief is all but universal that the spirits of the departed have returned to earth. The best of the Greeks and Romans were strong in this opinion, and those eminent in the church for learning and piety have cherished this common faith.

"Two worlds met in Bible times. The communications were as real then between earth and heaven as between New York and London to-day. From Adam till John of Patmos there were frequent intercourse between those who had gone and those who were left behind.

"Angels dined with Abraham, were companions of Daniel in the lion's den; they conversed with Mary; they delivered Peter from prison; they visited Cornelius, the Roman centurion. Celestial visions were given to Isaiah and the prophets, to Paul and the apostles, to Stephen and the martyrs, while Samuel and Moses and Elias were returned to earth. And why should we suppose that there is less interest in heaven for earth than in the glorious past? We have the inspired record of the return of five persons to our earth, three of whom entered the spirit world through the portals of the grave.

"And there was another who was born here and went to that spirit-land and returned to us and remained with us from June 44, A. D., till June, 64, A. D., a period of twenty years; and six years after he made this declaration public. He said, 'I was caught up into the third heaven.' This is levitation as taught in I. Kings, xviii : 12; Ezekial iii.: 14; in Acts viii.; 39-40. He went not only to the place of departed spirits, but to heaven, where he heard unspeakable words. Do you say if only one of our race and time would go and return and witness to us it would be sufficient? Most lawyers are satisfied with one good witness. The law is that two witnesses are sufficient to confirm a fact; but here are eight—Samuel, Moses, Elias, Christ and four apostles. These eight witnesses are as good as eight hundred.

"But do the communications between the two worlds continue to this day? Let us not be deterred in answering this question, because a great Bible fact has been perverted for lust and lucre. Let us rise to the sublimity and purity of the great Bible truth, and on this day of sorrow console our hearts therewith. It was the opinion of Wesley that Swedenborg was visited by the spirits of his departed friends. Dr. Adam Clarke believed that the departed spirits returned to earth."

Dr. Chiaia of Naples brought in 1892 the illiterate peasant woman, Paladina, gifted with mediumship, to Milan to meet a scientific commission for the investigation of spirit phenomena. Several of the scientists were out-and-out Materialists, and bitterly prejudiced against Spiritualism. The commission held seventeen sittings. Among the phenomena were the following: "The weight of the medium under varying magnetic conditions was found to range from a minimum of one hundred pounds to a maximum of one hundred and fifty-four pounds. Different articles put upon the table were agitated and lifted up into the air by invisible hands, and at the request of the committee one of the spirits present struck the head of each person in the seance room." The report declared that all idea of the phenomena being produced by the medium must be dismissed as an impossibility. This document was signed by Alexander Aksakof, Privy Councillor to the Emperor of Russia and editor of the *Psychische Studien;* Prof. G. Schiapparelli, Director of the Observatory at Milan; Carl du Phel, Doctor of Philosophy at Munich; A. Brofferio, Professor of Philosophy in the Mazoni College at Milan; G. Geresa, Professor of Physics in the Government School of Science and Agriculture at Paris; Cesare Lombreso, Professor of Legal Medicine at the University, Portici; Charles Richet, Professor of Medicine in the Sarbonne at Turin; F. D. Armicis, Director of Claims in the University of Naples; O. G. B. Ermacora and G. Finizi, both of them doctors of medicine and students in the psychic sciences.

Here were ten men occupying the highest positions in Europe for scholarship, science and philosophy, testifying to the reality of the spirit manifestations, after the most careful and crucial investigations. They were trained scientists.

Professor Lombreso, a pronounced Materialist, was manly enough to publish an apology for having ridiculed psychic phenomena as fraud or delusion, adding: "The reality of the phenomena is to me indisputable."

Raoul Pictet, professor in the Genoa University, delivered a lecture, May, 1893, in the hall of the University in Liege in Belgium, giving in his adhesion to Spiritualism, saying: "I am constrained to do so by the invincible logic of facts."

Dr. Miguel Sans Benito, professor of metaphysics in the University of Barcelona, is a devoted Spiritualist. He affirms and publishes that: "Spiritualism is the synthesis of the most important principles and discoveries of science; and that we may advantageously study it, with the firm assurance that it will open out new horizons to our intelligence, besides supplying our hearts with a beautiful consolation in those bitter moments of our lives which are occasioned by a painful bereavement."

M. T. Falconer, professor in the Technical Institute of the Minister of Public Instruction at Alessandria, in Piedmont, is an enthusiastic Spiritualist, declaring that the spiritual phenomena afford "the only positive proofs of a future conscious existence."

Herr Max Seiling, professor of polytechnics in the University of Helsingfers, the oldest in Russia, doubted the continuation of man's existence; but through the mediumistic gifts of Madame d'Esperance, a lady of both culture and fortune, he was forced by the most conclusive evidences to confess the grand truth of a present converse with spirits once clothed in mortality.

The learned Ocharowicz, professor in the University of Warsaw, was induced in the latter part of 1894 to study the psychic phenomena under the most rigorous test conditions of mediums. Having previously studied, he was considered an authority in magnetism and hypnotism, and now he was bound to get at the bottom of what was denominated "Spiritualism." After being fully convinced of its truth he said, "I found I had done a great wrong to men who had proclaimed new truths at the cost of their positions.

"And now, when I remember that I branded as a fool that fearless investigator, Crookes, the inventor of the radiometer, because he had the courage to assert the reality of mediumistic phenomena, and to subject them to scientific tests; and when I also recollect that I used to read his articles upon Spiritualism with the same stupid style as his colleagues in the British Association bestowed upon them, regarding him as crazy, I am ashamed both of myself and others, and I cry from the very bottom of my heart, 'Father, I have sinned against the light.'"

The erudite Marghieri, professor of the physical sciences in the University of Naples, and Dr. Giulio Belfiore, author of that profound work upon "Hypnotism and its Therapeutic Effects," are both outspoken and active Spiritualists. And so Prof. Armand Sabatier, Dean of the Faculty of Sciences and Director of the Zoological Institute at Montpelier—one of the greatest minds in Europe—has been for some time studying psychic phenomena, and it is credibly reported that he has become convinced of the truth of Spiritualism.

No intelligent, conscientious and right-minded person can investigate the psychic phenomena without becoming a Spiritualist. Accumulated evidences force conviction. Faith blossoms into knowledge. Spiritualism reaffirms and reiterates the pure doctrines of primitive Christianity. It sweeps aside the monstrous absurdities that have been grafted upon it, such as the blood-atonement dogma, infant damnation and endless hell torments. These horrible doctrines have cursed the very name of Christianity and given agnostics and atheists their ammunition for perpetual warfare. The Christian nations of the earth, so it seems to me, are so deeply immersed in barbarous ignorance, in bigoted intolerance, in religious superstition and in spiritual darkness, that nothing but the highest spiritual revelations which are being received all over the globe, from the discarnated dwellers in the Unseen, could have prevented the so-called civilized races of the earth from sinking into a condition of degradation and moral depravity resembling that which preceded the destruction of the great Roman empire. Spiritualism in its higher and diviner aspects, and Spiritualism alone, will yet convict, conquer and redeem the world.

Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M.D., the learned discoverer of psychometry and sarcognomy, writer upon metaphysics, author of "System of Anthropology," "The New Education," "Manual of Psychometry," and a pronounced adept in true Theosophy, has been for years a most distinguished, outspoken Spiritualist.

Hon. Luther Marsh, New York (once the law partner of Daniel Webster, the great constitutional expounder of law), jurist, law compiler, writer and author, is a pronounced Spiritualist.

Rt. Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone, politician and far-seeing statesman, cautiously says: "I shall not adopt language of determined disbelief in all manifestations, real or supposed, from the other world. They give me little satisfaction, but that does not warrant meeting them with a blank negative. I know of no rule which forbids a Christian to examine into the system called Spiritualism."

John G. Whittier, the good Quaker poet, in his address at William Lloyd Garrison's funeral said: "Our beloved Garrison's faith in the continuity of life was very positive. He trusted more to the phenomena of Spiritualism than I can, however. My faith is not helped by them, and yet I wish I could see real truth in them. I do believe, apart from all outward signs, in the future life, and that the happiness of that life, as of this, will consist of labor and self-sacrifice." Again he writes Charles Fiske Bates: "I have heard Garrison talk much of his faith in Spiritualism. He had no doubt whatever, and he was very happy. Death was to him but the passing from one room to another and a higher one. I wonder whether if I could see a real spirit I should believe my own senses. I do sometimes feel very near the dear ones who have left me. Of one thing I feel sure: something outside of myself speaks to me, and holds me to duty, warns, reproves and approves. It is good, for it requires me to be good; it is wise, for it knows the thoughts and interests of the heart. It is to me a revelation of God, and of his character and attributes; the one important fact before which all others seem insignificant."

Longfellow, the Tennyson of America, attended spiritual seances when travelling upon the continent, and freely expressed his belief in an open communion between the visible and the unseen world. And accordingly he wrote: "The spiritual world lies all about us, and its avenues are open to the unseen feet of phantoms that come and go, and we perceive them not save by their influence, or when at times a most mysterious providence permits them to manifest themselves to mortal eyes:

> "Then the forms of the departed
> Enter at the open door
> The beloved ones, the true-hearted
> Come to visit me once more."

Hon. Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, ex-President of the Senate, and ex-United States Senator; and ex-Senator Howard, of Michigan, were devoted Spiritualists. It was through the influence of these two Senators and Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, that I was sent into Asiatic Turkey as United States Consul.

Among the further avowed Spiritualists, either in private or public, of the old world, were or are, W. F. Barrett, Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science, Dublin; Gustav T. Fechner, Professor of Physics in the University of Leipsic; Lord Rayleigh, F.R.S., Professor of Physics in the University of Cambridge; Professor Scheibner, teacher of mathematics in the University of Leipsic; W. E. Webber, Professor of Physics in the University of Gottenburg; Dr. Franz Hoffman, Professor of Philosophy, Wertzburg University; Professor Wagner, Geologist, University of Russia; Professor Butlerof, Chemist, Russia; Prof. F. Zoellner, Leipsic, author of "Transcendental Physics"; Prof. Nees Von Esenbeck, President of the Royal Academy of Science, Germany; Emilio Castelar, the Spanish patriot; Rev. John Page Hopps, the famous English preacher; W. M. Thackeray, the author; Prof. Wm. Gregory; S. C. Hall, the English writer; Lord Dunraven; Lord Adair; Blake and Flaxman, painters; Hiram Powers, the famous sculptor; Hon. George Thompson, the bosom friend of Garrison; N. P. Talmadge, ex-Governor of Wisconsin; Senator Simmons of Rhode Island; Hon. J. L. Sullivan, ex-Minister to Portugal; Capt. R. F. Burton, African traveller; Bayard Taylor, author and traveller; Oliver Johnson, formerly editor of the *Christian Union;* Rev.

John Pierpont, of Boston; Epes Sargent, author and scientist; James G. Clark, writer, poet and musical composer; Joseph Jefferson, the celebrated actor; Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer; Countess of Caithness; Lady Cowper; Baron and Baroness Von Vay; H.I.H. Nicholas, Duke of Leuchtenberg; H.S.H. the Prince George of Solms, whom I last met by a beautiful fountain on Pincian Hill in Rome, were thorough Spiritualists.

Wm. S. Robinson, the "Warrington" of the highest phase of journalism, as he neared his end frequently spoke of his visions of the future life. Richly enjoying them, he said, "Why, this world and the next are joined as closely as my two hands," clasping them together. "There they are, no break between, no gulf to pass. I feel every day like one who walks by a hedge and is looking for a gate, a gap to pass through, to walk on the other side. I don't know half the time whether I am in the body or not." These visions, like those of Peter, Paul and Patmos John, did not trouble him, for he said, "he was not afraid of ghosts." Like Coleridge, "he had seen too many of them."

Socrates was constantly attended with a divine voice to admonish, guard and guide him in the events of his daily life; while it urged to good deeds he declared that it "restrained from evil." It sustained him to bear unrepiningly the revilings of the ill-tempered Xantippe, and with an unfaltering trust to drain the fatal cup.

In the palmy and prosperous days of Greece, Spiritualism was the only religion that inspired to the higher life. Hence Hume says: "We learn from a hundred masterpieces of the intellect how untiring was that spirit of restless inquiry with which every people of Hellas searched into the secrets of the unseen. No city was founded; no army marched forth to battle; no vessels laden with emigrants set sail for Italy or Asia Minor without consulting the oracles of the gods."

Hon. John P. Brown, connected with the Turkish Legation in Constantinople for twenty years, believed firmly in spiritual manifestations.

Revs. Minot J. Savage, Wm. Brunton, Solon Lauer, and other prominent Unitarian preachers are fully convinced of the truths and moral grandeur of Spiritualism. Some of them advocate it openly.

Such eminent statesmen and United States Senators as the late Miller, of Alabama, and Sprague, of Rhode Island, were Spiritualists.

W. Emmette Coleman, the eminent writer, author and Orientalist of San Francisco, California; Dr. B. O. Flower, of the *Arena*, essayist and moral scientist; Barrett Brenning, the poet, now of Italy, are Spiritualists.

Prof. Alexander Wilder, M.D., writer, author, electrician and metaphysician, known for his erudition in Europe quite as well as in America, is a confirmed believer in present inspirations and spirit ministries.

Spiritualism converted Professor Hare, Robert Dale Owen, Professor Kiddle, and multitudes of other rank Materialists to faith in God and immortality. The once doubting, yet distinguished S. C. Hall, of London, rejoicing used these words: " Spiritualism has made me a Christian." J. E. Jones, a staunch English Spiritualist, in his work entitled " Orthodox Spiritualism," makes this statement: " It may be well, as an historical fact, to state that more than one half of the Spiritualists of England are Christians connected with one or more of the churches."

Truth is immortal. Truth never changes, though our conceptions of it change as we grow and unfold spiritually. Truth is never old. No truth ever perished utterly. The truths proclaimed by the early Christians live, though at times half buried under the rubbish of pagan myth and priestly confessions of faith. Often old expressed truths receive new labels. They are more taking. Primitive Christianity, with its ameliorating fraternities and inspiring angel ministries, and true Spiritualism, with its rational philosophy and heavenly ministrations of spirits, are in principle and essence one. The New Testament is a living fountain of Spiritualism. And there is enough genuine Spiritualism, enough of Christianity probably, in the present institutional churchianity of the land to prevent entire stagnation, or its complete moral putrefaction. Around the shattered vase the odors of the lilies still cling. Spiritualism is the only thing that can save Christianity before the march of science.

Schismatics and Sectarists of different denominations, with no succession and not much of a pedigree, have never, singular as it may seem, in council or convention officially discussed the claims of Spiritualism; while the Church of England, with magnificent courage and candor, grappled with it at a regular church congress; Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, presiding, and listening to the papers read and speeches made upon "The Duty of the Church in respect to Spiritualism." It may be well to treasure up some of the gems gathered at this church congress. The learned Rev. Dr. Thornton said that Spiritualism "In its very nature is antagonistic to all Saduceeism and Materialism. It flatly contradicts the assertion of the miserable philosophy that makes the soul but a function of the brain, and death an eternal sleep. It tells of angels, of an immortal spirit, and of a future state of personal and conscious existence.

"Spiritualists claim to hold intercourse with the spirits of the departed. Now I am far from denying the possibility of such intercourse; on the contrary, I believe that in God's providence it sometimes does take place. . . We clergymen are terribly afraid of saying a word about the intermediate state in the spirit realm of existence. We draw a hard and fast line between the seen and the unseen world. In vain does the creed express our belief in the communion of saints. Here, perhaps, some will say to me, 'You seem half a Spiritualist yourself.' Well, I am just as much a Spiritualist as St. Paul was when he wrote, 'I knew a man in Christ—whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell, God knoweth—such an one was caught up to the third heaven.' Just as much as St. John when he bade his beloved 'try the spirits,' and said of himself that he was 'in the spirit on the Lord's day.' . . Let us thankfully acknowledge the truth of Spiritualists' teachings as weapons which we are too glad to wield against positivism and secularism and all the anti-Christianisms of this age."

Rev. Canon Wilberforce, after remarking that "Spiritualism was now undoubtedly exercising a potent influence upon the religious beliefs of millions," said:

"Those who are following Spiritualism as a means and not an end contend warmly that it does not seek to undermine religion or to render obsolete the teachings of Christ; that, on the other hand, it furnishes illustrations and rational proof of them such as can be gained from no other source; that its manifestations will supply deists and atheists with positive demonstration of a life after death, and that they have been instrumental in converting many Secularists and Materialists from skepticism to Christianity."

In corroboration of this statement may be appended the remarkable testimony of Mr. S. C. Hall, the founder and editor of the *Art Journal.* "As to the use of Spiritualism," he says, "it has made me a Christian. I humbly and fervently thank God it has removed all my doubts." I could quote abundant instances of conversions from unbelief to belief—of some to perfect faith from total infidelity I am permitted to give one name; it is that of Dr. Elliotson, who expresses his deep gratitude to Almighty God for the blessed change that has been wrought in his heart and mind by Spiritualism." When this is the standpoint of the believer in the higher aspects of Spiritualism, it is obvious that we have to deal with no mere commonplace infatuation, which can be brushed aside with indifference or contempt, but rather with a movement which is firmly established in all enlightened lands, and the influence of which is every day extended. Appealing, as it does, to the yearnings of the soul, especially in times of bereavement, for sensible evidence of the continuity of life after physical death, belief in modern Spiritualism continues rapidly to increase in all ranks of society."

CHAPTER V.

GALAXY OF PROMINENT SPIRITUALISTS.

We present here a list of prominent modern Spiritualists nearly all of whom, and especially the scientific men, have arrived at their belief by careful and protracted experimental investigation. Can any reasonable and unprejudiced person, in the face of this testimony, deny that Spiritualism has a scientific basis? If so, we should like to know his reasons.

Professor Oliver J. Lodge, F.R.S., Dr. Sc., Prof. Psychics, University College, London, author of " Modern Views of Electricity," says: " I went into a state of skepticism as to the reality of Psychical Phenomena produced without apparent contact, but this skepticism has been overborne by facts."

Professor W. F. Barrett, F.R.S.E., Professor of Experimental Physics and Dean of the Faculty of the Royal College of Sciences, Ireland, says: " The impressive fact of the phenomena is the intelligence behind them and the evidence of an unseen individuality as distinct as our own."

Dr. Robert Chambers, F.R.S., LL.D., author of " Vestiges of Creation," " Cyclopedia of English Literature," etc., says: " Already Spiritualism, conducted as it usually is, has had a prodigious effect throughout America, and partly in the old world also, in redeeming multitudes from hardened atheism and materialism, proving to them by the positive demonstration which their positive cast of mind requires, that there is another world, that there is a non-material form of humanity, and that many miraculous things which hitherto they have scoffed at, are true. I have for many years *known* that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from imposture; and when fully accepted, revolutionize the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters."

Professor Herbert Mayo, F.R.S., M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, King's College, London, says: " Twenty-five years ago I was a hard-headed unbeliever. Spiritual phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, were soon after developed in my own family. This led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude the possibility of trickery and self-deception. That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late now to deny their existence."

Dr. Lockhart Robertson, F.R.S., sometime editor of *British Journal of Mental Sciences,* says: "The writer can now no more doubt the physical manifestations of so-called Spiritualism than we could any other fact, as for example, the fall of an apple to the ground, of which his senses informed him."

Alfred Russel Wallace, F.R.S., LL.D., D.C.L., the foremost living European naturalist, says: "My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do *not* require further confirmation. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts."

Professor James Challis, F.R.S., Plimian Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy, Cambridge University, says: "The testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous that either the facts must be admitted to be such as reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up."

Professor A. De Morgan, late President of the Mathematical Society, says: "The Spiritualists beyond a doubt are on the track that has led to all advancement in physical science. Their opponents are the representatives of those who have striven against progress."

Professor William Denton, the eminent lecturer on Geology, author of "Our Planet, its Past and Future," "Soul of Things," etc., says: "Spiritualism is a belief in the communication of intelligence from the spirits of the departed, commonly obtained through a person of susceptibility, called a 'medium.'"

Professor Elliott Coues, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, Norwich University, etc., Professor of Biology in the Victorian Agricultural College, Member of the National Academy of Sciences, author of "Field Ornithology," "Air Fauna," "Columbeana," etc., writes: "Will you have the opinion of such a person as I have described, who for about ten years has studied, watched, and followed the phenomena of so-called Spiritualism, and who speaks from personal experiences with almost every one of them? Then let me tell you that I know that the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism are true, substantially as alleged."

Professor Robert Hare, Emeritus Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, Graduate of Yale College and Harvard University, Associate of the Smithsonian Institution, inventor of improvements in the Oxy-hydrogen blow pipe, and member of various learned societies, author of "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated, says: "Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestation of which I have given an account in my work, I have had even more striking evidences of that agency than those given in the work in question!"

Professor Tornebom, Sweden, says: "Only those deny the phenomena of Spiritualism who have never examined them, but profound study alone can explain them."

Professor J. C. F. Zollner, Professor of Physical Astronomy at the University of Leipsic, Member of the Royal Saxon Society of Sciences, Foreign Member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, of the Imperial Academy of Natural Philosophers at Moscow, Honorary Member of the Physical Association, Frankfort, of the Scientific Society of Psychological Studies at Paris, etc., of the British National Association of Spiritualists at London, says: "We have acquired proof of the existence of an invisible world which can enter into relations with humanity."

Professor James H. Hyslop writes: "I shall not remain by the spiritualistic theory if a better one can be obtained to explain the phenomena. I advance it simply as a hypothesis that will explain the facts. . . . There is no other explanation but Spiritualism."

Dr. Ashburner (one of the Queen's physicians), author of "Animal Magnetism and Spiritualism."

Dr. Paul Gibier, Director of the Pasteur Institute, New York, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, author of " Spiritualism or Fakirism," " Psychicism, Analysis of Things Existing," etc.

Dr. Paul Gibier, whose recent loss to Science and Spiritualism is deeply to be regretted, contends in his interesting " Analysis of Things," which has for its subtitle, " An Essay upon the Science of the Future," that the proof of man's possessing a conscience which survives the change called death has been already established by the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Dr. J. M. Gully, M.D., Royal College of Surgeons, London, and Royal Physical Society, Edinburgh, author of " Neuropathy and Nervousness," says: " After two years investigation of the fact and numerous seances, I have not the slightest doubt and have the strongest conviction that such materialization takes place, and that not the slightest attempt at trick or deception is fairly attributable to any one who assisted at Miss Cook's seances."

Dr. J. M. Peebles, M.D., the celebrated traveler, author, and speaker, formerly the U. S. Consul at Tribizond, author of " The Seers of the Ages," " Immortality, Our Homes and Employments in the Spirit World," " Three Journeys Around the World," " Death Defied," " Christ Question Settled," etc., etc.

Dr. Hallock, New York, says: " Spiritualism is no new problem that ought to have taken the disciples of science by surprise."

Dr. F. L. Nicholls, M.D., F.A.S., author of Esoteric Anthropology," etc., says: " I have in my possession direct writings and drawings done under absolute test conditions by departed spirits, with whose handwriting I am as familiar as with my own."

Lord Brougham, Statesman, writes: " Even in the most cloudless skies of skepticism I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand; it is modern Spiritualism."

Baron Carl du Prel, Munich, states: " One thing is clear: that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible. The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. This intelligence can read, write and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. These beings are, therefore, although invisible, of human nature, or species. It is no use whatever to fight against the proposition."

Camille Flammarion, the famous astronomer, author of "The Unknown," remarks that although Spiritualism is not a religion but a science, yet the day may come when religion and science will be reunited in one single synthesis.

Mr. (and Mrs.) S. C. Hall, F.S.A., Editor *Art Journal,* writes: "The mockers and scoffers at Spiritualism are almost exclusively those who have seen nothing of it, know nothing about it, and *will not* inquire concerning it."

Hudson Tuttle, author of "Arcana of Nature," "Arcana of Spiritualism," "Religion of Man," "Studies in Psychic Science," etc., remarks: "Spiritualism is the knowledge of everything pertaining to the spiritual nature of man; and, as spirit is the moving force of the universe, in its widest scope it grasps the dominion of Nature. It embraces all that is known and all that ever can be known. It is Cosmopolitan Eclecticism, receiving all that is good and rejecting all that is bad."

Harriet Beecher Stowe writes: "One of the deepest and most imperative craving of the human heart as it follows its beloved ones beyond the veil, is for some assurance that they still love and care for us. . . . They have overcome, have risen, are crowned, glorified; but still they remain to us, our assistants, our comforters, and in every hour of darkness their voice speaks to us."

Henry W. Longfellow, poet, says: "The spiritual world lies all about us, and its avenues are open to the unseen feet of phantoms that come and go, and we perceive them not save by their influence, or when at times a most mysterious providence permits them to manifest themselves to mortal eyes."

Dr. Adam Clarke says: "I believe that there is a supernatural and spiritual world in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness. I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God, in the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world and become visible to mortals."

Robert S. Wyld, LL.D., says: "With regard to spirit writing, there is no order of spiritual phenomena which impresses me more powerfully. . . . The evidence that the writing was produced by a spiritual intelligence, without the intervention of human hands, was overwhelming."

Sir Edwin Arnold writes: " All I can say is this: that I regard many of the manifestations as genuine and undeniable, or inexplicable by any known law, or collusion arrangement or deception of the senses; and that I conceive it the duty and interest of men of science and sense to examine and prosecute the inquiry, as one which has thoroughly passed from the region or ridicule."

Eugene Nus, poet, philosopher, dramatic author and journalist, declared in his " Things of the Other World," " that he had found Spiritualism everywhere, and that it is sowing the seeds of a systematic morality which is greatly preferable to the dreary negations which Materialism offers us."

Victor Hugo writes: " To abandon these spiritual phenomena to incredulity is to commit a treason against human reason."

Lord Tennyson, England's Poet of the Century.

Nicholas, Duke of Leuchtenberg; Abraham Lincoln; Lord Bulwer Lytton; John Ruskin; Sir W. Trevelyan.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning writes: " For theories we get over no difficulty, it seems to me, by escaping from the obvious inference of an external spiritual agency. When the phenomena was attributed, for instance to a second personality, projected unconsciously and attended by an unconscious exercise of volition and clairvoyance; I see nothing clearly but a convulsive struggle on the part of the theorist to get out of a position he does not like, at whatever expense of kicks at the analogies of God's universe."

L. Figuer, editor *L'Anne Scientific et Industrielle,"* who had done so much to popularize science, and in whose book entitled " The Day After Death," there is such a fund of spiritual knowledge, wrote as follows: " I hold it for a certainty that there exists intermediate beings between God and man. I am absolutely ignorant as to how they can communicate with the earth, but the fact of such communication appears to be positive."

Alexander Dumas, pere, believed in spirits, apparitions and unseen influences. He always believed that his father's spirit came just after it had quitted the body to say farewell to him. He felt warm breath on his face and heard a voice say: " Alexander, I have come to bid you adieu. Be a good boy and love your mother." (Memoir by Mrs. Emil Crawford.)

W. M. Thackeray says: " It is all very well for you who have probably never seen any Spiritual Manifestations to talk as you do; but if you had seen what I have witnessed, you would hold a different opinion."

I. H. Fichte, the German philospher and author, writes: " I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism. No one should keep silent."

William Lloyd Garrison says: " For the last three years we have kept pace with nearly all that has been published on the subject, and we have witnessed at various times many surprising 'manifestations'; and our conviction is that they cannot be accounted for on any other theory than that of spiritual agency."

Hon. Luther R. Marsh states: " It is not enough to know the fact of immortality. It asserts its value only when it so enters and controls the life as to make the spirit worthy of this immortal and inestimable boon."

Archbishop Whately: " The Archbishop had long been a believer in mesmerism and latterly in clairvoyance and Spiritualism." (Memoirs of Whately. Fitzpatrick).

Rev. Minot J. Savage, D.D., author of " Psychics, Facts and Theories," " Life Beyond Death," etc.

Rev. B. F. Austin, M.A., LL.D., Canada, writes: " After some years of investigation, after a great variety of circumstances, I dare affirm that the ethical system taught in these spirit communications has never been surpassed in the lofty character of the duties it proclaims or the power and variety of the motives it urges to secure obedience to law. The spiritual beauty, inherent divinity of many of these spirit messages renders the thought of their diabolical origin a moral impossibility and the origin of that thought a blasphemy."

Canon Wilberforce says: " It is a strengthening, calming consideration that we are in the midst of an invisible world of spiritual beings than whom we have been made for a little while lower. Blessed be God for the knowledge of a world like this. It is evidently that region or condition of space in which the departed find themselves immediately after death; probably it is nearer than we imagine, for St. Paul speaks of our being surrounded by a cloud of witnesses. There it seems to me they are waiting for us."

Rev. W. E. Channing says: " We have good reason to believe that if we obtain admission into heaven, we shall still have opportunity, not only to return to earth, but to view the operation of God in distant spheres, and be his ministers in other worlds."

Theodore Parker says: " It (Spiritualism) has more evidence for its wonders than any historic form of religion hitherto, it admits all the truths of religion and morality in all the world's sects. . . . Shall we know our friends again? For my own part, I cannot doubt it; least of all when I drop a tear over their recent dust. Death does not separate them from here. Can life in heaven do it?"

Rev. Adin Ballou states: " Departed spirits have a higher mesmeric, magnetic, or psychologic power than have mortals of a corresponding grade. Facts have proven this in many remarkable cases. It will yet be demonstrated to the conviction of all candid investigators."

Rev. E. R. Sanborn says: " There are sad hearts for whom death has made this world a tomb, which have been cheered and lifted into light and glory by the scintillations of love from an unknown world, which unseen lies around us all. The gloom has been transformed into shimmering splendor, by processes more marvellous than any physicist has found. And souls to whom this world has been a hell, have been suddenly awakened to find it a heaven, surpassing any tale of seer or fairy."

T. B. Barkas, F.G.S., writes: " I have investigated and experimented under every kind of reasonable test my ingenuity could devise. . . . Notwithstanding all tests and all precautions, phenomena have taken place which are utterly inexplicable by reference to any known physical or psychological law. All this I have done with the cold eye and steady pulse of a scientist."

Phillip Pearsall Carpenter, Naturalist, says: " I have left off believing in deaths (so-called)."

F. W. H. Meyers, Member of Society for Psychical Research, author of " Phantasms of the Living," states: " Not, then, with tears and lamentations should we think of the blessed dead. Rather we should rejoice with them in their franchisement and know that they are still minded to keep us as sharers in their joy. It is they, not we, who are working now, they are more ready to hear than we to pray; they guide us as with a cloudy pillar, but it is kindling to steadfast fire."

Washington Irving writes: "What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare. I see nothing in it (Spiritualism) that is incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, or revolting to the wishes and affections of the heart."

Charlotte Bronte says: "Besides this earth and besides this race of men, there is an invisible world and a kingdom of spirits: that world is around us, for it is everywhere; and these spirits watch us, for they are commissioned to guard us."

Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune,* says: "I have sat with three others around a small table, with every one of our eight hands lying plainly, palpably on the table, and heard rapid writing with a pencil on paper, which perfectly white we had just previously placed under the table; and we have the next minute picked up the paper with a sensible, straightforward message of twenty to fifty words fairly written thereon. . . . Yet I am quite confident that none of the persons present, who were visible to mortal eyes wrote it."

Bellachini, Court Conjurer, states: "I have thoroughly examined with minutest observation and investigation of the surroundings including the table, and have not in the smallest instance found anything to be produced by means of prestidigitative manifestations or by mechanical apparatus."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson says: "If I have not satisfactory evidence of the genuineness of these phenomena which I have just described, then there is no such thing as evidence, and all the fabric of natural science may be a mass of imposture."

M. Auguste Vaquerie, Dramatist, Journalist, and Man of Letters, remarks: "I am happy to be able to say, as regards the existence of what are called spirits, that I have no doubt of it. . . . Why should they not communicate to a man by any means whatsoever; and why should not that means be a table?"

Padre Secchi, an Italian priest of conspicuous ability in the Church of Rome, says: "Spiritualism will be the great event of the present century."

Charles Fauvety, also a distinguished French Philosopher and author of "The New Revelation," declared modern Spiritualism to be the force which will regenerate society.

Colonel Count de Rochas d'Aiglun, who is at the head of the great Polytechnic School in Paris, and author of some highly important works on Psychic Science, accepts Spiritualism as a great scientific truth, and the action of invisible beings upon incarnate intelligences as a demonstrable fact."

General Pix, a French writer who adopts the *nom de plume* of "Henri Constant," in a work on "The Religion of the Future," observes: "Spiritualism, a doctrine more powerful than all the combined forces which live in darkness, has ended by triumphing over all its enemies and to-day it emerges from its protracted lethargy, more vital, more powerful and more robust than ever it was."

Rene Caillie, son of the celebrated explorer who discovered Timbuctoo, published a work entitled "Christian Spiritualism," has written in eloquent terms of the lofty morality which it inculcates, and terms it "the revelation of revelations."

Edouard Grimard, Professor in the University of Paris, ex-Director of Normal Schools, a valued contributor to the *Revue de Deux Mondes,* and author of that excellent work, "La Plante Botanique Simplifiee," writes in his beautiful "An Escape into the Infinite," that Spiritualism "occupies itself with the most serious things of science, philosophy, morality and religion; in a word, with the wonders of the invisible world; that is to say with the loftiest preoccupations which can haunt the human brain."

Madame Rufina Noeggerath, authoress of that striking work, "The Survival," while declaring the reality of the facts of Spiritualism, reminds us that they have the voice of all antiquity in their favor, and are attested in our own times by men of the highest authority in science, whose good faith, integrity, and intelligence are above suspicion.

CHAPTER VI.

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE.

BY D. D. HOME.

I was born near Edinburgh in March, 1833. When I was about a year old, I was adopted by an aunt, and I accompanied her and her husband to America when I was about nine years old. I was very delicate as a child, and of a highly nervous temperament; so much so that it was not thought that I could be reared. I cannot remember when I first became subject to the curious phenomena which have now for so long attended me, but my aunt and others have told me that when I was a baby my cradle was frequently rocked, as if some kind guardian spirit was tending me in my slumbers. My aunt has also told me that when I was about four years old I had a vision of the circumstances attending the passing from earth of a little cousin, I being at Portobello, near Edinburgh, and she at Linlithgow, all of which proved to be entirely correct, though I had mentioned persons as being present about her whom it was thought could not have been there, and had noticed the absence of her father on the water, at a time when it was thought that he must have been with her at home.

When about thirteen years of age, the first vision which I distinctly remember occurred. I was, from my delicate health, unable to join the sports of other boys of my own age. I had, a few months before the vision which I am about to relate, made the acquaintance of a boy two or three years my senior, and somewhat similar to myself both in character and organization. We were in the habit of reading the Bible together, and upon one occasion, in the month of April, as we had been reading it in the woods, and we were both of us silently contemplating the beauties of the springing vegetation, he turned to me and said, "Oh! I have been reading such a strange story!" and he told me a ghost story connected with the family of Lord ——, and which I have since found to be well authenticated. A portrait of the lady to whom it occurred still exists in the family and is known as the lady with the black ribbon. The present Lord ——, who is of the same family, has told me that he was born in the chamber where the spirit appeared. My friend Edwin asked me if I thought the story could be true, and I said I did not know, but that I had heard strange things of that kind. We then agreed that whichever one of us should first be called from earth, would, if God permitted it, appear to the other the third day afterwards. We read another chapter of the Bible together, and we prayed that so it might be to us. About a month from this time I went with my family to reside at Troy in the State of New York, a distance from Norwich, where Edwin lived, of nearly three hundred miles. I had been to spend the evening at the latter end of June with some friends, and nothing had occurred during the evening to excite my imagination, or to excite my mind; on the contrary I was in a calm state. The family had retired to rest and I at once went to my room, which was so completely filled with the moonlight as to render a candle unnecessary. After saying my prayers I was seated on the bed, and about to draw the sheet over me, when a sudden darkness seemed to pervade the room. This surprised me, as I had not seen a cloud in the sky; and on looking up I saw the moon still shining, but it was on the other side of the darkness, which still grew more dense, until through the darkness there seemed to be a gleam of light, which I cannot describe, but is was similar to those which I and many others have seen when the room has been illuminated by spiritual presence. This light increased and my attention was drawn to the foot of my bed where stood my friend Edwin. He appeared as in a cloud of brightness, and the only difference I saw was that his hair was long and that it fell in wavy ringlets upon his shoulders. He looked on me with a smile of ineffable sweetness, then slowly raising the right arm, he pointed upward, and making with it three circles in the air, the hand began slowly to disappear, and then the arm and finally the whole body melted away. The natural light of the room was then again apparent. I was speechless and could not move, though I retained all my reasoning faculties. As soon as the power of movement was restored, I rang the bell, and the family, thinking I was ill, came to my room, when my first words were, " I have seen Edwin—he died three days ago at this very hour." This was found to be perfectly correct by a letter which came a few days afterwards, announcing that after only a few hours illness he had died of malignant dysentery.

My mother was a seer throughout her life. She passed from earth in the year 1850 at the age of forty-two. She had what is known in Scotland as the second sight, and in many instances she saw things which were afterwards found to have occurred at a distance, just as she had described them. She also foresaw many events which occurred in the family and foretold the passing away of relatives, and lastly, she foretold her own death four months previously.

I was then seventeen and was residing at Norwich, Connecticut, and my mother was living at Waterford, near New London, twelve miles distant. One day I suddenly felt a strong impulse that she wished to see me and I walked all the way in consequence of this impression. When I got home, I felt an impression that she had something particular to communicate to me that evening. When we were alone I turned to her and said, " What have you to say to me, mother?" She looked at me with intense surprise, and then a smile came over her face, and she said, " Well, dear, it was only to tell you that four months from this time I shall leave you." I asked incredulously how she knew, and she said, " Your little sister, Mary, came to me in a vision, holding four lilies in her hand, and allowing them to slip through her fingers one after the other, till the last one had fallen, she said, ' And then you will come to me.' I asked her whether the four lilies signified years, months, weeks or days, and she told me ' months.' " I had been quite impressed by this narration, when my mother added—" and I shall be quite alone when I die, and there will not be a relative near to close my eyes." This appeared to me so improbable, not to say impossible, inasmuch as the family was a large one, and we had many relatives, that I said to her, " Oh, mother, I am so delighted you have told me this, because it shows that it must be a false vision." She shook her head. Mary was a little sister who had been taken from earth under most trying circumstances about four years previously. My mother was out for a walk, leaving the child at home, and on returning, having to cross a running stream, and whilst she was on the bridge over it, she saw what appeared to be some loose clothes floating on the water, and hastening to the side to see what it was, she drew out the body of her child.

The apparently impossible prophecy was literally fulfilled, for by a strange complication of circumstances, my mother was taken ill amongst strangers, and a telegram which they sent on the last day of the fourth month announcing her serious illness, only reached us about half-past eleven in the morning. Being myself confined to bed by illness at the house of my aunt, and she being unable to leave me, the telegram was sent on to my father. That same evening, about twilight, being alone in my room, I heard a voice at the head of my bed which I did not recognize, saying to me solemnly, "*Dan, twelve o'clock.*" I turned my head and between the window and my bed I saw what appeared to be the bust of my mother. I saw her lips move and again I heard the same words, "*Dan, twelve o'clock.*" A third time she repeated this, and disappeared from my sight. I was extremely agitated, and rang the bell hastily to summon my aunt; and when she came I said, "Aunty, mother *died to-day at twelve o'clock,* because I have seen her, and she told me." She said, "Nonsense, child, you are ill, and this is the effect of a fevered brain." It was, however, too true, as my father found on going to see her, that she had died at twelve o'clock, and without the presence of a relative to close her eyes.

My mother has also told me that her great uncle, Colin Urquhart, and her uncle, Mr. Mackenzie, were also seers, and gifted with the second sight.

A few months after my mother had passed from earth, one night on going to bed, I heard three loud blows on the head of my bed as if struck by a hammer. My first impression was that some one must be concealed in my room to frighten me. They were again repeated, and as they were sounding in my ears, the impression first came to me that they were something not of earth. After a few moments' silence they were again heard, and although I spent a sleepless night, I no longer felt or heard any repetition of them. My aunt was a member of the Kirk of Scotland, and I had some two years previously, to her great disapprobation, become a member of the Wesleyan body—but her opposition was so violent that I left them to join the Congregationalists. On going down to breakfast in the morning she noticed my wan appearance, and taunted me with having been agitated by some of my prayer meetings. I was about to seat myself at the breakfast table, when our ears were assailed by a perfect shower of raps all over the table. I stopped almost terror-stricken to hear again such sounds coming with no visible cause; but I was soon brought back to the realities of life by my aunt's exclamation of horror, "So you've brought the devil to my house, have you?" I ought here to state that there had then been some talk of the so-called Rochester knockings through the Fox family, but apart from casually hearing of them, I had paid no attention to them; I did not even know what they meant. My aunt, on the contrary, had heard of them from some of the neighbors, and considered them as some of the works of the Evil One. In her uncontrollable anger, she seized a chair and threw it at me. Knowing how entirely innocent I was of the cause of her unfortunate anger, my feelings were deeply injured by her violence, and at the same time I was strengthened in a determination to find out what might be the cause of these disturbances of our morning meal. There was in the village three ministers, one a Congregationalist, one a Baptist, and the other a Wesleyan. In the afternoon my aunt, her anger at me having for the moment caused her to lose sight of her prejudices against these rival persuasions, sent for them to consult with her, and to pray for me, that I might be freed from such visitations. The Baptist minister, Mr. Mussey, came first, and after having questioned me as to how I had brought these things about me, and finding that I could give him no explanation, he desired that we might pray together for a cessation of them. Whilst we were thus engaged in prayer, at every mention of the Holy names of God and Jesus, there came gentle taps on his chair, and in different parts of the room; whilst at every expression of a wish for God's loving mercy to be shown to us and our fellow-creatures, there were loud rappings, as if joining in our heartfelt prayers. I was so struck, and so impressed by this, that then and there, upon my knees, I resolved to place myself entirely at God's disposal, and to follow the leadings of that which I then felt must be only good and true, else why should it have signified its joy at those special portions of the prayer? This was, in fact, the turning point of my life, and I have never had cause to regret for one instant my determination, though I have been called on for many years to suffer deeply in carrying it out. My honor has been called in question, my pride wounded, my early prospects blighted, and I was turned out of house and home at the age of eighteen, though still a child in body from the delicacy of my health, without a friend and with three younger children dependent on me for support.

Of the other two clergymen, the Congregationalist would not enter into the subject, saying that he saw no reason why a pure-minded boy should be persecuted for what he was not responsible to prevent or cause, and the Methodist was so unkind, attributing it to the devil, that I derived no comfort from him.

Notwithstanding the visits of these ministers, and the continued horror of my aunt, which only increased as each manifestation was developed, the rappings continued, and the furniture now began to be moved about without any visible agency. The first time this occurred I was in my room, and was brushing my hair before the looking-glass. In the glass I saw a chair that stood between me and the door, moving slowly towards me. My first feeling was one of intense fear and I looked round to see if there were no escape; but there was the chair between me and the door, and still it moved towards me as I continued looking at it. When within about a foot of me it stopped, whereupon I jumped past it, rushed down stairs, seized my hat in the hall, and went out to wonder on this wonderful phenomenon.

After this, when sitting quietly in the room with my aunt and uncle, the table, and sometimes the chairs, and other furniture, were moved about by themselves in a singular way, to the great disgust and surprise of my relations. Upon one occasion, as the table was being thus moved about of itself, my aunt brought the family Bible, and placing it on the table, said, "There, that will soon drive the devils away;" but to her astonishment the table only moved in a more lively manner, as if pleased to bear such a burden. Seeing this, she was greatly incensed, and determining to stop it, she angrily placed her whole weight on the table, and was actually lifted up with it bodily from the floor. My only consolation at this time was from another aunt, a widow, who lived near, whose heartfelt sympathy did much to cheer and console me. At her house, when I visited her, the same phenomena occurred; and we there first began to ask questions, to which we received intelligent replies. The spirit of my mother at her house in this way communicated the following: "Daniel, fear not, my child, God is with you, and who shall be against you? Seek to do good: be truthful and truth-loving, and you will prosper, my child. Yours is a glorious mission—you will convince the infidel, cure the sick, and console the weeping." This was the first communication I ever received, and it came within the first week of these visitations. I remember it well. I have never forgotten it, and can never forget it while reason and life shall last. I have reason to remember it, too, because this was the last week I passed in the house of the aunt who had adopted me, for she was unable to bear the continuance of the phenomena, which so distressed her religious convictions, and she felt it a duty that I should leave her house, which I did.

One of the singular manifestations which occurred during this first week, was in connection with Mrs. Force, a neighbor. I should mention that by this time the neighbors had heard of what was occurring in my presence, and were besieging the house in a way that did not tend to soothe the religious susceptibilities of my aunt. Being one evening at the house of Mrs. Force, the raps were heard and the alphabet was used in the way that has now become familiar to many. The name of her mother was in this way given, announcing her presence and words were spelt out reproaching her with having so long forgotten her half-sister, who had been married some thirty years previously to a farmer, who removed to the far west, and had not since been heard of. Her mother went on, by means of the alphabet and the raps, to state the name of the town where this daughter by a former husband lived, the number of their children, and each of their names. Mrs. Force wrote to the address thus given, and received a letter in reply confirming every particular; and the family was in this way again brought together, and mutual sympathies were interchanged. On visiting Mrs. Force the following year, I found that she had one of her newly found nephews to visit her the previous autumn.

I go into these particulars not to revive or to cause painful recollections to any one, but merely to show the history of my mediumship, and the mysterious working of Providence in thus throwing me before the public. Had it not been for this chain of circumstances, these truths might not have been so widely known as they are now.

Although the manifestations had only lasted a week, they had become known not only to the town, but through the newspapers they were becoming public all over the New England States; and when I left my aunt's house, I went to a neighboring town, Willimantic, and was received at the house of a friend there. Whilst I was with him, these phenomena were repeated, and those present investigated them in the most determined manner. I find the following account of what occurred stated in a newspaper of March, 1851:

"At request, the table was moved repeatedly, and in any direction that we asked to have it. All the circle, the medium included, had their hands flat upon the table while it was in the most rapid motion, and saw that no legs or feet had any agency in the movement. The table was a large and heavy one, without castors, and could not be moved by Mr. Hayden in the same manner by all his exertion with his hands laid open upon the table. At one time, too, the table was moved *without* the medium's hands or feet touching it at all. At our request, *the table was turned over into our lap.* The table was moved, too, *while Mr. Hayden was trying to hold it still!* Mr. Hayden took hold of the top at first, and failing that way, he grasped the leg and held it with all his strength. The table did not move so freely as before. It would move a little way from Mr. Hayden and then the invisible power would suddenly relax its effort, when it would spring back with the exertion of Mr. Hayden."

I was then eighteen years old, and on seeing this article which made me so public, I shrank from so prominent a position with all the earnestness of a sensitive mind; but I now found myself finally embarked without any volition of my own, and, indeed, greatly against my will, upon the tempestuous sea of a public life. From this time I never had a moment to call my own. In sickness or in health, by day or night, my privacy was intruded on by all comers, some from curiosity and some from higher motives. Men and women of all classes and all countries; physicians and men of science, ministers of all persuasions, and men of literature and of art, all have eagerly sought for the proofs of this great and absorbing question of the possibility of spiritual causes acting on this world of nature. For myself, I have no apology to offer for the occurrence of these unwonted manifestations in my own case. As will have been seen, they came to me quite unsought and with all the unpleasant and painful accompaniments which I have described. I have not, and never had the slightest power over them, either to bring them on, or to send them away, or to increase, or to lessen them. What may be the peculiar laws under which they have become developed in my person I know no more than others. Whilst they occur I am not conscious of the mode by which they are produced, nor of the sort of manifestation that is about to occur. Any peculiar sensations that I may experience during certain of the manifestations, I will describe as far as I can, while mentioning the visions or external phenomena. Beyond being of a highly nervous organization, there is nothing peculiar about me that I am aware of; but I continue to have delicate health, and I firmly believe that had it not been for these phenomena I could not have lived till now. In this belief many physicians of high standing have given their testimony to bear me out. Frequently during the most severe visitations of illness, my pains have been suddenly soothed in a mysterious way and many times when it would have been impossible to have moved me in bed, for fear of increased hemorrhage from the lungs, my head has been slowly lifted, and my pillow has been turned by unseen hands. This has been repeatedly witnessed by many persons. Especially, I would say, that I do not on this account or on any other, consider myself morally superior to others, on account of moral or immoral qualities. On the contrary, with the great blessings which have been showered on me, and the ineffable proofs of God's providence and goodness to me, I feel myself only worse than others that I should have made so little progress in the path of good. I have to thank God for many kind friends, not less than for many bitter enemies, since they keep my mind in an equilibrium, and do not suffer me to feel any pride, at what no doubt is an accident, so to speak, of my organization.

These extraordinary occurrences have, with some exceptions, continued with me ever since the time I stated as their commencement, and they have extended their range, to my astonishment not less than to that of others, in the most striking manner. They have proved to me and to thousands of careful and able investigators, the existence of spiritual forces which are calculated to revolutionize the current ignorance both of philosophy and of theology, as men have made them. The exceptions to which I refer have been of periods during which the power has left me entirely; for instance, from the 10th of February, 1856, to the 10th of February, 1857, during which time I had no external token of spirit power, though I on several occasions had visions, one of which was my seeing the manner in which a brother passed from earth. He was frozen in the Polar Seas whilst out bear-shooting with the captain and officers of his ship. Falling into a fissure of the ice, he was not found till the following morning. I saw all this in a vision at the very time of its occurrence and informed my family of it five months before the confirmation of the intelligence arrived. On several other occasions the power has ceased for shorter periods, and generally I have been told beforehand, both of the times of its cessation and return. I could never detect any physical cause for such cessation, nor any difference in my general feelings of health, although the reason given for the withdrawal has commonly been on the ground of health. Upon several occasions, however, the reason given was that it was withdrawn from me as a reproof for having done that which I knew to be wrong.

I remained in Willimantic but a short time, and then I went to Lebanon, a few miles off. There I was received in the family of an old resident. After I had been with them a few days, I saw a spirit who called himself Uncle Tilden. I asked a lady, a member of the family, if she recognized the name, but before she had time to make answer, the spirit made signs to me that he did not wish the lady to tell the name and that he would come on another occasion to me, when he could have more perfect control. In the course of a few days he came whilst I was entranced and signified that certain papers which his family had been seeking for years, and for which they had given up the search as hopeless, would be found in a house which he described as situate near Cleveland, Ohio. They were the title deeds of some land which had become valuable for building purposes, and out of which a lady was entitled to her thirds, but which by reason of the loss of the deeds, were withheld from her, and she was in consequence living in very straitened circumstances. He described to them minutely through me the part of the garret and the form of the box in which they would be found. Her son was written to with these particulars; the search was made and the deeds were found as described.

The second week of my stay at Lebanon, I had been to pass a day or two with an English family residing about three miles off. One afternoon I suddenly became unconscious or entranced, and on awaking, the lady of the house told me that I had been speaking with some spirit, who directed me to proceed at once to the house of a Mr. B——. I had seen two brothers of this name one evening a week previously, and no interchange of visits had been made or proposed, and I felt that it would be most awkward for me to call on them, saying only that I had been sent by my unseen friends. The distance was also six miles from where I then was, and three miles of the journey I would have to walk. I knew that when I returned to my friends at Lebanon I could have their conveyance; but still I had no inclination to pay the visit. As soon as this was fully decided in my mind I was again made unconscious, and on recovering I was told that I had received strict injunctions to leave at once, though no reason was assigned why I should go. I then felt, however, that the order ought to be obeyed, and I went to my room for the purpose of dressing for the journey. While there, my reasoning faculties again assumed the ascendancy, and I thought that if I were thus sent I ought at least to know for what purpose. However, I soon again felt myself impelled by a force far superior to mine, and which to have even attempted to resist would have been folly. On leaving the house, all this left me, and I walked the three miles to Lebanon, wondering what could be the cause of this singular errand. On arriving, I stated to my friends there all that had occurred, and they also thought it would have been quite well to have ascertained why I had been sent. Finding that they agreed with me in this, I now again fully determined to proceed no farther, but I was quickly made insensible, and on awaking I found that orders had been given by the family to have a horse saddled, and that I was admonished in a gentle but firm manner for my want of faith and overweening curiosity, whereas I ought, I was told, to have followed as a child would its teacher or an indulgent parent.

Before I left the house to complete the journey, the sun had set, and now rain-laden clouds were fast overshadowing the sky. The road was lonely, and for the month of April the weather was uncommonly chill. I had agreed in my mind that my guardians had been teaching me a useful lesson and I resolved that thenceforward I would not seek to know their purposes. In this frame of mind I reached what I knew from description must be the house of Mr. B——, and as I was about to dismount the first rain drop fell on my ungloved hand and with the contact came the most vivid impression that Mr. B——'s mother was dangerously ill. I rang the bell, and Mr. B—— having seen me, came himself to open the door. As he did so, I said, " Your mother is ill and I have been sent to say what will relieve her." His look of intense surprise baffles description, as he said, " How on earth could you have known of her illness, as it is only an hour since she fell ill, and we have sent in another direction for a medical man, but I fear he will not arrive in time to save my poor mother, as she seems sinking so rapidly." On entering the house I stood waiting to see what impression I might receive. Whilst I was standing I was thrown suddenly into a trance, and I was told by Mr. B—— that in that state I led the way to his mother's bedroom, and that after making a few passes over her with my hands, the acute pains left her, and that in a few minutes' time she was in a quiet sleep. Whilst in the trance, I also mentioned simple remedies of herbs for immediate use. I was then led by the unseen power into the sitting-room, and there returned to my normal state, greatly surprised when these things were related to me. The doctor arrived in about an hour, to find his patient quite out of danger, and on examining her, he said that from the nature and violence of the attack it would in all probability have been fatal had steps not been taken at once to alleviate the symptoms. A letter written a few weeks after to a friend by Mr. B——, says that "his mother has not had such health for eighteen years past as she now enjoys; she follows implicitly all the instructions given through Daniel, and the effect is magical."

I remained in Lebanon till the month of June, having seances nearly every day, my mediumship principally consisting of visions, movements of the table and furniture without my touching them, and of the rapping sounds through which intelligent messages were received. While there, in the beginning of June, all these external manifestations ceased entirely, and I left Lebanon about the middle of June on a visit to Mr. G—— at Boonton, New Jersey. I had still visions frequently of the spirit friends of persons who were perfect strangers to me, describing their appearance; and the spirits gave me their names and dates of their departure from earth, with answers to other questions of a test nature which their relatives asked. These came to me whilst I was in a normal or trance state, and in which I was unconscious of natural surroundings, but with a facility of speech far superior, as I was told, to that of my ordinary condition, and through which I transmitted with readiness the replies of the spirits to the questions asked of them. I was so exceedingly sensitive at this time, that the playing of sacred music would frequently throw me into a trance state, in which I am always in companionship with spirit friends, and that in as perfect and palpable a manner, as in my ordinary external state I am with my friends of this world. Through these means hundreds of persons became convinced of the truth of spiritual communion, and found their skeptical tenets no longer available. I then found, as I still find, that all honest, deep rooted skepticism rather calls out than prevents the proofs of which it stands so much in need; and atheists, deists and infidels were thus often brought to a belief in Providence and direct spirit guidance.

About the middle of July, 1851, I went to Brooklyn, New York, on a visit to Mr. C——. While here I had the pleasure of first meeting the learned and good George Bush, an eminent theologian and Professor of Hebrew and Oriental languages at New York. Professor Bush was quite prepared to acknowledge the possibility of such phenomena from his acquaintance with the writings of Swedenborg, and the spiritual experiences of Jung Stilling and others. He was also a profoundly learned man, with a more open and child-like mind than often falls to the lot of those with so much worldly knowledge. He had made, moreover, the greatest sacrifices, by giving up his worldly prospects in the church, in avowing his belief in Swedenborg's works. Professor Bush took a deep interest in observing the mental phenomena which occurred through me, though there were no external manifestations. The communications he received were of such a nature as to leave no manner of doubt in his mind, as to the real presence with us of those who had gone before. Amongst other names, he told me that I had given him that of an old school-fellow, whom he had forgotten for many years, and that this school-fellow referred to a dream which the Professor had had on the very night on which the boy had passed from earth, although he was not then aware even of the boy's illness. The spirit of the boy now told me the whole of the Professor's dream, which was that whilst they were playing together, he suddenly saw his school-fellow taken from him, and heard his voice saying, " I leave you, George, but not forever." A dream of forty years previously, was thus brought to his remembrance. The Professor was so strongly impressed with this that he called on me the next day, and wished to have me reside with him for the purpose of studying for the Swedenborgian ministry. I went to the house with the intention of so doing, but within forty-eight hours I saw in my waking state the spirit of my mother, who said to me, " My son, you must not accept this kind offer, as your mission is a more extended one than pulpit preaching." On seeing the good Professor, I told him of this spirit message. He expressed regret, but no surprise, and so I returned to my friend, Mr. C——, and remained with him till the end of August. I frequently afterwards saw Professor

Bush, with whom the most kindly intercourse was interchanged. Here again in New York many were convinced.

I returned to Lebanon, but I was not able to see any strangers on account of my very delicate health, and in the month of September, my young friend, the son of Mrs. E——, fell ill, and I saw the spirit of his father, whom I had not known on earth, though I had frequently seen him, and received communications from him both in the trance and waking state, on my former visit to Lebanon. He came to me whilst I was alone in my room, and standing near me, said, "Ezra will be with me in three weeks; go to him." I was then staying with a Mr. F——, about three miles from the boy. I obeyed the spirit message, and went at once, and found Ezra ill. He wished me to stay with him, but the family thought it was a passing illness, and that I might prolong my visit for a few days to Mr. F——. I did not tell them what I had seen, and in about four days afterwards they sent for me to come to them, as Ezra was worse. I went, and with his sister I took care of him, till his departure, which occurred on the nineteenth day of his illness. He was about eighteen, and had become conversant with the facts of spirit intercourse through me a few months before, and had himself become a partial medium, receiving occasional communications, principally from his father, by means of the rapping and the alphabet. Soon after my first visiting him in his illness, on his sister leaving the room for a moment, he took the opportunity of telling me with perfect composure, that he knew he would not recover, as he had been told by raps on his pillow, by his father, that this was his last illness. This extraordinary composure remained with him throughout, and I told the family ten days before my vision, which prepared them for the coming change. About two days before his leaving us, the doctor asked me to break it to him, when I informed him that Ezra had been long aware of it. He doubted this from seeing him so composed, and I desired him to stand at the door and hear what I would say to Ezra. I then went to his bed and told him that the doctor had left some news for him. He laughingly said, "I suppose it is to tell me that I am going. Little does he imagine that I have already decided who my bearers are to be." The doctor now came into the room, and taking his hand, said, " My dear boy, if I had not heard this, I could not have believed it. You have everything to make life happy, and yet you are so willing to leave it." A few hours after this a deacon of the church visited him, who was much opposed to these things, to the extent even of telling untruths and misrepresentations. He argued with the dying boy, trying to take away his happy belief, but fortunately without the slightest success. The boy told him that he willingly placed all his hopes in the hands of an all wise God, and that he felt that the change would be most happy for him. The last evening of his stay on earth several persons came to the house, and I was told by one of them that it was for the purpose of watching to see if he did not recant or turn coward at the last. I told this to Ezra, and he requested that they should be brought into his room, where I left them for a few hours rest. At half-past one in the morning Ezra sent for me, and I found them still there, he having been speaking with them a great part of the time. In speaking to his mother, he said, " Only think, dear mother, I shan't be lame there." He had been lame since he was six months old. He asked me to look out of the window and to tell him what kind of morning it was. I told him it was bright moonlight, and he recalled to me a conversation we had some months previously, in which he said he should like to pass away in the moonlight, whilst I had said I should like to go at sunset. He expressed a wish that no one should wear mourning for him. He asked me to take his hand, and whilst I held it, his face suddenly assumed a beatified expression, and he pronounced my name, as if calling me to witness some happy vision passing before his eyes, and the breathing ceased.

This is one of the many happy death-beds which I have witnessed, and such consolation given at a time like this is sufficient proof of the loving wisdom of our Heavenly Father in allowing such things to take place. Some may be surprised to find an apparent prophecy in this case given both to the boy and to me, but perhaps a larger view of spiritual insight may teach us that such is only apparent to us in this natural sphere, and that to those who have spiritual insight and perceptions, there probably was some bodily change in his organism which made clear to those in the spiritual state the mortal character of his disease. Since his departure he has been frequently present with me, impressing me to write messages to his mother and sister. Sometimes my hand has been taken possession of apparently by him, and used in writing his own autograph. In a letter received from his sister dated the 9th of February, 1852, she says, "Ezra was with you to a certainty when you were writing, for that is his autograph and chirography; the kindness of the advice almost overwhelms me when I think how spirits watch over and comfort us."

The following is an account taken from a newspaper of other manifestations at this time:

"After several communications had been spelled out, a request was made that the table might be moved in order to convince some present who were skeptical. Accordingly very soon slight movements were perceptible, which soon became very rapid. A light was placed upon the floor under the table, and one remained on the table. Our hands were raised so that the ends of our fingers only touched. One end was then moved up so that it was poised on the two opposite legs upon an elevation in the floor, and in this position it remained for awhile, keeping time with music by rocking; and in the same way questions were answered, three movements being considered an affirmative and one a negative; and after numerous questions were given and as many satisfactory answers received, three gentle raps were heard at the door by a part of the company, and the question was asked if any one was rapping at the door? and immediately three decided movements of the table were made, and accompanying them were three more decided raps at the door.

"An emphatic call for the alphabet followed, and spelled out, 'Spirits—Door;' the question was asked if there were spirits at the door who wished to come in? Three raps.

"It was suggested that they were to help in moving the table, and an affirmative reply immediately followed. Then commenced larger and more decided movements—the table being slid freely about the floor, and raised alternately one side and then the other several inches; and at one time it was raised nearly to an angle of forty-five degrees, poised on two side legs, and then by oscillating movements the time was correctly kept to several tunes sung by the company.

"Several unsuccessful attempts were made to bring the table to the floor, which were relinquished for the fear of breaking the leaves. By request it was carefully let down on one side, and in a moment raised again to its proper position. One of the company then seated himself upon the table, and it was moved about and raised up so as to render it necessary for him to hold on, and this, too, with as much ease apparently as before. Again, by request, it was slid while one was pushing against it in an opposite direction to the uttermost of his strength."

I remained in Lebanon up to the end of January, 1852; the physical manifestations having spontaneously returned in October previously, and with increased power, and with the new phase of unseen hands touching me and others with whom I was sitting. We frequently were touched by them, and on some occasions a spirit hand was placed within our hands as palpably as if it were a real living hand, though invisible to us. It would remain quietly in our hands until we tried to close them upon it, and even then it was not withdrawn, but, as it were, melted away in our grasp.

I went to Springfield, Massachusetts, an entire stranger, but having heard of Mr. Henry Gordon, a medium there, I asked for and was directed to his house. He received me most kindly, and said that he was about to have a seance that evening, requesting me to join them. I did so, but the contending influences prevented the occurrence of manifestations. Those who were there assembled had to leave at an early hour, and Mr. Gordon accompanied them, leaving me with five or six friends who had come in the mean time. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Elmer, the former being a believer, but Mrs. Elmer having violently opposed it. I was thrown into a trance, made to sit near her, telling her the names of her mother, father, brothers and sisters; then of her children, all of whom were in the spirit world; and I repeated to her the last words of two of her children. Turning to an older lady in the room, I did the same and so on through all those who were present. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer have since been my friends, and at their house some most remarkable manifestations occurred. I stayed with them for some time, and great interest was excited by the accounts given by the very numerous witnesses who came to see the manifestations. Whilst here the power was very strong, and frequently I had seances six or seven times a day, at each of which as many were present as could be accommodated. Their house was besieged by visitors, and often outside in the street there was a concourse of anxious inquirers. People came from a distance, even from the extreme west and south of America, having seen the accounts given of me in the newspapers of the previous year. It was here that one of the professors of the University of Harvard came and joined some friends in a rigid investigation of the phenomena, and after several sittings they published the following statement of the result of their investigations.

THE MODERN WONDER—A MANIFESTO.

The undersigned, from a sense of justice to the parties referred to, very cordially bear testimony to the occurrence of the following facts, which we severally witnessed at the house of Rufus Elmer, in Springfield, on the evening of the 5th inst.:—

1. The table was moved in every possible direction, and with great force, when we could not perceive any cause of motion.

2. It (the table) was forced against each one of us so powerfully as to move us from our positions—together with the chairs we occupied—in all, several feet.

3. Mr. Wells and Mr. Edwards took hold of the table in such a manner as to exert their strength to the best advantage, but found the invisible power, exercised in an opposite direction, to be quite equal to their utmost efforts.

4. In two instances, at least, while the hands of all the members of the circle were placed on the top of the table—and while no visible power was employed to raise the table, or otherwise to move it from its position—it was seen to rise clear of the floor, and to float in the atmosphere for several seconds, as if sustained by some denser medium than air.

5. Mr. Wells seated himself on the table, which was rocked

for some time with great violence, and at length, it poised itself on the two legs, and remained in this position for some thirty seconds, when no other person was in contact with it.

6. Three persons—Messrs. Wells, Bliss, and Edwards—assumed positions on the table at the same time, and while thus seated, the table was moved in various directions.

7. Occasionally we were made conscious of the occurrence of a powerful shock, which produced a vibratory motion of the floor of the apartment in which we were seated—it seemed like the motion occasioned by distant thunder or the firing of ordnance far away—causing the table, chairs, and other inanimate objects, and all of us to tremble in such a manner that the effects were both seen and felt.

8. In the whole exhibition, which was far more diversified than the foregoing specification would indicate, we were constrained to admit that there was an almost constant manifestation of some intelligence which seemed, at least, to be independent of the circle.

9. In conclusion, we may observe, that Mr. D. D. Home frequently urged us to hold his hands and feet. During these occurrences the room was well lighted, the lamp was frequently placed on and under the table, and every possible opportunity was afforded us for the closest inspection, and we admit this one emphatic declaration: We know that we were not imposed upon nor deceived.

Wm. Bryant,
B. K. Bliss,
Wm. Edwards,
David A. Wells.

The following account also is given in the *Shekinah* of 1852, of manifestations occurring at this time, which will show the power which they had then acquired.

" On the 28th day of February, 1852, while the undersigned were assembled at the residence of Mr. Rufus Elmer, Springfield, Mass., for the purpose of making critical experiments in the so-called spiritual manifestations, the following, among other remarkable demonstrations of power, occurred in a room thoroughly illuminated. The table, around which we were seated, was moved by an invisible and unknown agency, with such irresistible force that no one in the circle could hold it. Two men—standing on opposite sides and grasping it at the same time, and in such a manner as to have the greatest possible advantage—could not, by the utmost exercise of their powers, restrain its motion. In spite of their exertions, the table was moved from one of three feet. Mr. Elmer inquired if the spirits could disengage or relax the hold of Mr. Henry Foulds; when suddenly, and in a manner wholly unaccountable by us, Mr. Foulds was seated on the floor at a distance of several feet from the table, having been moved so gently, and yet so instantaneously, as scarcely to be conscious of the fact. It was proposed to further test this invisible power, and accordingly five men, whose united weight was eight hundred and fifty-five pounds, stood on a table (without castors), and the table, while the men were so situated, was repeatedly moved a distance of from four to eight inches. The undersigned further say that they were not conscious of exerting any power of will at the time, or during any part of the exhibition; on the contrary, they are quite sure that the exercise of the will is a serious impediment to such manifestations.

"At the close of these experiments it was perceived, on lifting one end of the table, that its weight would increase or diminish, in accordance with our request. Apprehending that the supposed difference might be justly attributable to fancy, or to some unconscious variation in the manner of applying the motive power, it was proposed to settle the question by weighing the table. At the first experiment it required a force equal to nineteen pounds to raise the end of the table. This was fairly tested to the entire satisfaction of all present. The spirits were then requested to apply the invisible power. The balance was now applied in precisely the same manner as before, when the weight was found to have been suddenly increased from six to twelve pounds, varying as the mysterious force was increased and diminished, so that it now required a force of from twenty-five to thirty-one pounds to separate the legs of the table from the floor. Mr. Daniel D. Home was the medium on this occasion, and it is worthy to remark that during the performance of the last experiment he was out of the room and in the second story of the house, while the experiment was conducted in the back parlor below.

"The undersigned are ready and willing, if required, to make oath to the entire correctness of the foregoing statement."

The original paper was signed by John D. Lord, Rufus Elmer, and nine others, living at Springfield, Mass.

The account proceeds: "Lights are produced in dark rooms. Sometimes there appears a gradual illumination, sufficient to disclose very minute objects, and at others a tremulous phosphorescent light gleams over the walls, and odic emanations proceed from human bodies, or shoot meteor-like through the apartment. These phenomena are of frequent occurrence, and are not accounted for by any material hypothesis, unless, indeed, they could be comprehended under the popular generalization which ascribes the whole to human fraud and delusion. I have seen these lights in all their variety. On one occasion, when a number of friends were assembled at my house, there occurred a gradual illumination of the apartment. It appeared like the twilight half an hour after the dawn. The light continued to increase for about fifteen minutes, and then it gradually diminished.

"On the 30th of March I chanced to be one of the company convened at the house of Mr. Elmer, in Springfield, Mass., Mr. Home being present, when the room was darkened, to see if the mysterious illumination would occur. Immediately the gross darkness began to be dissipated, and in a few minutes the forms of all the persons in the room were distinctly visible. Without disclosing her purpose to any one, Mrs. Elmer mentally requested that the spirits would restore the darkness, and almost instantly the change was perceived by the whole company, and soon every form was lost in the deepening gloom."

This was the first appearance of these spirit lights that I had seen when others were present, though I had several times seen them when by myself, since their appearance on my first vision of Edwin as before described.

CHAPTER VII.

WAS LINCOLN A SPIRITUALIST?

(FROM THE BOOK BY MRS. NETTIE MAYNARD.)

About half-past eight o'clock on the evening of this day I was lying exhausted on the sofa when a carriage halted at the door. Mr. Laurie entered hurriedly, asking if the "children" had gone (Parnie and myself). Mr. Foster explained that we were still there, and the reason therefor. Mr. Laurie seemed delighted that we had been delayed, and came at once to my side and kindly said, "Get ready at once and go to my house with me, and I think we can remedy the loss of this furlough." It was a ray of light in dense darkness. Without saying a word I hastily prepared myself and was surprised to find a most elegant carriage at the door to receive us. Its crimson satin cushions should have told me whose carriage it was; but my mind was so fraught with my trouble that I barely noticed the fact that a footman in plain livery opened the door for us, and we were soon on our way to Georgetown. On my arrival I was astonished at first to be presented to Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of President Lincoln, then to Mr. Newton, Secretary of the Interior Department, and the Rev. John Pierpont, at that time one of the chief clerks in the Treasury Building. The Hon. D. E. Somes was also present. Mrs. Lincoln informed me that she had heard of the wonderful powers of Mrs. Miller, Mr. Laurie's daughter, and had called to witness the physical manifestations through her mediumship. She had expressed a desire to see a trance medium, when they had told her of myself, fearing that I was already on my way to Boston with my brother, as I expected to leave that evening. She had said at once, "Perhaps they have not gone; suppose you take the carriage and ascertain." Mr. Laurie went and found me, as I have stated, prostrated from my long anxiety and trouble. *But for* *the loss of that furlough this meeting would not have taken place.* Mrs. Lincoln noticed my swollen eyes and inflamed cheeks, and kindly inquired the cause. Mr. Laurie briefly explained. She quickly reassured me, saying, "Don't worry any more about it. Your brother shall have another furlough if Mr. Lincoln has to give it himself." Feeling once more happy and strong, I was in a condition to quiet my nerves long enough to enable my spirit friends to control me. Some new and powerful influence obtained possession of my organism and addressed Mrs. Lincoln, it seemed, with great clearness and force, upon matters of state. For one hour I was under this control. When I awoke there was a most earnest and excited group around me, discussing what had been said, and Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed with great earnestness, "This young lady must not leave Washington. I feel she must stay here, and Mr. Lincoln must hear what we have heard. It is all-important, and he must hear it." This seemed to be the general impression. Turning to me she said, "Don't think of leaving Washington, I beg of you. Can you not remain with us?" I briefly explained that my livelihood depended on my efforts as a speaker, and that there was no opening in Washington of that kind for me. "But," said she, "there are other things you can do. Surely young ladies get excellent pay in the different departments, and you can have a position in one of them, I am sure. Turning to Mr. Newton, who sat at her right, she said, "You employ ladies, do you not, Mr. Newton; and you can give this young lady a place in your department?" He bowed, all smiles, saying, "I have only very old ladies or young children in my department; but I can give this young lady a position if it pleases you." She turned to me then in her sprightly manner, as if the whole thing was settled, and exclaimed, "You will stay then, will you not?" I said I would consult my friends and see what was best. But she said, "You surely will not go until Mr. Lincoln has had a chance to see you?" I replied I would not if he had a desire to see me. She then turned to Mrs. Laurie and said, "Now to-morrow you go with this young lady to Mr. Tucker; tell him you go by my direction, and just how the case stands. Tell him he must arrange it to have her brother secure another furlough." Soon after she left and Mr. Somes kindly escorted me back to Mr. Foster's.

The next morning Mrs. Laurie came for me and we went to the office of the Assistant Secretary of War. I hid as closely as possible behind the stately person of Mrs. Laurie; but my old friend saw me and came forward to inquire how I was, and if all was well with my brother. I could only shake my head and sink into a chair, leaving Mrs. Laurie to explain matters. He listened patiently, and came to me and said in the kindliest manner, " You seem to have been delayed for some important purpose, my young friend, so I would not be over-troubled about it. You get any commissioned or United States surgeon to examine your brother again, and if he affirms he is still unfit for service in the field or camp I will issue a new furlough if you bring me the paper." With a light heart I could only thank him; and that afternoon my brother and myself went to Mr. Laurie's, and in a few hours a United States surgeon from the Georgetown Hospital made the requisite examination and recommended him a furlough. The next morning I carried it to Mr. Tucker and a furlough was reissued by the War Department—this time for thirty days' leave of absence. With a light heart I went to my brother with the paper; and that night Mr. Laurie, on his return from the Post Office Department, placed in my hand an envelope, which, I was surprised to find, contained one hundred dollars in greenbacks, and a slip of paper on which was written, "From a few friends who appreciate a sister's devotion." No name anywhere to tell who were the generous donors; and I know not to this day whence came this most welcome tribute.

The friends I had made in Washington were determined I should not leave that city, and it was decided that my brother should take my mother back to Hartford with him, with all her household effects; that I should resign my position in Albany, and that my friend, Miss Hannum, should join me in Washington. This programme was carried out.

The day following my brother's departure for home a note was received by Mrs. Laurie, asking her to come to the White House in the evening with her family, and to bring Miss Nettie with her. I felt all the natural trepidation of a young girl about to enter the presence of the highest magistrate in our land; being fully impressed with the dignity of his office, and feeling that I was about to meet some superior being; and it was almost with trembling that I entered with my friends the Red Parlor of the White House at eight o'clock that evening (December, 1862).

Mrs. Lincoln received us graciously, and introduced us to a gentleman and lady present whose names I have forgotten. Mr. Lincoln was not then present. While all were conversing pleasantly on general subjects, Mrs. Miller (Mr. Laurie's daughter) seated herself, under control, at the double grand piano at one side of the room, seemingly awaiting some one. Mrs. Lincoln was talking with us in a pleasant strain when suddenly Mrs. Miller's hands fell upon the keys with a force that betokened a master hand, and the strains of a grand march filled the room. As the measured notes rose and fell we became silent. The heavy end of the piano began rising and falling in perfect time to the music. All at once it ceased, and Mr. Lincoln stood upon the threshold of the door. (He afterwards informed us that the first notes of the music fell upon his ear as he reached the grand staircase to descend, and that he kept step to the music until he reached the doorway.) Mr. and Mrs. Laurie and Mrs. Miller were duly presented. Then I was led forward and introduced. He stood before me tall and kindly, with a smile upon his face. Dropping his hand upon my head, he said, in a humorous tone, "So this is our 'little Nettie,' is it, that we have heard so much about?" I could only smile and say, "Yes, sir," like any schoolgirl; when he kindly led me to an ottoman. Sitting down on a chair, the ottoman at his feet, he began asking me questions in a kindly way about my mediumship; and I think he must have thought me stupid, as my answers were little beyond a "Yes," and "No." His manner was however genial and kind, and it was then suggested we form a circle. He said, "Well, how do you do it?" looking at me. Mr. Laurie came to the rescue and said we had been accustomed to sit in a circle and join hands; but he did not think it would be necessary in this instance. While he was yet speaking I lost all consciousness of my surroundings, and passed under control. For more than an hour I was made to talk to him, and I learned from my friends afterward that it was upon matters that he seemed to fully understand, while they comprehended very little until that portion was reached that related to the forthcoming Emancipation Proclamation. He was charged with the utmost solemnity and force of manner not to abate the terms of its issue, and not to delay its enforcement as a law beyond the opening of the year; and he was assured that it was to be the *crowning event of his administration and his life;* and that while he was being counseled by strong parties to defer the enforcement of it, hoping to supplant it by other measures and to delay action, he must in no wise heed such counsel, but stand firm to his convictions and fearlessly perform the work and fulfil the mission for which he had been raised up by an over-ruling Providence. Those present declared that they lost sight of the timid girl in the majesty of the utterance, the strength and force of the language, and the importance of that which was conveyed, and seemed to realize that some strong masculine spirit force was giving speech to almost divine commands.

I shall never forget the scene around me when I regained consciousness. I was standing in front of Mr. Lincoln and he was sitting back in his chair, with his arms folded upon his breast, looking intently at me. I stepped back, naturally confused at the situation—not remembering at once where I was—and glancing around the group where perfect silence reigned. It took me a moment to remember my whereabouts.

A gentleman present then said in a low tone, "Mr. Lincoln, did you not notice anything peculiar in the method of address?" Mr. Lincoln raised himself as if shaking off his spell. He glanced quickly at the full length portrait of Daniel Webster that hung above the piano and replied, "Yes, and it is very singular, very!" with a marked emphasis.

Mr. Somes said: "Mr. President, would it be improper for me to inquire whether there has been any pressure brought to bear upon you to defer the enforcement of the Proclamation?" To which the President replied: "Under these circumstances, that question is perfectly proper, as we are all friends (smiling upon the company). It is taking all my nerve and strength to withstand such a pressure." At this point the gentlemen drew around him and spoke together in low tones, Mr. Lincoln saying least of all. At last he turned to me, and laying his hand upon my head, uttered these words in a manner that I shall never forget: "My child, you possess a very singular gift; but that it is of God I have no doubt. I thank you for coming here to-night. It is more important than perhaps any one present can understand. I must leave you all now; but I hope I shall see you again." He shook me kindly by the hand, bowed to the rest of the company and was gone. We remained an hour longer talking with Mrs. Lincoln and her friends, and then returned to Georgetown. Such was my first interview with Abraham Lincoln, and the memory of it is as clear and vivid as the evening on which it occurred.

. . . .

I looked up and did not need to know by any one telling me who he was. Lincoln stood at the open window.

He was looking down, yet seeing nothing. His eyes were turned inward. He was thinking of the great work and duty that lay upon his soul. I think I never saw so sad a face in my life, and I have looked into many a mourner's face. I have been among bereaved families, orphan children, widows, and strong men whose hearts have been broken by the taking away of their own; but I never saw the depth of sorrow which seemed to rest upon that gaunt but expressive countenance. Yet there was a light in those deep sunk eyes that showed the man that was before me as perhaps the best Christian the world ever saw, for he wore the world upon his heart. That man was bearing the country of his birth and love upon his naked soul. It was just one look, but I have never forgotten it, and through the dimness of all these years that great and patient man looks down upon me to teach me how to bear, and how to do, how to hope and how to give myself for my fellowmen.

Lincoln was a noble representative of free institutions. He stood as a representative of that liberty which had been won by the swords of the Revolution, which had been organized by the early settlers of the Republic, and which has been adorned by many years of growth until the present day. The Revolution had passed before Lincoln's day; but he was a typical representative of the freedom of heart and soul and life which ought to be the most priceless inheritance of every American citizen. I think this was evinced in his whole course and conduct. He was surrounded by able men.

The sword and the pen both had their heroes; but before this man every one chose to pause, and his choice was always the wisest of all. I do not know what Lincoln would have done without support; but through all troubles the individuality of that one man, his unflinching courage, his broad sympathy and charity, his homely common sense, his indomitable rectitude and unshaken faith ran like a pulse of fire, a thread of gold.

You may speak of the arch of honor which spans those years of struggle. You may write the names of great generals, admirals, statesmen, Senators and Governors upon separate stones. But on that one stone which bound them together, without which the arch would have fallen into ruin and confusion, you must write Lincoln's name.

I mention a third thing for which Lincoln was great. We have had great men who were as cold as the marble in which their statues have been cast. We have had men who have had no more warm blood in their hearts than the bronze tablets upon their tombs. We have had great statesmen, great warriors, great philosophers, great men of letters, all of them cold as icebergs, with no popular sympathies, no real tenderness, no heart beneath their garments.

We have had men placed as Lincoln was, who had calmly written out his same gigantic campaign and could accept death, peril, or disgrace, as well as honor, in the same calm impassibility with which you might move the knight or the bishop from one square on the chessboard to another. We have had men who left behind them mighty names, and not one child sobbed when they were gone. But not a dry eye appeared amid thousands of children when the splendid heroic Lincoln, with his wisdom, sagacity and patriotism, was taken away. He carried a tender heart, the heart of a little child, the heart of a woman who has given her promise to the man she loves.

Back of that rough angular form and seemingly uncouth demeanor there lay a heart as white as snow, and so dropping with the love of humanity that, if I were to take out of one of those Christian centuries the heart of the one whom I believed to be the most loving, the most tender, I would take it from the breast of Abraham Lincoln.

What soldier in his standing army, bleeding and with dusty feet, could enter the chamber of any other ruler in this world and plead his cause as to a friend? What woman, tearful because her son was in peril when a stroke of the President's hand would set him free, could anywhere else force her way to him through lines of Senators, and then receive consolation? What man within the memory of men has ruled without jealousy and fanaticism, and to whom every man in the land could turn in thought, in hope, in prayer, as to a patient or never-failing friend? Was there ever a leader of the American people who got so near the heart of his generation as did Abraham Lincoln? And perhaps with all his greatness, this is one of his greatest charms to immortal memory. The warrior dies; the honored philosopher fades away with the changes of time; the scientific man is blotted out by the record of successive thought; the poet's sweetest lays may be folded away like a garment to put some newer or better one in its place; but the love of the human heart is the one enduring thing in this world of ours, and where all these things will pass away, the man who is a lover of his country, who is a lover of his native land, is the man whose immortality is best secured, and that man was Abraham Lincoln.

I can say nothing in this brief review of his great work, the emancipation of the slave, except to say that that patience, wisdom, and infallible instinct as to the right time of doing anything is illustrated in this, perhaps, as in no other single incident of his great career. And when I come to one effort it seems to me I wanted to lay my fingers on my lips and never speak another word. When he climbed that height at Gettysburg, and stood on the scene of the terrible conflict, on that ground made sacred with the bodies of our patriot soldiers, the eloquence of his lips, the impressiveness of his mien, and the words uttered by his heart through his tongue, made that oration which, in the history of American eloquence, was the greatest effort of the noblest American, upon the noblest occasion in the history of mankind.

In the old days every cathedral had its chime of bells. A new bell had to be cast, and it had to be strung up far into the tower to exorcise the demons and call the people to morning worship. The bell was in process of casting in the mould, and there were joy and gladness. Priests brought the crucibles and bronze articles to the mould, and the molten metal began to make its way toward the great hole in which the cast was being prepared. Suddenly the great gathering was swayed with some sudden emotion. There was a danger of the failure of the cast through insufficient metal. The cry was, "What shall be done?" It was soon decided. Everyone gave something, some article of value to cast into the seething pot. Women tore off their bracelets. Others ran and brought silver vessels; priests brought the appurtenances of the sanctuary and flung them into the seething, boiling furnace; and at last there was sufficient. It cooled and was swung into the tower, and there never was a sweeter-toned bell in all the world, and the sacrifices which had been made in flinging the treasure into the bell made its notes those of silver and gold as they rang out in the sweet morning air. The old bell that proclaimed liberty in Philadelphia is a useless bell to-day. We have done the casting all these years of that bell of liberty which is to be rung in the ages to come, high up above the people, and the sound of the nations and the war and the peace of the world.

We hope and pause when the golden bell is rung, and we seem to hear its silver chiming as it calls to prayer. We hear its deeper notes when it warns us with its significant alarm and joyous clang that it is positively above us. How sweet is that bell of liberty! Let us not forget that what makes it sweet is because men have cast sacrifices for the golden hope of manhood and life. Let us not forget that if it rings so sweetly and is to ring forever in the name of liberty, some of that sweetness comes from Abraham Lincoln; for when that bell was in the molten furnace of war and the crucible of trial, there was cast into it the pure gold of his manly life.

REV. E. C. BOLLES, at Lafayette Camp.

A TEST SEANCE.

(*From Chapter XVII.*)

There was another meeting with Mr. Lincoln which is interesting and of considerable value. Shortly after my return to Washington, and while visiting Major Chorpenning one evening, Mr. Somes called. After an exchange of compliments, he stated that he had been requested to attend a seance, and as the same was of a private character, he was not at liberty to say more. We all suspected the truth, however, and I instantly made ready to join him. After entering the carriage provided for the occasion, he informed us that our destination was the White House, explaining that while at the War Department that afternoon he had met Mr. Lincoln coming from Secretary Stanton's office. Mr. Somes bowed to the President, and was passing onward when Mr. Lincoln stopped him, asking whether Miss Colburn was still in the city, and if so whether it were possible to have her visit the White House that evening. Upon the reply in the affirmative to both questions, Mr. Lincoln remarked, "Please bring her to the White House at eight or nine o'clock, but consider the matter confidential." By the time Mr. Somes had completed his recital we were at the door of that historic mansion, and a servant who was evidently on the watch for us quickly opened the door, and we hurried upstairs to the executive chamber where Mr. Lincoln and two gentlemen were awaiting our coming. Mr. Lincoln gave an order to the servant and in a moment Mrs. Lincoln entered. I am satisfied from what followed that she was summoned on my account to place me more at ease than otherwise, under the circumstances, would have been the case. Mr. Lincoln then quietly stated that he wished me to give them an opportunity to witness something of my "rare gift," as he called it, adding, "You need not be afraid, as these friends have seen something of this before." The two gentlemen referred to were evidently military officers, as was indicated by the stripe upon their pantaloons, although their frock coats, buttoned to the chin, effectually concealed any insignia or mark of rank. One of these gentlemen was quite tall and heavily built, with auburn hair and dark eyes, side whiskers, and of decidedly military bearing. The other gentleman was of average height, and I somehow received the impression that he was lower in rank than his companion. He had light brown hair and blue eyes, was quick in manner, but deferential towards his friend, whose confirmation he involuntarily sought or indicated by his look of half appeal while the conversation went on.

We sat quiet for a few minutes before I became entranced. One hour later I became conscious of my surroundings, and was standing by a long table, upon which was a large map of the Southern States. In my hand was a lead pencil, and the tall man with Mr. Lincoln was standing beside me and bending over the map, while the younger man was standing on the other side of the table, looking curiously and intently at me. Somewhat embarrassed, I glanced around to note Mrs. Lincoln quietly conversing in another part of the room. The only remarks I heard were these: "It is astonishing," said Mr. Lincoln, "how every line she has drawn conforms to the plan agreed upon." "Yes," answered the older soldier, "it is very astonishing." Looking up they both saw that I was awake, and they instantly stepped back, while Mr. Lincoln took the pencil from my hand and placed a chair for me.

Then Madam and Mr. Somes at once joined us, Mr. Somes asking, "Well, was everything satisfactory?" "Perfectly," responded Mr. Lincoln. "Miss Nettie does not seem to require eyes to do anything," smiling pleasantly. The conversation then turned, designedly, I felt, to commonplace matters.

Shortly afterwards, when about leaving, Mr. Lincoln said to us in a low voice, "It is best not to mention this meeting at present." Assuring him of silence upon the question, we were soon again on our way to the Major's.

Mr. Somes informed me that he heard enough in the opening remarks of the spirit to convince him that the power controlling knew why I had been summoned. He said that I walked to the table unaided and requested that a pencil be handed me, after which the President requested Mr. Somes and Mrs. Lincoln to remain where they were at the end of the room. "In accordance with this request," said Mr. Somes, "we paid no attention to what was being said or done further than to notice you tracing lines upon the map, and once one of the gentlemen resharpened the pencil for you." I never knew the purport of this meeting, nor can I say that Mr. Somes heard more of this strange affair. That it was important may be supposed, for those were not days for the indulgence of idle curiosity in any direction, nor was Mr. Lincoln a man to waste his time in giving exhibitions in occult science for the amusement of his friends. The impressions left upon my mind could not be otherwise than gratifying, in finding myself the recipient of such unusual attentions, and, for the occasion, the central figure in what appeared to be a mysterious and momentous consultation. Had it been simply an experiment to test my mediumship, Mr. Somes and Mrs. Lincoln would have been included in the group that gathered around the table. Should the two stranger participants in that seance be now living, and by any chance these lines should be read by them, they will readily recall the scene, and fully recognize the incident from the remarks that were uttered at the time. I am confident that my services were appreciated, and that the spiritual guidance which found utterance through my lips was confirmatory of the plans which they had already prepared. As in this instance, so in many others, has this powerful aid been called upon and used to advantage, to further important and national interests, and accomplish results that simple human knowledge could not achieve.

Mr. Lincoln's fancy for poetry and song inclined towards those melodies which appealed to his emotional nature, as is illustrated by his keen appreciation of Mrs. Laurie's "Bonnie Doon," and his favorite poem, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" I remember hearing him refer to the touching poem upon an occasion of peculiar interest, at which time he recited a part of it, applying the verses to the occasion in a very pleasant and happy manner. This incident is worthy of appearing in print:

One morning in January, 1863, Mrs. Laurie desired me to go to the White House and inquire after Mrs. Lincoln's health. Mrs. Laurie had visited Mrs. Lincoln the previous day and found her prostrated by one of her severe headaches. It was about eleven o'clock when I called. Upon sending up my name and inquiry to Mrs. Lincoln, I was requested to walk upstairs to her room, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, a gentleman and two ladies. I was cordially received by Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and presented to the guests, whose *names* were not mentioned, and when I noticed their glances I knew that they had been told *I was* a "*medium.*" After explaining my errand and being about to withdraw, Mrs. Lincoln asked whether I felt equal to the task of a seance. Noticing that all were expectant, I signified my willingness and reseated myself.

After Mrs. Lincoln had assisted me to remove my wraps she requested that the friends present do the same. They declined, whereupon the gentleman, who was their escort, laughingly remarked, as he indicated the lady nearest him, "It is useless to urge Anna, Mrs. Lincoln, for she thinks she looks better in her new bonnet." To which Anna replied, "That she believed she did, and felt very proud of it." Mr. Lincoln who was seated, raised his hands with a comical gesture, and quoted a part of his favorite poem, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" The gentleman said, "You are familiar with that poem." To which the President replied, "Perfectly; it is a favorite of mine; and, let me ask, what could be finer in expression than the lines:

"'The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.'" *

At that point I became unconscious, and awoke a half hour later to find the company betraying much emotion, and while recovering myself they talked together in low tones and in an animated manner. This was interrupted by Mr. Lincoln rousing himself with an effort, saying, "I must go, and am afraid I have already stayed too long." Shaking hands with his visitors, he turned in his kind way to me, and warmly shaking my hand, said, "I thank you, Miss Nettie, for obliging us; we have deeply enjoyed our little circle." As he left the room the others expressed the same sentiment; and as I was preparing to don my bonnet and shawl, Mrs. Lincoln requested me to wait. She rang the bell for the servant, who soon after returned with two beautiful bouquets, one of which she said was for Mrs. Laurie, the other for myself. The party then shook hands with me, rising as they did so. I was treated by them with the same courtesy as would have been offered any friend or old acquaintance. The following poem is the entire text of the part quoted by Mr. Lincoln on that occasion:

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* The reader will note the especial appropriateness of the poetical sally on the part of Mr. Lincoln.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who blest,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale which has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling;
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died; we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath—
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

William Knox.

UNTIL MY WORK IS DONE.

(*From Chapter XVIII.*)

I lectured occasionally during the summer, and in the fall, near the close of the Presidential campaign of that year (1864), found myself in New Boston, Mass., visiting friends, and speaking for them every Sunday. Even in that quiet village political excitement ran high, and both parties had arranged for a meeting in the town hall, where I was accustomed to speak; the Democrats occupying the first evening, the Republicans the evening following. The town hall was packed with an excited and interested crowd on both occasions. The first evening a Democratic lawyer from Great Barrington occupied the platform. His speech consisted of story-telling, ridicule, and abuse of the government; but I was informed that he was far more temperate in his language than it was his custom to be, owing to the fact that the rumor had gone abroad, I know not how, that I was a member of the "Loyal League," and that he was in danger of being reported if he carried his vituperation too far. I did take a few notes during the evening of his derisive stories, but only to refresh my memory regarding them, and this fact which I did not conceal, doubtless strengthened his supposition. I noticed that he watched me closely, but I had no idea of the cause. My Republican friends informed me afterwards that my innocent occupation was a healthy check upon his tongue, which they informed me had never before scrupled to use and to give vent to the strongest and worst epithets he was capable of coining against President Lincoln. As it was, he kept the audience in a good humor, and for a man of his sort and the exciting period in which he spoke, he was in a measure temperate in language. I do not now recall his name. The following evening Henry L. Dawes, Member of Congress from Massachusetts, and a staunch Republican, spoke to the same immense audience. He told but one story during the entire two hours occupied by his address, and this was at the outset of his remarks, and was as follows: He said there was once a man who had a very vicious and destructive dog, that became so annoying both to himself and his neighbors that he had to kill him; and after killing the dog, then commenced kicking his carcass about the neighborhood, beating it continually until his neighbors protested, saying, "You have killed the dog and he has paid the penalty of his wrong-doing by his death. Why not bury him and let that end it?" He replied that he was kicking and beating it for the benefit of other dogs who might be inclined to follow his example, and to let them know there was punishment after death. "I am here to-night for a similar purpose," said Mr. Dawes. "The results of this campaign are a foregone conclusion. The Democratic Party is dead, and will receive a proper burial at the coming election, but lest there should be some Democrats ignorant of that fact and inclined to follow the vicious ways of the party, I am here to say to them that in their case, also, there is punishment after death."

When the laughter and applause had subsided, he entered upon the real business of the hour, and never had I heard the causes of the frightful war through which we were passing, but which was then fortunately drawing to a close, and the issues that had given rise to it, so clearly and ably presented. He held the audience in breathless attention by his dispassionate presentation of the facts, sustained by overwhelming proofs, never once descending to personalities, while his periods were rounded with such eloquent outbursts of patriotic fervor as awakened the wildest enthusiasm.

When Mr. Dawes had finished his able and eloquent address, the chairman of the meeting, who was also President of our

Spiritualist Society, asked him if he had any objections to my occupying the rostrum with him and addressing the company. With the courtesy which ever characterized him, he answered in the negative, and when I was introduced to him he recognized me, having met me in Washington. I felt it an honor, indeed, to be permitted to speak from the same platform with that able orator, for it was, indeed, one of the proudest moments of my life. The audience sang a ringing campaign song, when I became entranced and addressed the audience for about fifteen minutes. The spirit controlling me stated in substance, as I was afterwards informed, that he had nothing to add to what had already been spoken beyond predicting with unerring certainty, that Abraham Lincoln would be re-elected at the coming national election. I awoke amid the applause of the audience, and Mr. Dawes congratulated me in his kind way upon the manner in which I had been instrumental in closing the evening's exercises. This pleasant incident may have passed from his recollection, but it stands out distinctly in my own, and while the president of the meeting passed away two years ago, his wife and son, with many others who are now living, will bear testimony to its truth.

A few weeks later found us again in Washington City, in response to urgent solicitations on the part of friends, and we were the guests of Major Chorpenning and his wife. Major Chorpenning was the first man to carry the United States mail across the Rocky Mountains, from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, under a contract with our government, which he had entered into many years previous to the time of which I am speaking, and which was annulled through the false representations of enemies, who coveted, and finally obtained, his position. When I first met him he was engaged in vigorously prosecuting his claim against the government for damages sustained by the annullment of the contract. He was generous and hospitable to a fault, while his wife, a brilliant society lady, entertained in a manner which insured the acceptance of their invitations. A brilliant company assembled in their parlors once a week, and the evenings were always very enjoyable. Nearly every reception, by unanimous request, was turned into a spiritual circle, and I here met many gentlemen from both branches of Congress, among whom were Mr. Eben Ingersoll and Mr. John F. Farnsworth, of Illinois (Rep. 35th Congress), Mr. Henry L. Dawes, of Massachusetts, and many others whose names I cannot now recall. To their honor, be it said, the gentlemen I have named were never associated with any of the scandals with which Washington society was rife, and I have always heard them named with respect, and mentioned as above reproach, both as to their public and private life. This was the truth also of many others.

Time and sickness have impaired my memory to such an extent that although I can recall the faces and manner of many whom I met, I cannot accurately place them. They seemed to keenly enjoy the circles they attended, while the major's violin and his wife's beautiful singing added greatly to the charm of the evenings. Refreshments were usually served at a late hour.

These pleasant social gatherings are among the most pleasant memories of my Washington experiences. Tuesday afternoons we usually attended Mrs. Lincoln's receptions, often meeting there the ladies and gentlemen who graced our own. It was during this memorable winter of '64 and '65, when the Rebellion was in its death throes, that I knew of the visits of Charles Colchester and Charles Foster (two well-known mediums of that time) to the White House, and of their sittings with President Lincoln. Through them and through myself he received warnings of his approaching fate; but his fearless, confident nature disregarded the warnings he received. It was during the last days of February, when the city was being filled to its utmost capacity by people from all parts of the country to witness the second inauguration of President Lincoln that I received a dispatch from my home telling me my father was dangerously ill, and to come at once. Having an appointment at the White House for the following week, I hastened with my friend, Miss Hannum, to the ExecutiveMansion to inform Mrs. Lincoln of the necessity which called me away. She was out and we proceeded upstairs to the anteroom, adjacent to Mr. Lincoln's office, hoping for a last word with him. It was two o'clock in the afternoon, and during the last days of the *expiring*

Congress, and the waiting-room was filled with members from both Houses, all anxious to get a word with the President. Mr. Ingersoll and a number of others whom I knew were there, and it seemed doubtful of our obtaining an interview. Mr. Ingersoll smilingly asked if I expected to have an interview with Mr. Lincoln. I replied, " I hope so, as I am about to leave the city." He remarked he feared it was doubtful, as he and many others had been waiting many hours for a chance to speak with him and had failed. Edward, the faithful and devoted usher of the White House, was passing to and fro, taking in cards to Mr. Lincoln's office. Calling him to me, I explained that I wished to see the President for one brief moment, to explain why I could not keep my engagement the following week; and giving him my card bade him watch for an opportunity when Mr. Lincoln would be parting from those that were with him, and then place my card in his hand, telling him I would detain him but an instant.

Half an hour went by, when Edward approached and bade us follow him. Mr. Ingersoll, with whom we had been talking, bade us laughingly to speak a word for him, and we were soon ushered into Mr. Lincoln's presence. He stood at his table, busily looking over some papers, but laid them down and greeted us with his usual genial smile. In as few words as possible, knowing how precious was his time, we informed him of the cause of our unseasonable call, stating that I had been summoned home by a telegram telling me my father was dangerously ill. Looking at me with a quizzical smile, he said, " But cannot our friends from the upper country tell you whether his illness is likely to prove fatal or not? " I replied that I had already consulted with our friends, and they had assured me that his treatment was wrong, and that my presence was needed to effect a cure. Turning to my friend he said laughingly, " I didn't catch her, did I? " Then turning to me he said, " I am sorry you cannot remain to witness the inauguration, as no doubt you wish." " Indeed we would enjoy it," I replied, " but the crowd will be so great we will not be able to see you, Mr. Lincoln, even if we remain." " You could not help it," he answered, drawing his tall figure to its full height, and glancing at my friend in an amused way, "I shall be the tallest man there." "That is true," my friend responded, "in every sense of the word." He nodded pleasantly at the compliment, and then turning to me remarked, "But what do our friends say of us now?" "What they predicted for you, Mr. Lincoln, has come to pass," I answered, "and you are to be inaugurated a second time." He nodded his head, and I continued, "But they also reaffirm that the shadow they have spoken of still hangs over you." He turned half impatiently away, and said, "Yes, I know. I have letters from all over the country from your kind of people—mediums, I mean—warning me against some dreadful plot against my life. But I don't think the knife is made or the bullet run that will reach it. Besides, nobody wants to harm me." A feeling of sadness that I could not conceal nor account for came over me, and I said, "Therein lies your danger, Mr. Lincoln, your over-confidence in your fellow-men." The old melancholy look that had of late seemed lifted from his face now fell over it, and he said in his subdued, quiet way, "Well, Miss Nettie, I shall live till my work is done, and no earthly power can prevent it. And then it doesn't matter so that I am ready—and that I ever mean to be." Brightening again, he extended a hand to each of us, saying, "Well, I suppose we must bid you good-bye, but we shall hope to see you back again next fall." "We shall certainly come," we replied, "*if you are here*," without thinking of the doubts our words implied. "It looks like it now," he answered, and walking with us to a side door, with another cordial shake of the hand, we passed out of his presence for the last time. Never again would we meet his welcome smile.

> "He perished ere the land of peace
> Had rolled war's curtain from the sky;
> But he shall live when wrong shall cease;
> The great and good can never die."

EXTREMES MEET.

A very pleasant episode which had almost escaped my recollection occurred one evening after returning from the White

House, where a seance had been given for Mr. Lincoln. Miss Hannum informed me that during my absence Mrs. Chorpenning's colored cook had told her that an old colored friend had lost three hundred dollars which he had kept hidden in the toe of an old shoe . . . secreted in his bedroom, which sum represented his savings of a lifetime, and that some one had taken it, and "Auntie wished her (Parnie) to use her influence with me to obtain my assistance and for that purpose to have a sitting for the old man. At the same time the cook stated that she was "afeard he would go crazy." My friend promised a sitting on my return, and told her to bring the old man to our room just previous to retiring for the night. Parnie had scarcely ceased her revelation when a low knock on the back stairway door announced the arrival of our sable visitors. On opening the door, a tall, gaunt, stooping figure met our sight, whose grey head contrasted strongly with the black features, and who shambled into the room with many apologies, followed by the cook. Cutting short his profuse expressions of gratitude, we reminded him of the lateness of the hour and seated ourselves for the seance, and for the second time that evening I went under influence, and my little spirit messenger, "Pinkie," at once informed him that his "wampum" was safe where he had put it, but that the old shoe had been thrown out, with other rubbish, into the backyard of the tenement house he occupied, and that among the rubbish he would find it safe in the morning. My friend had much difficulty in making the old man comprehend what had been said to him, that it was a "spirit" in the room whom he could not see who had given the communication, his eyes rolled in terror as he edged toward the door. It required our combined power of explanation to assure him that he was in no danger of seeing "ghostes." The explanation given him was in answer to his question, "How dat chile know about dis?"

They finally left, with many apologies for calling. The next morning as we were about to descend to breakfast the old man's timid rap was heard. He came in smiling and bowing, saying he had come to tell us that he had found the shoe and the money "right whar the young missis said it was." He was overjoyed at the recovery of his lost treasure, and exhibited his pleasure by offering to pay me anything I would require for the service rendered him. We assured him that he was welcome, and that there was no charge. He asserted in further explanation and thanks that old Sally had been " clarin' up the rooms," and in cleaning out the dirt had thrown out the worn-out shoe as being of no account, little dreaming that its delapidated toe contained the precious hoard of a lifetime, accumulated in small sums, until its total represented comparative ease and future protection to the old fellow.

Early in the evening my time had been passed, and my gift exercised, in the presence and for the benefit of the ruler of a great nation, while the latter part was given in the same manner to alleviate the misery of a poor old negro who represented one of his most humble adherents. To the thoughtful mind the picture presented declares the breadth and scope of that power that leads and guides all mediums in their God-given work of ministering to the needs of humanity. Equal to every occasion, it touches the loftiest heights with a light of truth and wisdom, guiding the uncertain steps of man in hours of supreme trial, and descends to the lowest valley to aid and comfort the poor and humble, and carry joy to the weak and miserable. Therefore, who shall say that it is not of God?—*By permission of Mrs. E. S. Hartranft.*

CHAPTER VIII.

FLORENCE MARRYAT.

(Author of "There Is No Death.")

> "There is no death! What seems so, is transition,
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a burst of the life elysian,
> Whose portal we call Death."
>
> LONGFELLOW.

The following is quoted from "There Is No Death," the first experience of the author, Florence Marryat. She was an able writer and must have been sure of her convictions when she gave her book to the public.

(*From Chapter II.—My First Seance.*)

I had returned from India and spent several years in England before the subject of Modern Spiritualism was brought under my immediate notice. Cursorily, I had heard it mentioned by some people as a dreadfully wicked thing, diabolical to the last degree, by others as a most amusing pastime for evening parties, or when one wanted to get some "fun out of the table." But neither description charmed me, nor tempted me to pursue the occupation. I had already lost too many friends. Spiritualism (so it seemed to me), must either be a humbug or a very solemn thing, and I neither wished to trifle with it nor be trifled with by it. And after twenty years continued experience, I hold the same opinion. I have proved Spiritualism *not* to be a humbug, therefore I regard it in a sacred light. For, *from whatever cause* it may proceed, it opens a vast area for thought to any speculative mind, and it is a matter of constant surprise to me to see the indifference with which the world regards it. That it *exists* is an undeniable fact. Men of science have acknowledged it, and the churches cannot deny it. The only question seems to be "*What* is it, and *whence* does the power proceed?" If (as many clever people assert), from ourselves, then must these bodies and minds of ours possess faculties hitherto undreamed of, and which we have allowed to lie culpably fallow. If our bodies contain magnetic forces sufficient to raise substantial and apparently living forms from the bare earth, which our eyes are clairvoyant enough to see, and which can articulate words, which our ears are clairaudient enough to hear, if, in addition to this, our minds can read each other's inmost thoughts, can see what is passing at a distance and foretell what will happen in the future, then are our human powers greater than we have ever imagined, and we ought to do a great deal more with them than we do. And even regarding Spiritualism from *that* point of view, I cannot understand the lack of interest displayed in the discovery, to turn these marvellous powers of the human mind to a greater account.

To discuss it, however, from the usual meaning given to the word, namely, as a means of communication with the departed, leaves me as puzzled as before. All Christians acknowledge that they have spirits independent of their bodies, and that when their bodies die, their spirits will continue to live on. Wherein, then, lies the terror of the idea that these liberated spirits will have the privilege of roaming the universe as they will? And if they argue the impossibility of their return, they deny the records that form the only basis of their religion. No greater proof can be brought forward of the truth of Spiritualism than the truth of the Bible, which teems and bristles with accounts of it from beginning to end. From the period when the Lord God walked with Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, and the angels came to Abram's tent and pulled Lot out of the doomed city; when the witch of Endor raised up Samuel; and Balaam's ass spoke; and Ezekiel wrote that the hair of his head stood up because a "spirit" passed before him, to the presence of Satan with Jesus in the desert and the reappearance of Moses and Elias; the resurrection of Christ Himself and His talking and eating with His disciples, and the final account of John being caught up to Heaven to receive the revelations—*all is Spiritual-*

ism and nothing else. The Protestant Church, which pins its faith upon the Bible and nothing but the Bible, cannot deny that the spirits of mortal men have reappeared and been recognized upon this earth, as when the graves opened at the time of the Christ's crucifixion, and " many bodies of those that were dead arose and went into the city and were seen of many." The Catholic Church does not attempt to deny it. All her legends and miracles (which are disbelieved and ridiculed by the Protestants aforesaid) are founded on the same truth—the miraculous or supernatural return (as it is styled), of those who are gone, though I hope to make my readers believe as I do, that there is nothing miraculous in it, and far from being supernatural, it is only a continuation of Nature. Putting the churches and the Bible, however, on one side, the history of nations proves it is possible. There is not a people on the face of the globe which has not its (so-called) superstitions, nor a family, hardly, which has not experienced some proofs of spiritual communion with earth. Where learning and science have thrust all belief out of sight, it is only natural that a man who does not believe in a God nor a Hereafter should not credit the existence of spirits, nor the possibility of communicating with them. But the lower we go in the scale of society, the more simple and childlike the mind, the more readily does such a faith gain credence and the more stories you will hear to justify belief. It is just the same with religion, which is hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed to babes.

If I am met here with the objection that the term " Spiritualism " has been at times mixed up with so much that is evil as to become an offence, I have no better answer to make than by turning to the irrefragable testimony of the past and present to prove that in all ages and of all religions there have been corrupt and demoralized exponents whose vices have threatened to pull down the fabric they lived to raise. Christianity itself would have been overthrown by now, had we been unable to separate its doctrine from its practice.

I held these views in the month of February, 1873, when I made one of a party of friends assembled at the house of Miss Elizabeth Philip, in Gloucester Crescent, and was introduced to

Mr. Henry Dunphy, of the *Morning Post,* both of them since gone to join the great majority. Mr. Dunphy soon got astride of his favorite hobby of Spiritualism, and gave me an interesting account of some of the seances he had attended. I had heard so many clever men and women discuss the subject before, that I had begun to believe on their authority that there must be "something in it," but I held that sittings in the dark must afford so much liberty for deception that I would engage in none that I was not permitted the use of my eyesight.

I expressed myself somewhat after this fashion to Mr. Dunphy. He replied, "Then the time has arrived for you to investigate Spiritualism, for I can introduce you to a medium who will show you faces of the dead!" This proposal exactly met my wishes, and I gladly accepted it. Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), the novelist, who is an intimate friend of mine, was staying with me at the time and became as eager as I was to investigate the phenomena. We took the address Mr. Dunphy gave us of Mrs. Holmes, the American medium, then visiting London and lodging in Old Quebec Street, Portman Square, but we refused his introduction, preferring to go incognito. Accordingly, the next evening when she held a public seance, we presented ourselves at Mrs. Holmes' door; and having first removed our wedding rings, to look as virginal as possible, sent up our names as Miss Taylor and Miss Turner. I am perfectly aware that this medium was said afterward to be untrustworthy. So may a servant who was perfectly honest whilst in my service leave me for a situation where she is detected in theft. That does not alter the fact that she stole nothing from me. I do not think I know a single medium of whom I have not (at some time or other) heard the same thing, and I do not know a single woman whom I have not also, at some time or other, heard scandalized by her own sex, however pure and chaste she imagines the world holds her. The question affected me in neither case. I value my acquaintances for what they are *to me,* not for what they may be to others; and I have placed trust in my media from what I individually have seen and heard, and proved to be genuine in their presence, and not from what others may imagine they have found out about them. It is no detriment to my witness that the media I sat with cheated somebody else either before or after. My business was only to take care that *I* was not cheated, and I have never in Spiritualism accepted anything at the hands of others that I could not prove for myself.

Mrs. Holmes did not receive us very graciously on the present occasion. We were strangers to her—probably skeptics, and she eyed us rather coldly. It was a bitter night, and the snow lay so thick upon the ground that we had some difficulty in procuring a hansom to take us from Bayswater to Old Quebec Street. No other visitors arrived, and after a little while Mrs. Holmes offered to return our money (ten shillings), as she said if she did sit with us there would probably be no manifestations, on account of the inclemency of the weather. (Often since then I have proved her assertion to be true, and found that any extreme of heat or cold is liable to make a seance a dead failure.) But Annie Thomas had to return to her home in Torquay the following day, so we begged the medium to try at least to show us something, as we were very curious on the subject. I am not quite sure what I hoped for or expected on this occasion. I was full of curiosity and anticipation, but I am sure that I never thought that I should see any face which I could recognize as having been on earth. We waited until nine o'clock, in hopes that a circle would be formed, but no one else came and Mrs. Holmes consented to sit with us alone, warning us, however, several times, to prepare for disappointment. The lights were therefore extinguished and we sat for the usual preliminary dark seance, which was good, perhaps, but has nothing to do with the narrative of facts proved to be so. When it concluded the gas was relit, and we sat for " Spirit Faces."

There were two small rooms connected by folding-doors. Annie Thomas and I were asked to go into the back room—to lock the door communicating with the landings and secure it with our own seal, stamped upon a piece of tape stretched across the opening, to examine the window and bar the shutter inside, to search the room thoroughly; in fact, to see that no one was concealed in it—and we did all this as a matter of business. When we had satisfied ourselves that no one could enter from the back, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Annie Thomas and I were seated on four chairs in the front room, arranged in a row before the folding doors which were opened, and a square of black calico fastened across the aperture from one wall to the other. In this piece of calico was cut a square hole, about the size of an ordinary window, at which we were told the spirit faces (if any) would appear. There was no singing nor sounds of any sort made to drown the preparation, and we could have heard even a rustle in the next room. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes talked to us of their various experiences, until we were almost tired of waiting, when something white and indistinct, like a cloud of tobacco smoke or a bundle of gossamer, appeared and disappeared again.

"They are coming! I am glad!" said Mrs. Holmes, "I didn't think we could get anything to-night," and my friend and I were immediately on the tip-toe of expectation. The white mass advanced and retreated several times, and finally settled before the aperture and opened in the middle, when a female face was distinctly seen above the black calico. What was our amazement to recognize the features of Mrs. Thomas, Annie's mother. Here I should tell my readers that Annie's father was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy and captain of the coastguard at Morston in Norfolk, had been a near neighbor and great friend of my father, Captain Marryat, and their children had associated like brothers and sisters. I had therefore known Mrs. Thomas well, and recognized her at once, as of course did her daughter. The witness of two people is considered sufficient in law. It ought to be accepted by society. Poor Annie was very much affected and talked to her mother in the most incoherent manner. The spirit did not seem able to answer in words, but she bowed her head or shook it according as she wished to say "yes" or "no." I could not help feeling awed at the appearance of the dear old lady, but the only thing that puzzled me was the cap she wore, which was made of white net quilled closely around her face, and unlike any I had ever seen her wear in life. I whispered this to Annie and she replied at once, "It is the cap she was buried in," which settled the question. Mrs. Thomas had possessed a very pleasant and uncommon face, with bright black eyes and a complexion of pink and white, like that of a child. It was some time before Annie could be persuaded to let her mother go, but the next face that presented itself astonished her quite as much, for she recognized it as that of Captain Gordon, a gentleman whom she had known intimately and for a length of time. I had never seen Captain Gordon in the flesh but had heard of him, and knew he had died from a sudden accident. All I saw was the head of a good-looking, fair, young man, and not feeling any personal interest in his appearance, I occupied the time during which my friend conversed with him about olden days, by minutely examining the working of the muscles of the throat, which undeniably stretched when his head moved. As I was doing so he leaned forward and I saw a dark stain which looked like a clot of blood on his fair hair, on the left side of the forehead.

"Annie! what did Captain Gordon die of?" I asked.

"He fell from a railway carriage," she replied, and struck his head upon the line." I then pointed out to her the blood upon his hair. Several other faces appeared which we could not recognize. At last came one of a gentleman, apparently moulded like a bust in plaster of paris. He had a kind of smoking cap upon the head, curly hair and a beard, but being perfectly colorless he looked so unlike nature that I could not trace a resemblance to any friend of mine, though he kept on bowing in my direction, as though I knew or had known him. I examined this face again and again in vain. Nothing in it struck me as familiar until the mouth broke into a grave, amused smile at my perplexity. In a moment I recognized it as that of my dear old friend, John Powles, whose history I shall relate *in extenso* further on. I exclaimed "Powles!" and sprang towards it, but with my hasty action my figure disappeared. I was terribly vexed at my imprudence, for this was the friend of all others I desired to see, and sat there hoping and praying the spirit would return, but it did not. Annie Thomas' mother and friend came back several times; indeed Annie recalled Captain Gordon so often that on his last appearance the power was so exhausted that his face looked like a faded sketch in water colors, but Powles had vanished altogether. The last face we saw that night was that of a little girl, and only her eyes and nose were visible, the rest of her head and face being enveloped in some white, flimsy material, like muslin. Mrs. Holmes asked her for whom she came, and she intimated that it was for me. I said that she must be mistaken, that I had known no one in life like her. The medium questioned her very closely and tried to put her " out of court," as it were. Still the child persisted that she came for me. Mrs. Holmes said to me, " Cannot you remember *any one* of that age connected with you in the spirit world? No cousin, nor niece, nor sister, nor child of a friend?" I tried to remember, but could not and answered, " No, no child of that age." She then addressed the little spirit. " You have made a mistake. There is no one here who knows you. You had better move on." So the child did move on, but very slowly and reluctantly. I could read her disappointment in her eyes, and after she had disappeared, she peeped around the corner again and looked at me longingly. This was Florence, my dear lost child (as I then called her), who had left me as a little infant of ten days old, and whom I could not at first recognize as a young girl of ten years. Her identity, however, has been proven to me since, beyond all doubt, as will be seen in the chapter which relates my reunion with her, and is headed " My Spirit Child." Thus ended the first seance at which I ever assisted, and it made a powerful impression upon my mind. Mrs. Holmes, in bidding us goodnight, said, " You two ladies must be very powerful mediums. I never held so successful a seance with strangers in my life before." This news elated us—we were eager to pursue our investigations, and were enchanted to think that we could have seances at home, and as soon as Annie Thomas took up her residence in London, we agreed to hold regular meetings for the purpose. This was the seance that made me a student of the psychological phenomena, which the men of the nineteenth century term Spiritualism. Had it turned out a failure, I might have been as most men are. *Quien sabe?* As it was, it incited me to go on and on, until I have seen and heard things which at that moment would have seemed utterly impossible to me. And I would not have missed the experience I have passed through for all the good this world could offer me.

(*Chapter III.—Curious Coincidences.*)

Before I proceed to write down the results of my private and premeditated investigations, I am reminded to say a word respecting the permission I received for the pursuit of Spiritualism. As soon as I expressed my curiosity on the subject, I was met on all sides with the objection that, as I am a Catholic, I could not possibly have anything to do with the matter, and it is a fact that the church strictly forbids all meddling with necromancy or communion with the departed. Necromancy is a terrible word, is it not? Especially to such people who do not understand its meaning and only associate it with the dead of night, charmed circles, and seething caldrons, and the arch fiend, in *propria persona,* with two horns and a tail. Yet it seems strange to me that the Catholic Church, whose very doctrine is overlaid with Spiritualism, and who makes it a matter of belief that the Saints hear and help us in our prayers and the daily actions of our lives, and recommends our kissing the ground every morning at the feet of our guardian angel, should consider it unlawful for us to communicate with our departed relatives. I cannot see the difference in iniquity between speaking to John Powles, who was and is a dear and trusted friend of mine, and St. Peter of Alcantara, who is an old man whom I have never seen in this life. They are both men, both mortal, and are both spirits. Again, my mother, who was a pious woman all her life, and is now in the other world, would be just as likely to take an interest in my welfare and to try and promote the prospect of our future meeting as Saint Veronica Guiliani, who is my patron. Yet were I to spend half my time in prayer before Saint Veronica's altar, asking help and guidance, I should be doing right (according to the church), but if I did the same thing at my mother's grave, or spoke to her at a seance, I should be doing wrong. These distinctions without a difference were hard nuts to crack, and I was bound to settle the matter with my conscience before I went on with my investigations.

It is a fact that I have met quite as many Catholics as Protestants (especially of the higher classes), among the investigators of Spiritualism, and I have not been surprised at it, for who could better understand and appreciate the beauty of communications from the spirit world than the members of that church which instructs us to believe in the communion of saints, as an ever-present though invisible mystery. Whether my church acquaintances had received permission to attend seances or not was no concern of mine, but I took good care to procure it for myself and I record it here, because rumors have constantly reached me of people having said behind my back that I can be "no Catholic" because I am a Spiritualist.

My director at that time was Father Dalgairn, of the Oratory at Brompton, and it was to him I took my difficulty. I was a very constant press writer and reviewer, and to be unable to attend and report on Spiritualistic meetings would have seriously militated against my professional interests. I represented this to the Father, and (although under protest), I received his permission to pursue the research in the cause of science. He did more than ease my conscience. He became interested in what I had to tell him on the subject, and we had many conversations concerning it. He also lent me from his own library the lives of such saints as had heard voices and seen visions, of those who in fact (like myself) had been the victims of "Optical Illusions." Amongst these I found the case of Saint Anne Catherine of Emmerich, so like my own that I began to think that I too might turn out a saint in disguise.

She used to see the spirits floating beside her as she walked to mass, and heard them asking her to pray for them as they pointed to "less taches sur leurs robes." The musical instruments used to play with out hands in her presence, and voices from invisible throats sound in her ears, as they have done in mine. I have only inserted these claims, however, for the satisfaction of those Catholic acquaintances with whom I have sat at seances, and who will probably be the first to exclaim against the publication of *our joint* experiences. I trust they will acknowledge, after reading it, that I am not worse than themselves, though I myself may be a little bolder in avowing my opinions.

Before I began this chapter, I had an argument with that friend of mine called Self (who has often worsted me in the Battle of Life), as to whether I should say anything about table rapping or tilting. The very fact of so common an article of furniture as a table, as an agent with the unseen world, has excited so much ridicule and opens so wide a field for chicanery, that I throught it would be better to drop the subject and confine myself to those phases of the science, or art, or religion, or whatever the reader may call it, that can be described or explained on paper. The philosophers of the nineteenth century have invented so many manners for the cause that makes a table turn round, tilt, or rap, that I feel quite unable (not being a philosopher), to cope with them. It is "magnetic force" or "psychic force;" it is "unconscious cerebration" or "brain-reading," and it is exceedingly difficult to tell the outside world of the private reasons that convince individuals that the answers they receive are *not* emanations from their own brains. I shall not attempt to refute their reasonings from their own standpoint. I see the difficulties in the way so much that I have persistently refused for many years to sit at the table with strangers, for it is only a lengthened study of the matter that can positively convince a person of its truth. I cannot, however, see the extreme folly myself of holding communication (under the circumstances), through the raps or tilts of a table, or any other object. These tiny indications of an influence ulterior to our own are not necessarily confined to the table. I have received them through a cardboard box, a gentleman's hat, a footstool, the strings of a guitar, on the back of my chair, even on the pillow of my bed. And which, among the philosophers I allude to, could suggest a similar mode of communication?

I have put the question to clever men, thus: "Suppose yourself, after being able to write and talk to me, suddenly deprived of the powers of speech and touch, and made invisible, so that we could not understand each other by signs, what better means than by taps and tilts on any article when the right word or letter is named, could you think of by which to communicate with me?"

And my clever men have never been able to propose an easier or more sensible plan, and if anybody can suggest one I should very much like to hear it. The following incidents all took place through the much ridiculed tipping of the table, but managed to knock some sense out of it, nevertheless. On looking over the note book which I faithfully kept when we first held seances at home, I find many cases of identity which took place, through my mediumship, and which could not possibly have been the effects of mind-reading. I devote this chapter to their relation. I hope it will be observed with what admirable caution I have headed it. I have a few drops of Scotch blood in me by the mother's side, and I think they must have aided me here. "Curious Coincidences." Why, not the most captious and unbelieving critic of them all can find fault with so modest and unbelieving a title. Every one believes in the occasional possibility of "curious coincidences."

It was not until the month of June, 1873, that we formed a home circle and commenced regularly to sit together. We became so interested in the pursuit that we used to sit every evening, and sometimes till three or four o'clock in the morning, greatly to our detriment, both mental and physical. We seldom sat alone, being joined by two or three friends from outside, and the results were sometimes very startling, as we were a strong circle. The memoranda of these sittings, sometimes with one party and sometimes with another, extended over a period of years, but I shall restrict myself to relating a few incidents that were verified by subsequent events.

The means by which we communicated with the influences around us was the usual one. We sat round the table and laid our hands upon it, and I (or any one who might be selected for the purpose), spelled over the alphabet, and raps or tilts occurred when the desired letter was reached. This in reality is not so tedious a process as it may appear, and once used to it, one may get through a vast amount of conversation in an hour by this means. The medium is soon able to guess the word intended to be spelled for there are not so many, after all, in use in general conversation.

Some one had come to our table on several occasions, giving the name of "Valerie," but refusing to say any more, so we thought she was an idle or frivolous spirit, and had been in the habit of driving her away. One evening on the first of July, however, our circle was augmented by Mr. Henry Stacke, when

"Valerie" was immediately spelt out, and the following conversation ensued. Mr. Stacke said to me, "Who is this?" and I replied carelessly, "O! she's a little devil! She never has anything to say." The table rocked violently at this, and the table spelt out:

"Je ne suis pas diable."

"Hello! Valerie, so you can talk now! For whom do you come?"

"Monsieur Stacke."

"Where did you meet him?"

"On the Continent."

"Whereabouts?"

"Between Dijon and Macon."

"How did you meet him?"

"In a railway carriage."

"What were you doing there?"

Here she relapsed into French, and said:

"Ce m'est impossible de dire."

At this juncture Mr. Stacke observed that he had never been in a train between Dijon and Macon but once in his life, and if the spirit was with him then, she must remember what was the matter with their fellow-passenger.

"Mais oui, oui—il etait fou," she replied, which proved to be perfectly correct. Mr. Stacke also remembered that two ladies in the same carriage had been dreadfully frightened, and he had assisted them to get into another. "Valerie" continued, "Priez pour moi."

"Pourquoi, Valerie?"

"Parceque j'ai beaucoup peche."

There was an influence who frequented our society at that time and called himself "Charlie."

He stated that his full name had been "Stephen Charles Bernard Abbot," that he had been a monk of great literary attainments—that he had embraced the monastic life in the reign of Queen Mary, and apostatized for political reasons in that of Elizabeth, and been "earth bound" in consequence ever since.

"Charlie" asked us to sing one night and we struck up the very vulgar refrain of "Champagne Charlie," to which he greatly objected, asking for something more serious. I began "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

"Why that's as bad as the other," said Charlie. "It was a ribald and obscene song in the time of Elizabeth. The drunken roysterers used to sing it in the street as they rolled home at night."

"You must be mistaken, Charlie, it is a well known Scotch air."

"It is no more Scotch than I am," he replied. "The Scotch say they invented everything. It's a tune of the time of Elizabeth. Ask Brinley Richards."

"Having the acquaintance of that gentleman, who was the great authority on the origin of national ballads, I applied to him for the information, and received an answer to say that "Charlie" was right, but that Mr. Richards had not been aware of the fact himself until he searched some old MSS. in the British Museum, for the purpose of ascertaining the truth.

I was giving a sitting once to an officer from Aldershot, a cousin of mine, who was quite prepared to ridicule everything that took place. After having teased me into giving him a seance he began by cheating himself and then accused me of cheating him, and altogether tired out my patience. At last I proposed a test, though with little hope of success.

"Let us ask John Powles to go down to Aldershot," I said, "and bring word what your brother officers are doing."

"O, yes! by Jove! Capital idea! You fellow Powles, cut off to camp, will you, and go to the barracks of the 84th, and let us know what Major R—— is doing." The message came back in about three minutes. "Major R—— has just come in from duty," spelt out Powles. "He is sitting on the side of his bed, changing his uniform trousers for a pair of gray tweed."

"I am sure that's wrong," said my cousin, "because the men are never called out at this time of day."

It was then four o'clock as we had been careful to ascertain. My cousin returned to camp the same evening, and the next day I received a note from him saying, "That fellow Powles is a brick. It was quite right. R—— was unexpectedly ordered to turn out his company yesterday afternoon, and he returned to the barracks and changed his things for the gray tweed suit, exactly at four o'clock."

But I have always found my friend Powles (when he will condescend to do anything for strangers, which is seldom), remarkably correct in detailing the thoughts and actions of the absentees, sometimes on the other side of the globe.

I went one afternoon to pay an ordinary social call on a lady named Mrs. W——, and found her engaged in an earnest conversation on Spiritualism with a stout woman and a commonplace man—two as material looking individuals as ever I saw, and who appeared all the more so under a sultry August sun. As soon as Mrs. W—— saw me she exclaimed, "O! here is Mrs. Ross-Church. She will tell you all about the spirits. Do, Mrs. Ross-Church, sit down at the table and let us have a seance."

A seance on a burning, blazing afternoon in August, with two solid and uninteresting, and worse still *uninterested* looking strangers, who appeared to think Mrs. W—— had a "bee in her bonnet." I protested—I reasoned—I pleaded—all in vain. My hostess continued to urge and society places the guest at the mercy of her hostess. So, in an evil temper, I pulled off my gloves and placed my hands indifferently on the table. The following words were at once rapped out:

"I am Edward G——. Did you ever pay Johnson the seventeen pounds twelve you received for my saddlery?"

The gentleman opposite me turned all sorts of colors, and began to stammer out a reply, while his wife looked very confused. I asked the influence, "Who are you?" It replied, "He knows! His late colonel! Why hasn't Johnson received that money?"

This is what I call an awkward coincidence, and I have had many such occur through me—some that have driven acquaintances away from the table, vowing vengeance against me, and racking their brains to discover who had told me their secret peccadilloes. The gentleman in question (whose name, even, I do not remember), confessed that the identity and main points of the message were true, but he did not confide to us whether Johnson had ever received that seventeen pounds twelve.

I had a beautiful English greyhound, called "Clytie" a gift from Annie Thomas to me, and this dog was given to straying from my house in Colville Road, Bayswater, which runs parallel to Portobello Road, a rather objectionable quarter, composed of inferior shops, one of which, a fried fish shop, was an intolerable nuisance, and used to fill the air around with its rich perfume. On one occasion, "Clytie" stayed away from home so much longer than usual that I was afraid she was lost in good earnest, and posted bills offering a reward for her. "Charlie" came to the table and said that evening, "Don't offer a reward for the dog. Send for her."

"She is tied up at the fried fish shop in Portobello Road. Send the cook to see."

I told the servant in question that I had heard that the greyhound was detained at the fish shop and sent her to inquire. She returned with "Clytie." Her account was that on making inquiries the man in the shop had been very insolent to her and she had raised her voice in reply; that she had then heard and recognized the sharp, peculiar bark of the greyhound from an upper story, and running up before the man could prevent her, she had found "Clytie" tied up to a bedstead with a piece of rope, and had called in a policeman to enable her to take the dog away. I have often heard the assertion that Spiritualism does no practical good, and, doubtless, it was never intended to do so, but this incident was, at least, an exception to this rule.

When abroad on one occasion, I was asked by a Catholic Abbe to sit with him. He had never seen any manifestations before, and he did not believe in them, but he was curious on the subject. I knew nothing of him further than that he was a priest and a Jesuit, and a great friend of my sister's, at whose house I was staying. He spoke English, and the conversation was carried on in that language. He had told me before that if he could receive a perfectly private test he would never doubt the truth of the manifestations again. I left him therefore to conduct the investigations entirely by himself, I acted only as the medium between him and the influence. As soon as the table moved, he put his question direct, without asking who was there to answer it.

"Where is my chasuble?"

Now a priest's chasuble, *I* should have said, must be either hanging in the sacristy or packed away at home, or been sent away to be altered or mended. But the answer was different from all my speculations.

"At the bottom of the Red Sea."

The priest started, but continued:

"Who put it there?"

"Elias Dodo."

"What was his object in doing so?"

"He found the parcel a burden, and did not expect any reward for delivering it."

The Abbe really looked as if he had encountered the devil. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and put one more question.

"Of what was my chasuble made?"

"You sister's wedding dress."

The priest then explained to me that his sister had made him a chasuble out of her wedding dress—one of the forms of returning thanks to the church, but that after awhile it became old fashioned, and the bishop going his rounds, ordered him to get another. He did not like to throw away his sister's gift, so he sent the old chasuble to a priest in India, where they were very poor, and not so particular as to fashion. He confided the package to a man called Elias Dodo, a sufficiently singular name, but neither he nor the priest he sent it to had ever heard anything more of the chasuble or the young man who had promised to deliver it.

A young artist of the name of Courtney was a visitor at my house. He asked me to sit with him alone, when the table began wrapping out a number of consonants—a farrago of nonsense, it appeared to me, and I stopped and said so. But Mr. Courtney, who appeared much interested, begged me to proceed. When the communication was finished he said to me, "This is the most wonderful thing I have ever heard. My father has been at the table talking to me in Welsh. He has told me our family motto, and all about my birth-place and relations in Wales." I said, "I never heard you were a Welshman." "Yes, I am," he replied, "my real name is Powell. I have only adopted the name of Courtney for professional purposes."

This was news to me, but had it not been, *I cannot speak Welsh.*

I could multiply such cases by the dozen, but that I fear to tire my readers, added to which the majority of them were of so strictly private a nature that it would be impossible to put them into print. This is perhaps the greatest drawback that one encounters in trying to prove the truth of Spiritualism. The best tests we receive are when the very secrets of our hearts, which we have not confided to our nearest friends, are revealed to us. I could relate (had I the permission of the friends most interested), the particulars of a well-known law suit, in which the requisite evidence and names and addresses of witnesses were all given through my mediumship, and were the cause of the case being gained by the side that came to me for information. Some of the coincidences I have related in this chapter might, however, be ascribed by the skeptical to the mysterious and unknown power of brain reading, whatever it may be, and however it may come, apart from mediumship; but how one is to account for the facts I shall tell you in my next chapter.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF FLORENCE COOK.

In writing of my own mediumship, or the mediumship of any other person, I wish it particularly to be understood that I do not intend my narrative to be, by any means, an account of all seances held under that control (for were I to include everything that I have seen and heard during my researches into Spiritualism, this volume would swell to unconscionable dimensions), but only of certain events which I believe to be remarkable, and not enjoyed by every one in like measure. Most people have read of the ordinary phenomena that take place at such meetings. My readers, therefore, will find no description here of marvels which —whether true or false—can be accounted for upon natural grounds.

Miss Florence Cook, now Mrs. Elgie Corner, is one of the media who have been most talked of and written about. Mr. Alfred Crookes took an immense interest in her, and published a long account of his investigation of Spiritualism under her mediumship. Mr. Henry Dunphy, of the *Morning Post,* wrote a series of papers for *London Society* (of which magazine I was then the editor), describing her powers, and the proof she gave of them. The first time I ever met Florence Cook was in his private house, when my little daughter appeared through her (vide "The Story of My Spirit Child.") On that occasion, as we were sitting at supper after the seance—a party of perhaps thirty people—the whole dinner table, with everything upon it, rose bodily in the air to a level with our knees, and the dishes and glasses swayed about in a perilous manner, without, however, coming to any permanent harm. I was so much astonished at, and interested by, what I saw that evening, that I became most anxious to make the personal acquaintance of Miss Cook. She was the medium for the celebrated spirit, "Katie King," of whom so much has been believed and disbelieved, and the seances she gave at her parents' house in Hackney for the purpose of seeing this figure alone used to be crowded by the cleverest and most scientific men of the day, Sergeants Cox and Ballantyne, Mr. S. C. Hall, Mr. Alfred Crookes, and many others, being on terms of the greatest intimacy with her. Mr. William Harrison, of the *Spiritualist,* was the one to procure me an introduction to the family and an entrance to the seances, for which I shall always feel grateful to him.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, let me begin by telling *who* "Katie King" was supposed to be. Her account of herself was that her name was "Annie Owens Morgan;" that she was the daughter of Sir Henry Morgan, a famous buccaneer who lived about the time of the Commonwealth, and suffered death upon the high seas, being, in fact, a pirate; that she herself was about twelve years old when Charles the First was beheaded; that she married and had two little children; that she committed more crimes than we would like to hear of, having murdered men with her own hands, but yet died quite young, at about two or three and twenty. To all questions concerning the reason of her reappearance on earth, she returned but one answer, that it was part of the work given her to do to convince the world of the truth of Spiritualism. This was the information I received from her own lips. She had appeared to the Cook's some years before

I saw her, and had become so much one of the family as to walk about the house at all times without alarming the inmates. She often materialized and got into bed with her medium at night, much to Florrie's annoyance; and after Miss Cook's marriage to Captain Corner, he told me himself that he used to feel at first as if he had married two women, and was not quite sure which was his wife of the two.

The order of these seances was always the same. Miss Cook retired to a back room, divided from the audience by a thin damask curtain, and presently the form of "Katie King" would appear dressed in white, and walk out amongst the sitters in gaslight, and talk like one of themselves. Florence Cook (as I mentioned before), is a very small, slight brunette, with dark eyes and dark curly hair, and a delicate aquiline nose. Sometimes "Katie" resembled her exactly; at others, she was totally different. Sometimes, too, she measured the same height as her medium; at others, she was much taller. I have a large photograph of "Katie," taken under lime-light. In it she appears as the double of Florrie Cook, yet Florrie was looking on whilst the picture was taken. I have sat for her several times with Mr. Crookes, and seen the tests applied which are mentioned in his book on the subject. I have seen Florrie's dark curls *nailed down to the floor,* outside the curtain, in view of the audience, whilst "Katie" walked about and talked with us. I have seen Florrie placed on the scale of a weighing machine constructed by Mr. Crookes for the purpose, behind the curtain, whilst the balance remained in sight. I have seen under these circumstances that the medium weighed eight stone in a normal condition, and that as soon as the materialized form was fully developed, the balance ran up to four stone. Moreover, I have seen both Florrie and "Katie" together on several occasions, so I can have no doubt on the subject that they were two separate creatures. Still, I can quite understand how difficult it must have been for strangers to compare the strong likeness that existed between the medium and the spirit, without suspecting that they were one and the same person. One evening "Katie" walked out and perched herself upon my knee. I could feel she was a much plumper and heavier woman than Miss Cook, but she wonderfully resembled her in features, and

I told her so. " Katie " did not seem to consider it a compliment. She shrugged her shoulders, made a grimace, and said, " I know I am; I can't help it, but I was much prettier than that in earth life. You shall see, some day—you shall see." After she had finally retired that evening, she put her head out at the curtain again and said, with the strong lisp she always had, " I want Mrs. Ross-Church," I rose and went to her, when she pulled me inside the curtain, when I found it was so thin that the gas shining through it from the outer room made everything in the inner quite visible. " Katie " pulled my dress impatiently and said, " Sit down on the ground," which I did. She then seated herself in my lap, saying, " And now, dear, we'll have a good confab, like women do on earth." Florence Cook, meanwhile, was lying on a mattress on the ground, close to us, wrapped in a deep trance. " Katie " seemed very anxious I should ascertain beyond doubt that it was Florrie. " Touch her," she said, " take her hand, pull her curls. Do you see that it is Florrie lying there? " When I assured her I was quite satisfied there was no doubt of it, the spirit said, " Then look round this way, and see what I was like in earth life." I turned to the form in my arms, and what was my amazement to see a woman fair as the day, with large gray or blue eyes, a white skin, and a profusion of golden red hair. " Katie " enjoyed my surprise, and asked me " Ain't I prettier than Florrie now? " she then rose and procured a pair of scissors from the table, and cut off a lock of her own hair and a lock of the medium's, and gave them to me. I have them to this day. One is almost black, soft and silky; the other a coarse golden red. After she had made me this present, " Katie " said, " Go back now, but don't tell the others to-night, or they'll all want to see me." On another warm evening she sat on my lap amongst the audience, and I felt perspiration on her arm. This surprised me; and I asked her, if, for the time being, she had the nerves, veins and secretions of a human being; if blood ran through her body, and she had a heart and lungs. Her answer was, " I have everything that Florrie has." On that occasion also she called me after her into the back room, and dropping her white robe, stood perfectly naked before me. " Now," she said, " you can see that I am a woman." Which indeed she was, and a most beautifully made woman too; and I examined her well, whilst Miss Cook lay beside us on the floor. Instead of dismissing me this time, "Katie" told me to sit down by the medium, and, having brought me a candle and matches, said I was to strike a light as soon as she gave three knocks, as Florrie would be hysterical on awakening, and need my assistance. She then knelt down and kissed me, and I saw she was still naked. "Where is your dress, Katie?" I asked. "Oh, that's gone," she said, "I've sent it on before me." As she spoke thus, kneeling beside me, she rapped three times on the floor. I struck the match almost simultaneously with the signal; but as it flared up, "Katie King" was gone like a flash of lightning and Miss Cook, as she had predicted, awoke with a burst of frightened tears, and had to be soothed into tranquility again. On another occasion "Katie King" was asked at the beginning of the seance, by one of the company, to say *why* she could not appear in the light of more than one gas burner. The question seemed to irritate her, and she replied, "I have told you all, several times before, that I can't stay under a searching light. I don't know *why;* but I can't, and if you want to prove the truth of what I say, turn up all the gas and see what will happen to me. Only remember, if you do there will be no seance to-night, because I shan't be able to come back again, and you must take your choice."

Upon this assertion it was put to the vote if the trial should be made or not, and all present (Mr. S. C. Hall was one of the party), decided we would prefer to witness the effect of a full glare upon the materialized form than to have the usual sitting, as it would settle the vexed question of the necessity of gloom (if not darkness) for a materializing seance forever. We accordingly told "Katie" of our choice, and she consented to stand the test, though she said afterwards we had put her to much pain. She took up her station against the drawing-room wall, with her arms extended as if she were crucified. Then three gas-burners were turned on their full extent in a room about sixteen feet square. The effect on "Katie King" was marvellous. She looked like herself for the space of a second only, then she began gradually to melt away. I can compare the dematerialization of her form to nothing but a wax doll melting before a hot fire. First, the features became blurred and indistinct; they seemed to run into each other. The eyes sunk in the sockets, the nose disappeared, the frontal bone fell in. Next the limbs appeared to give way under her and she sank lower and lower on the carpet like a crumbling edifice. At last there was nothing but her head left above the ground—then a heap of white drapery only, which disappeared with a whisk, as if a hand had pulled it after her—and we were left staring by the light of three gas-burners at the spot on which "Katie King" had stood.

She was always attired in white drapery, but it varied in quality. Sometimes it looked like long cloth; at others it looked like mull muslin or jaconet; oftenest it was a species of thick cotton net. The sitters were much given to asking "Katie" for a piece of her dress to keep as a souvenir of their visit; and when they received it would seal it up carefully in an envelope and convey it home, and were much surprised on examining their treasure to find it had totally disappeared.

"Katie" used to say that nothing material about her could be made to last without taking away some of the medium's vitality, and weakening her in consequence. One evening, when she was cutting off pieces of her dress rather lavishly, I remarked, that it would require a great deal of mending. She answered, "I'll show you how we mend dresses in the Spirit World." She then doubled up the front breadth of her garment a dozen times, and cut two or three round holes in it. I am sure when she let it fall again there must have been thirty or forty holes, and "Katie" said, "Isn't that a nice cullender?" She then commenced, while we stood close to her, to shake her skirt gently about, and in a minute it was as perfect as before, without a hole to be seen. When we expressed our astonishment, she told me to take the scissors and cut off her hair. She had a profusion of ringlets falling to her waist that night. I obeyed religiously, hacking the hair wherever I could, whilst she kept on saying, "Cut more! Cut more! not for yourself, you know, because you can't take it away."

So I cut off curl after curl, and as fast as they fell to the ground, *the hair grew again upon her head.* When I had finished, "Katie" asked me to examine her hair, to see if I could detect any place where I had used the scissors, and I did so without any effect. Neither was the severed hair to be found. It had vanished out of sight. "Katie" was photographed many times, by lime-light, by Mr. Alfred Crookes, but her portraits are all too much like her medium to be of any value in establishing her claim to a separate identity. She had always stated she should not appear on this earth after the month of May, 1874; and accordingly on the 21st she assembled her friends to say "Good-bye" to them, and I was one of the number. "Katie" had asked Miss Cook to provide her with a large basket of flowers and ribbons, and she sat on the floor and made up a bouquet for each of her friends to keep in remembrance of her.

Mine, which consisted of lilies of the valley and pink geranium, looks almost as fresh to-day, nearly seventeen years after, as it did when she gave it to me. It was accompanied by the following words, which "Katie" wrote on a sheet of paper in my presence:

"From Annie Owen de Morgan (alias "Katie") to her friend Florence Marryat Ross-Church. With love. *Pensez a moi.*

"May 21, 1874."

The farewell scene was as pathetic as if we had been parting with a dear companion by death. "Katie" herself did not seem to know how to go. She returned again and again to have a last look, especially at Mr. Alfred Crookes, who was as much attached to her as she was to him. Her prediction has been fulfilled, and from that day Florence Cook never saw her again nor heard anything about her. Her place was shortly filled by another influence, who called herself "Marie" and who danced and sung in a truly professional style, and certainly as Miss Cook never either danced or sung. I should not have mentioned the appearance of this spirit, whom I only saw once or twice, excepting for the following reason: On one occasion Miss Cook (then Mrs. Corner), was giving a public seance at the rooms of the National British Association of Spiritualism, at which a certain Sir George Sitwell, a very young man, was present, and at which he declared that the medium cheated, and that the spirit "Marie" was herself dressed up to deceive the audience. Letters appeared in the newspapers about it, and the whole press came down upon Spiritualists, and declared them all to be either knaves or fools. These notices were published on the morning of a day on which Miss Cook was engaged to give another public seance, at which I was present. She was naturally very much cut up about them. Her reputation was at stake; her honor had been called into question, and being a proud girl, she resented it bitterly. Her present audience was chiefly composed of friends; but, before commencing, she put it to us whether, whilst under such a stigma, she had better not sit at all. We, who had all tested her and believed in her, were unanimous in repudiating the vile charges brought against her, and in begging the seance should proceed. Florrie refused, however, to sit unless someone sat in the cabinet with her, and she chose me for the purpose. I was therefore tied to her securely with a stout rope, and we remained thus fastened together for the whole evening. Under which conditions "Marie" appeared, and sung and danced outside the cabinet, just as she had done to Sir George Sitwell, whilst her medium remained tied to me. So much for men who decide a matter before they have sifted it to the bottom. Mrs. Elgie Corner has long since given up mediumship either private or public, and lives deep down in the heart of Wales, where the babble and scandal of the city affect her no longer. But she told me, only last year, that she would not pass through the suffering she had endured on account of Spiritualism for all the good this world could give her.

THE DOCTOR.

I wonder if it has struck any of my readers as strange that during all these manifestations in England and America I had never seen the form, nor heard the voice of my late father, Captain Marryat. Surely if these various media lived by trickery and falsehood, and wished successfully to deceive me, *some* of them would have thought of trying to represent a man so well known, and whose appearance was so familiar. Other celebrated men and women have come back and been recognized from their portraits only, but, though I have sat at numbers of seances given for me alone, and at which I have been the principal person, my father has never reappeared at any. Especially, if these manifestations are all fraud, might this have been expected in America. Captain Marryat's name is still "a household word" amongst the Americans, and his works largely read and appreciated, and wherever I appeared amongst them I was cordially welcomed on that account. When once I had acknowledged my identity and my views on Spiritualism, every medium in Boston and New York had ample time to get up an imitation of my father for my benefit, had they desired to do so. But never has he appeared to me; never have I been told that he was present. Twice only in the whole course of my experience have I received the slightest sign from him, and on those occasions he sent me a message—once through Mr. Fletcher (as I have related) and once through his grandson and my son, Frank Marryat. This time he told me he should never appear to me and I need never expect him. But since the American media knew nothing of this strictly private communication, and I had seen before I parted with them, *seventeen* of my friends and relations, none of whom (except "Florence," "Powles," and "Emily") I had ever seen in England, it is at the least strange, considering his popularity (and granted their chicanery), that Captain Marryat was not amongst them.

As soon as I became known at the Berry's seances, several people introduced themselves to me, and amongst others Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, the sister of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher. She was delighted to find me so interested in Spiritualism, and anxious I should sit with a friend of hers, a great medium whose name became so rubbed out in my pencil notes, that I am not sure if it was Dr. Carter, or Carteret, and therefore I shall speak of him here simply as "the doctor." The doctor was bound to start for Washington the following afternoon, so Mrs. Hooker asked me to breakfast with her the next morning, by which time she would have found out if he could spare us an hour before he set out on his journey. When I arrived at her house I heard that he had very obligingly offered to give me a complimentary seance at eleven o'clock, so, as soon as we had finished breakfast, we set out for his abode. I found the doctor was quite a young man, and professed himself perfectly ignorant on the subject of Spiritualism. He said to me, " I don't know and I don't profess to know *what* or *who* it is that appears to my sitters whilst I am asleep. I know nothing of what goes on except from hearsay. I don't know whether the forms that appear are spirits, or transformations, or materializations. You must judge of that for yourself. There is one peculiarity in my seances. They take place in utter darkness. When the apparitions (or whatever you choose to call them), appear, they must bring their own lights or you won't see them, I have no conductor to my seances. If whatever comes can't announce itself it must remain unknown. But I think you will find that, as a rule, they can shift for themselves. This is my seance room."

As he spoke he led us into an unfurnished bedroom, I say bedroom, because it was provided with the dressing closet fitted with pegs usual to all bedrooms in America. This closet the doctor used as his cabinet. The door was left open, and there was no curtain hung before it. The darkness he sat in rendered that unnecessary. The bedroom was darkened by two frames, covered with black American cloth, which fitted into the windows. The doctor having locked the bedroom door delivered the key to me. He then requested us to go and sit for a few minutes in the cabinet to throw our influence about it. As we did so we naturally examined it. It was only a large cupboard. It had no window and no door, except that which led into the room, and no furniture except a cane-bottomed chair. When we returned to the seance room, the doctor saw us comfortably established on two armchairs before he put up the two black frames to exclude the light. The room was then pitch dark, and the doctor had to grope his way to his cabinet. Mrs. Hooker and I sat for some minutes in silent expectation. Then we heard the voice of a negress, singing " darkey " songs, and my friend told me it was that of " Rosa," the doctor's control. Presently " Rosa " was heard to be expostulating with, or encouraging some one, and faint lights, like sparks from a fire could be seen floating about the open door of the cabinet. Then the lights seemed to congregate together, and cluster about a tall form, dressed in some misty material, standing just outside the cabinet. "Can't you tell us who you are?" asked Mrs. Hooker. "You must tell your name, you know," interposed "Rosa," whereupon a low voice said, "I am Janet E. Powles."

Now this was an extraordinary coincidence. I had seen Mrs. Powles, the mother of my friend "John Powles," only once, when she travelled from Liverpool to London to meet me on my return from India, and hear all the particulars of her son's death. But she continued to correspond with me, and show me kindness till the day of her own death, and as she had a daughter of the same name, she always signed herself "Janet *E.* Powles." Even had I expected to see the old lady and published the fact in the Boston papers, that initial *E* would have settled the question of her identity in my mind.

"Mrs. Powles!" I exclaimed, "how good of you to come and see me." "Johnny has helped me to come," she replied. "He is so happy at having met you again. He has been longing for it for so many years, and I have come to thank you for making him happy." (Here was another coincidence. "John Powles" was never called anything but "Powles" by my husband and myself. But his mother had retained the childish name of "Johnny," and I could remember how it used to vex him when she used it in her letters to him. He would say to me, "If she would only call me 'John' or 'Jack,' or anything but 'Johnny.'") I replied, "I may not leave my seat to go to you. Will you not come to me?" For the doctor had requested us not to leave our seats, but to insist on the spirits approaching us. "Mrs. Powles" said, "I cannot come out further into the room to-day. I am too weak. But you shall see me." The lights then appeared to travel about her face and dress till they became stationary, and she was completely revealed to view under the semblance of her earthly likeness. She smiled and said, "We were all at the Opera House on Thursday night, and rejoiced at your success. 'Johnny' was so proud of you. Many of your friends were there beside ourselves."

I then saw that, unlike the spirits at Miss Berry's, the form of "Mrs. Powles" was draped in a kind of filmy white, *over* a dark dress. All the spirits that appeared with the doctor were so clothed, and I wondered if the filmy substance had anything to do with the lights, which looked like electricity. An incident which occurred further on seemed to confirm my idea. When "Mrs. Powles" had gone, which we guessed by the extinguishing of the light, the handsome face and form of "Harry Montagu" appeared. I had known him well in England, before he took his fatal journey to America, and could never be mistaken in his sweet smile and fascinating manner. He did not come further than the door, either, but he was standing within twelve or fourteen feet of us for all that. He only said, "Good luck to you. We can't lose interest in the old profession, you know, any more than in the old people." "I wish you'd come and help me, Harry," I answered. "Oh, I do!" he said brightly; "several of us do. We are all links of the same chain. Half the inspiration in the world comes from those who have gone before. But I must go! I'm getting crowded out. Here's Ada waiting to see you. Good-bye!" And as his light went out, the sweet face of Adelaide Neilson appeared in his stead. She said, "You wept when you heard of my death; and yet you never knew me. How was that?" "Did I weep?" I answered, half forgetting; "if so, it must have been because I thought it so sad that a woman so young, and beautiful, and gifted as you were should leave the world so soon." "Oh, no! not sad," she answered, brightly; "glorious! glorious! I would not be back again for worlds." "Have you ever seen your grave?" I asked her. She shook her head. "What are graves to us? Only cupboards, where you keep our cast-off clothes." "You don't ask me what the world says about you now," I said to her. "And I don't care," she answered. "Don't *you* forget me! Good-bye!"

She was succeeded by a spirit who called herself "Charlotte Cushman," and who spoke to me kindly about my professional life. Mrs. Hooker told me that, to the best of her knowledge, none of these three spirits had ever appeared under the doctor's mediumship before. But now came out "Florence," dancing into the room—*literally dancing,* holding out in both hands the skirt of a dress, which looked as if it were made of the finest muslin or lace, and up and down which fire-flys were darting with marvellous rapidity. She looked as if clothed in electricity, and infinitely well pleased with herself. "Look!" she exclaimed, "look at my dress! Isn't it lovely? Look at the fire! The more I shake it, the more fire comes! Oh, mother! if you could only have a dress like this for the stage, what a *sensation* you would make!" And she shook her skirts about, till the fire seemed to set a light to every part of her drapery, and she looked as if she were in flames. I observed, "I never knew you to take so much interest in your dress before, darling." "Oh, it isn't the dress," she replied; "it's the *fire!*" And she really appeared as charmed with the novel experience as a child with a new toy.

As she left us, a dark figure advanced into the room, and ejaculated, "Ma! ma!" I recognized at once the peculiar intonation and mode of address of my stepson, Francis Lean, with whom, since he had announced his own death to me, I had had no communication, except through trance mediumship. "Is that you, my poor boy?" I said, "come closer to me. You are not afraid of me, are you?" "O no, Ma! of course not, only I was at the Opera House, you know, with the others, and that piece you recited, Ma—you know the one—it's all true, Ma—and I don't want you to go back to England. Stay here, Ma—stay here!" I knew perfectly well to what the lad alluded, but I would not enter upon it before a stranger. So I only said, "You forget my children, Francis—what would they say if I never went home again?" This seemed to puzzle him, but after a while he answered, "Then go to *them,* Ma; go to *them.*" All this time he had been talking in the dark, and I only knew him by the sound of his voice. I said, "Are you not going to show yourself to me, Francis? It is such a long time since we met." "Never since you saw me at the docks. That was *me,* Ma, and at Brighton, too, only you didn't half believe it till you heard I was gone." "Tell me the truth of the accident, Francis," I asked him. "Was there foul play?" "No," he replied, "but we got quarrelling about *her* you know, and fighting, and that's how the boat upset. It was *my* fault, Ma, as much as anybody else's."

"How was it your body was never found?" "It got dragged down in an undercurrent, Ma. It was out at Cape Horn before they offered a reward for it." Then he began to light up, and as soon as the figure was illuminated I saw the boy was dressed in "jumpers" and "jersey" of dark woolen material, such as they wear in the merchant service in hot climates, but over it all—his head and shoulders included—was wound a quantity of flimsy white material I have before mentioned. "I can't bear this stuff. It makes me look like a girl," said Francis, and with his hands he tore it off. Simultaneously the illumination ceased, and he was gone. I called him by name several times, but no sound came out of the darkness. It seemed as though the veiling which he disliked preserved his materialization, and that, with its protection removed, he had dissolved again.

When another dark figure came out of the cabinet, and approaching me, knelt at my feet, I supposed it to be "Francis" come back again, and laying my hand on the bent head, I asked, "Is this you again, dear?" A strange voice answered, with the words, "Forgive! forgive!" "*Forgive!*" I repeated, "what have I to forgive?" "The attempt to murder your husband in 1856. Arthur Yelverton Brooking has forgiven. He is here with me now. Will you forgive, *too?*" "Certainly," I replied, "I have forgiven long ago. You expiated your sin upon the gallows. You could do no more."

The figure sprung into a standing position, and lit up from head to foot, when I saw the two men standing together. Arthur Yelverton Brooking and the Madras sepoy who had murdered him. I never saw anything more brilliant than the appearance of the sepoy. He was dressed completely in white, in the native costume, with a white puggree or turban on his head. But his puggree was flashing with jewels—strings of them were hung round his neck—and his sash held a magnificent jewelled dagger. You must please to remember that I was not alone, but that this sight was beheld by Mrs. Hooker as well as myself (to whom it was as unexpected as to her), and that I know she would testify to it to-day. And now to explain the reason of these unlooked-for apparitions.

In 1856, my husband, then Lieutenant Ross-Church, was Adjutant of the 12th Madras Native Infantry, and Arthur Yelverton Brooking, who had for some time done duty with the 12th, was adjutant of another native corps, both of which were stationed at Madrass. Lieutenant Church was not a favorite with his men, by whom he was considered a martinet, and one day when there had been a review on the island at Madras, and the two adjutants were riding home together, a sepoy of the 12th fired at Lieutenant Church's back with intent to kill him, but unfortunately the bullet struck Lieutenant Brooking instead, who, after lingering for twelve hours, died, leaving a young wife and a baby behind him. For this offence the sepoy was tried and hung, and on his trial the whole truth of course came out. This, then, was the reason that the spirits of the murderer and the murdered came like friends, because the injury had never been really intended for Brooking.

When I said that I had forgiven, the sepoy became (as I have told) a blaze of light, and then knelt again and kissed the hem of my dress. As he knelt there, he became covered or heaped over with a mass of that same filmy drapery that enveloped "Francis," and when he arose again he was standing in a cloud. He gathered an end of it, and laying it on my head he wound me and himself round and round with it, until we were bound up in a kind of cocoon. Mrs. Hooker, who watched the whole proceeding, told me afterwards that she had never seen anything like it before—she could distinctly see the dark face and the white face close together all the time beneath the drapery, and that I was as brightly illuminated as the spirit. Of this I was not aware myself, but *his* brightness almost dazzled me.

Let me observe also that I have been in the East Indies, and within a few yards' length of sepoys, and that I am sure I could never have been wrapt in the same cloth with a mortal one without having been painfully aware of it in more ways than one. The spirit did not *unwind* me again, although the winding process had taken him some time. He whisked off the wrapping with one pull and I stood alone once more. I asked him by what name I should call him, and he said, "Spirit of Light." He then expressed a wish to magnetize something I wore, so as to be the better able to approach me. I gave him a brooch containing "John Powles'" hair, which his mother had given me after his death, and he carried it back into the cabinet with him. It was a valuable brooch of onyx and pearls, and I was hoping my eastern friend would not carry it too far, when I found it had been replaced and fastened at my throat without my being aware of the circumstance. "Arthur Yelverton Brooking" had disappeared before this, and neither of them came back again. These were not all the spirits that came under the doctor's mediumship during that seance, but only those whom I had known and recognized. Several of Mrs. Hooker's friends appeared and some of the doctor's controls, but as I have said before, they could not help my narrative, and so I omit to describe them. The seance lasted altogether two hours, and I was very grateful to the doctor for giving me the opportunity to study an entirely new phase of the science to me.

CHAPTER IX.

A RECORD OF AUTHENTIC APPARITIONS.

(From the Christmas number of the *Review of Reviews.* Collated and edited by W. T. Stead.)

> "I merely mean to say what Johnson said,
> That, in the course of some six thousand years,
> All nations have believed that from the dead
> A visitant at intervals appears.
>
> And what is strangest upon this strange head
> Is, that whatever bar the reason rears
> 'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still
> In its behalf, let those deny who will."
>
> BYRON.

ROYAL.

"Henry the Fourth, of France, told d'Aubigne (see d'Aubigne "Histoire Universelle") that in presence of himself, the Archbishop of Lyons and three ladies of the court, the Queen (Margaret of Valois) saw the apparition of a certain cardinal afterwards found to have died at that moment. Also he (Henry the Fourth) was warned of his approaching end not long before he was murdered by Ravaillac, by meeting an apparition in a thicket in Fontainebleau. ("Sully's Memoirs.")

Abel the Fratricide, King of Denmark, was buried in unconsecrated ground, and still haunts the wood of Poole, near the city of Sleswig.

Valdemar the Fourth haunts Gurre Wood near Elsinore.

Charles the Eleventh, of Sweden, accompanied by his chamberlain and state physician, witnessed the trial of the assassin of Gustavus the Third, which occurred nearly a century later.

James the Fourth, of Scotland, after vespers in the chapel of Linlithgow, was warned by an apparition against his intended expedition into England. He, however, proceeded, and was warned again at Jedburgh, but persisting, fell at Flodden Field.

Charles the First, of England, when resting at Daventree on the eve of the battle of Naseby, was twice visited by the apparition of Strafford, warning him not to meet the Parliamentary Army, then quartered at Northampton. Being persuaded by Prince Rupert to disregard the warning, the King set off to march northward, but was surprised on the route and a disastrous defeat followed.

Orleans, Duke of, brother of Louis Fourteenth, called his eldest son (afterwards regent) by his second title, Duc de Chartres, in preference to the more usual one of Duc de Valois. This change is said to have been in consequence of a communication made before his birth by the apparition of his father's first wife, Henrietta of England, reported to have been poisoned.

HISTORICAL WOMEN.

Elizabeth, Queen, is said to have been warned of her death by the apparition of her own double. (So, too, Sir Robert Napier and Lady Diana Rich.)

Catherine de Medecis saw, in a vision, the battle of Jarnac, and cried out, "Do you not see the Prince of Conde dead in the hedge?" This and many similar stories are told by Margaret of Valois in her "Memoirs."

Philippa, wife of the Duke of Lorraine, when a girl in a convent, saw a vision in the battle of Pavia, then in progress, and the captivity of the king, her cousin, and called on the nuns about her to pray.

Joan of Arc was visited and directed by various saints, including the Archangel Michael, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, etc.

LORD CHANCELLORS.

Erskine, Lord, himself relates (Lady Morgan's "Book of the Boudoir," 1829, Vol. I., 123) that the spectre of his father's butler, whom he did not know to be dead, appeared to him in broad daylight, "to meet your honor," so it explained, "and to solicit your interference with my lord to recover a sum due to me which the steward at the last settlement did not pay," which proved to be a fact.

CABINET MINISTERS.

Buckingham, Duke of, was exhorted to amendment and warned of approaching assassination by an apparition of his father, Sir George Villiers, who was seen by Mr. Towers, surveyor of works at Windsor. All occurred as foretold.

Castlereagh, Lord (who succeeded Perceval Spencer as Foreign Secretary), when a young man quartered with his regiment in Ireland, saw the apparition of "The Radiant Boy," said to be an omen of good. Sir Walter Scott speaks of him as one of two persons "of sense and credibility, who both attested supernatural appearances on their own evidence."

Peel, Sir Robert, and his brother both saw Lord Byron in London in 1810, while he was in fact lying dangerously ill at Patras. During the same fever he also appeared to others, and was even seen to write down his name among the inquirers after the king's health.

EMPERORS.

Trajan, Emperor, was extricated from Antioch during an earthquake by a spectre which drove him out of a window. ("Dio Cassius," lib. lxviii).

Caracalla, Emperor, was visited by the ghost of his father, Severus.

Julian the Apostate, Emperor (1), when hesitating to accept the empire, saw a female figure, "The Genius of the Empire," who said she would remain with him, but not for long. (2.) Shortly before his death he saw his genius leave him with a dejected air. (3.) He saw a phantom prognosticating the death of the Emperor Constans. (See S. Basil.)

SOLDIERS.

Curtius Rufus (pro-consul of Africa) is reported by Pliny to have been visited, while still young and unknown, by a gigantic female, the genius of Africa, who foretold his career. (" Pliny," b. VII, letter 26.)

Julius Cæsar was marshalled across the Rubicon by a spectre which seized a trumpet from one of the soldiers and sounded an alarm.

Xerxes, after giving up the idea of carrying war into Greece, was persuaded to the expedition by the apparition of a young man, who also visited Artabanus, uncle to the king, when upon Xerxes request Artabanus assumed his robe and occupied his place. (Herodotus, VII.)

Brutus was visited by a spectre, supposed to be that of Julius Cæsar, who announced that they would meet again at Philippi, where he was defeated in battle and put an end to his own life.

Drusus, when seeking to cross the Elbe, was deterred by a female spectre who told him to turn back and meet his approaching end. He died before reaching the Rhine.

Pausanius, General of the Lacedæmonians, inadvertently caused the death of a young lady of good family, who haunted him day and night, uging him to give himself up to justice. (Plutarch in Simone.)

Dio, General of Syracuse, saw a female apparition sweeping furiously in his house to denote that his family would shortly be swept out of Syracuse, which through various accidents was shortly the case.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, saw and conversed with the apparition of Josephine, who warned him of his approaching death. The story is related by Count Montholon, to whom he told it.

Blucher, on the very day of decease, related to the King of Prussia that he had been warned by the apparition of his entire family of his approaching end.

Fox, General, went to Flanders with the Duke of York shortly before the birth of his son. Two years later he had a vision of the child—dead—and correctly described its appearance and surroundings, though the death occurred in a house unknown to him.

Garfield, General, when a child of six or seven, saw and conversed with his father, lately deceased. He also had a premonition, which proved correct, as to the date of his death—the anniversary of the battle of Chicamauga, in which he took a brave part.

Lincoln, President, had a certain premonitory dream which occurred three times in relation to important battles and the fourth on the eve of his assassination.

Coligni, Admiral, was three times warned to quit Paris before the Feast of St. Bartholomew, but disregarded the premonition and perished in the massacre. (1572.)

MEN OF LETTERS.

Petrarch saw the apparition of the bishop of his diocese at the moment of death.

Epimenides, a poet contemporary with Solon, is reported by Plutarch to have quitted his body at will and to have conversed with spirits.

Dante, Jacobo, son of the poet, was visited in a dream by his father, who conversed with him and told him where to find the missing thirteen cantos of the " Commedia."

Tasso saw and conversed with beings invisible to those about him.

Goethe saw his own double riding by his side under conditions which really occurred years later. His father, mother and grandmother were all ghost-seers.

Donne, Dr., when in Paris saw the apparition of his wife in London carrying a dead child at the very hour a dead infant was in fact born.

Byron, Lord, is said to have seen the Black Friar of Newstead on the eve of his ill-fated marriage. Also with others he saw the apparition of Shelley walk into a wood at Lerici, though they knew him at the time to be several miles away.

Shelley, while in a state of trance, saw a figure wrapped in a cloak which beckoned to him and asked, "Siete soddisfatto?"—are you satisfied?

Benvenuto Cellini, when in captivity in Rome at order of the Pope, was dissuaded from suicide by the apparition of a young man who frequently visited and encouraged him.

Mozart was visited by a mysterious person who ordered him to compose a requiem, and came frequently to inquire after its progress, but disappeared on its completion, which occurred just in time for its performance at Mozart's own funeral.

Ben Johnson, when staying at Sir Robert Cotton's house, was visited by the apparition of his eldest son with a mark of a bloody cross upon his forehead at the moment of his death by the plague. He himself told the story to Drummond of Hawthornden.

Thackeray, W. M., writes: "It is all very well for you who have probably never seen spirit manifestations to talk as you do, but had you seen what I have witnessed you would hold a different opinion."

Mrs. Browning's spirit appeared to her sister with warning of death. Robert Browning writes, Tuesday, July 21, 1863, "Arabel (Miss Barrett) told me yesterday that she had been much agitated by a dream which happened the night before—Sunday, July 19th. She saw her and asked, 'When shall I be with you?' The reply was, 'Dearest, in five years,' whereupon Arabel awoke. She knew in her dream that it was not to the living she spoke." In five years, within a month of their completion, Miss Barrett died and Browning writes, "I had forgotten the date of the dream and supposed it was only three years, and that two had still to run."

Dr. Guthrie was directed by repeated pullings at his coat to go in a certain direction, contrary to previous intentions, and was thus the means of saving the life of a parishioner.

Miller, Hugh, tells in his "Schools and Schoolmasters," of the apparition of a bloody hand, seen by himself and the servant but not by the others present. Accepted as a warning of the death of his father.

Porter, Anna Marie, when living in Esher was visited one afternoon by an old gentleman, a neighbor, who frequently came in to tea. On this occasion he left the room without speaking, and fearing that something had happened, she sent to inquire and found that he had died at the moment of his appearance.

Edgworth, Maria, was waiting with her family for an expected guest when the vacant chair was suddenly occupied by the apparition of a sailor cousin who stated that his ship had been wrecked and he alone saved. The event proved the contrary—he alone was drowned.

Marryat, Captain,—the story is told by his daughter—while staying in a country house in the north of England, saw the family ghost—an ancestress of the time of Queen Elizabeth who had poisoned her husband. He tried to shoot her but the ball passed harmlessly into the door behind, and the lady faded away, always smiling.

De Stael, Madame, was haunted by the spirit of her father, who counselled and helped her in all times of need.

L. E. L.'s ghost was seen by Dr. Madden in the room in which she died at Cape Coast Castle.

De Morgan, Professor, writes: "I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner that should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence or mistake."

Foote, Samuel, in the year 1740, while visiting at his father's house in Truro, was kept awake by sounds of sweet music. His uncle was about the same time murdered by assassins.

MEN OF SCIENCE.

Davy, Sir Humphrey, when a young man suffering from yellow fever on the Gold Coast, was comforted by visions of his guardian angel who, years after, appeared to him again, incarnate, in the person of his nurse during his last illness.

Harvey, William, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, used to relate that his life was saved by a dream. When a young man he was proceeding to Padua, when he was detained —with no reason alleged—by the Governor at Dover. The ship was wrecked and all on board lost, and it was then explained that the Governor had received orders, in a dream, to prevent a person to whose description Harvey answered from going on board that night.

Farquhar, Sir Walter, physician (made a baronet in 1796), visited a patient at Pomeroy Castle. While waiting alone a lady appeared to him exhibiting agony and remorse (who proved to be the family ghost) prognosticating the death of the patient which followed.

Clark, Sir James, wife of, while living in their house in Brook Street, saw the apparition of her son, Dr. J. Clark, then in India, carrying a dead baby wrapped in an Indian shawl. Shortly afterwards he did, in fact, send home a body of a dead child for interment which had died at the hour noted. To fill up the coffin it was wrapped up in an Indian scarf.

Herbert of Cherbury, Lord, one of the first to systematize deism, when in doubt whether he should publish his "De Veritate," as advised by Grotius, prayed for a sign and heard sounds "like nothing on earth, which did so comfort and cheer me that I took my petition as granted."

Bacon, Francis, was warned in a dream of his father's approaching end which occurred in a few days.

THEOLOGIANS.

Luther, Martin, was visited by an apparition, one, according to Melancthon, who announced his coming by knocking at the door.

Melancthon says that the apparition of a venerable person came to him in his study and told him to warn his friend Grynæus to escape at once from the danger of the Inquisition, a warning which saved his life.

Zwingli was visited by an apparition "with a perversion of a text of Scripture."

Oberlin, Pastor, was visited almost daily by his deceased wife, who conversed with him and was visible not only to himself but to all about him.

Newman, Cardinal, relates in a letter, January 3, 1833, that when in quarantine in Malta he and his companions heard footsteps not to be accounted for by human agency.

Wilberforce, Bishop, experienced remarkable premonitions, and phenomena even more startling are attributed to him.

SAINTS.

The stories of visions, apparitions, etc., which are told in connection with the saints are far too numerous to quote. The following, however, may be referred to as of special interest:

1. (Phantasms of the Living.) St. Ignatius Loyola, Gennadius (the friend of St. Augustine), St. Augustine himself, twice over (he tells the story himself, Serm. 233), St. Benedict, and St. Meletius all appeared during life in places distant from their actual bodily whereabouts.

2. (Phantasms of the Dead.) St. Anselm saw the slain body of William Rufus, St. Basil that of Julian the Apostate, St. Benedict the ascent to heaven of the soul of St. Germanus, Bishop of Capua—all at the moment of death. St. Augustine and St. Edmund, Archbishops of Canterbury, are said to have conversed with spirits. St. Ambrose and St. Martin of Tours received information of relics from the original owners of the remains.

3. (Premonitions). St. Cyprian and St. Columba each foretold the date and manner of his own death, as revealed in visions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Harcourt, Countess, when Lady Nuneham, mentioned one morning having had an agitating dream, but was met with ridicule. Later in the day Lord Harcourt, her husband's father, was missing. She exclaimed, "Look in the well," and fainted away. He was found there with a dog which he had been trying to save.

Aksakoff, Madame, wife of Chancellor Aksakoff, on the night of May 12, 1855, saw the apparition of her brother who died at that time. The story is one very elaborate as to detail.

Rich, Lady Diana, was warned of her death by a vision of her own double in the avenue of Holland House.

Breadalbane, Lady, May, her sister (both daughters of Lord Holland), was also warned in vision of her death.

The daughter of Sir Charles Lee. This story related by the Bishop of Gloucester, 1662, is very well known. On the eve of her intended marriage with Sir. W. Perkins she was visited by her mother's spirit announcing her approaching death at twelve o'clock the next day. She occupied the intervening time with suitable preparations and died calmly at the hour foretold.

Beresford, Lady, wife of Sir Tristam, before her marriage in 1687 made a secret engagement with Lord Tyrone that which ever should die first should appear to the other. He fulfilled his promise on October 15, 1693, and warned her of her death on her forty-eighth birthday. All was kept secret, but after the fated day had past she married a second time and appeared to enter on a new lease of life. Two years later, when celebrating her birthday, she accidentally discovered that she was two years younger than she had supposed, and expired before night. The story is one of the best known, and most interesting in ghost-lore.

Fanshawe, Lady, when visiting in Ireland, heard the banshee of the family with whom she was visiting, one of whom did in fact die during the night. She also relates (in her " Memoirs," p. 28) that her mother once lay as dead for two days and a night. On her return to life she informed those about her that she had asked of two apparitions, dressed in long white garments, for leave, like Hezekiah, to live for fifteen years to see her daughter grow up and that it was granted. She died in fifteen years from that time.

Maidstone, Lady, saw a fly of fire as premonitory of the deaths, first of her husband, who died in a sea fight with the Dutch, May 28, 1672, and second, of her mother-in-law, Lady Winchilsea.

Chedworth, Lord, was visited by a friend and fellow skeptic, saying he had died that night and realized the existence of another world. While relating the vision the news arrived of his friend's death.

Rambouillet, Marquis of, had just the same experience. A fellow unbeliever, his cousin, the Marquis de Precy, visited him in Paris, saying that he had been killed in battle in Flanders, and predicting his cousin's death in action, which shortly occurred in the battle of the Faubourg St. Antoine. (Quoted by Calmet from "Causes Celebres," xi, 370.)

Lyttleton, Lord (third), died November 27, 1799, was warned of his death three days earlier and exhorted to repentance. The story, very widely quoted, first appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine," Vol. LXXXV, 597. He also himself appeared to Mr. Andrews, at Dartford Mills, who was expecting a visit from him at the time.

Middleton, Lord, was taken prisoner by the Roundheads after the battle of Worcester. While in prison he was comforted by the apparition of the laird Bocconi, whom he had known while trying to make a party for the king in Scotland, and who assured him of his escape in two days, which occurred.

Balcarres, Lord, when confined in Edinburgh Castle on suspicion of Jacobitism, was visited by the apparition of Viscount Dundee—shot at that moment at Killiecrankie.

Holland, Lord (the first), who was taken prisoner at the battle of St. Neot's in 1624, is said still to haunt Holland House, dressed in the cap and clothes in which he was executed.

Shelburne, Lord, eldest son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, is said, in Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's "Memoirs," to have had when five years old, a premonitory vision of his own funeral, with full details as to stoppages, etc. Dr. Priestly was sent for and treated the child for slight fever. When about to visit his patient (whom he expected to find recovered) a few days later, he met the child running bareheaded in the snow. When he approached to rebuke him, the figure disappeared, and he found that the boy had died at that moment. The funeral was arranged by the father, then at a distance, exactly in accordance with the premonition.

Chesterfield, Earl of (second), in 1652, saw, on walking, a spectre with long white robes and black face. Accepting it as an intimation of some illness of his wife, then visiting her father at Networth, he set off early to inquire, and met a servant with a letter from Lady Chesterfield describing the same apparition.

Swift, Edmund Lenthal, keeper of the crown jewels from 1814, himself relates (in "Notes and Queries," 1860, p. 192), the appearance in Anne Boleyn's chamber in the Tower, of "a cylindrical figure like a glass tube, hovering between the table and the ceiling," visible to himself and his wife, but not to others present.

The preceding incidents simply record a prevision of places subsequently visited. The following are instances in which not only places but occurrences were seen as in a camera, by persons at a distance varying from a hundred and fifty to several thousand miles. Space seems to have no existence for the clairvoyant. They are quoted from the published "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society."

On September 9, 1848, at the siege of Mooltan, Major-General R——, C.B., then adjutant of his regiment, was most severely and dangerously wounded, and supposing himself to be dying, asked one of the officers with him to take the ring off his finger and send it to his wife, who at the time was fully one hundred and fifty miles distant, at Ferozepore.

"On the night of September 9, 1848," writes his wife, "I was lying on my bed between sleeping and waking, when I distinctly saw my husband being carried off the field, seriously wounded, and heard his voice saying, 'Take the ring off my finger and send it to my wife.' All the next day I could not get the sight nor the voice out of my mind. In due time I heard of General R—— having been seriously wounded in the assault of Mooltan. He survived, however, and is still living. It was not for some time after the siege that I heard from General L——, the officer who helped to carry General R—— off the field, that the request as to the ring was actually made to him, just as I heard it at Ferozepore at that very time." (Vol. I., p. 30.)

A ROYAL DEATH-BED IN FRANCE SEEN IN SCOTLAND.

The above case is remarkable because the voice was transmitted as well as the spectacle. In the next story the ear heard nothing but the scene itself was very remarkable. A correspondent of the Psychical Research Society writes:

I was staying with my mother's cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Broughton, wife of Mr. Edward Broughton, Edinburgh, and daughter of the late Colonel Blanckley, in the year 1844, and she told me the following strange story:

She awoke one night and arosed her husband, telling him that something dreadful had happened in France. He begged her to go to sleep again and not to trouble him. She assured him she was not asleep when she saw what she insisted on then telling him—what she saw in fact. First, a carriage accident, which she did not actually see, but what she saw was the result, a broken carriage, a crowd collected, a figure gently raised and carried into the nearest house, then a figure lying on a bed which she then recognized as the Duke of Orleans. Gradually friends collecting around the bed—among them several members of the French royal family—the Queen, then the King, all silently, tearfully, watching the evidently dying duke. One man (she could see his back but did not know who he was) was a doctor. He stood bending over the duke, feeling his pulse, his watch in the other hand. Then all passed away and she saw no more. As soon as it was daylight she wrote down in her journal all that she had seen. From that journal she read this to me. It was before the days of electric telegraph, and two or more days passed before the *Times* announced "The Death of the Duke of Orleans." Visiting Paris a short time afterward she saw and recognized the place of the accident and received the explanation of her impression. The doctor who attended the dying duke was an old friend of hers, and as he watched by the bed his mind had been constantly occupied with her and her family. (Vol. XI, p. 160.)

The doctor's sympathy may have been the key to the secret camera of Nature, but it in no wise "explains" how a lady in Edinburgh could see what went on inside a house in Paris so clearly as to know what had happened two days before the intelligence reached the *Times*.

A CAPABLE "PSYCHOMETRIST."

While engaged in writing these chapters my attention was called to a young lady, Miss Catherine Ross, of 41 High Street, Smethwick, Birmingham, who being left with an invalid sister to provide for, and without other available profession or industry, bethought herself of a curious gift of reading character with which she seems to have been born, and subsequently succeeded in earning a more or less precarious income by writing out character at the modest fee of five shillings. You sent her any article you pleased that had been in contact with the subject, and she sent you in return a written analysis of the subject's character. I sent her various articles from one person at different times, not telling her they were from the same person. At one time a tuft of hair from his beard, at another time a fragment of nail and a third time a scrap of handwriting. Each delineation of character differed in some point from the other two, but all agreed and they were all remarkably correct. When she sent the last she added, "I don't know how it is, but I feel I have described this person before." I have tried her since then with locks of hair from persons of the most varied disposition, and have found her wonderfully correct.

All these things are very wonderful, but the cumulative value of the evidence is too great for any one to pooh-pooh it as antecedently impossible. The chances against it being a mere coincidence are many millions to one. Strange though these may be, they are less strange than the cases in which the clairvoyant sees the past as if it were the present, and those other rarer cases in which the future also is unfolded to the gaze.

THE BIRKBECK DOUBLE.

One of the best authenticated cases of this kind is what is known as the Birkbeck Ghost. It is told as follows in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research":

In 1789 Mrs. Birkbeck, wife of William Birkbeck, banker, of Settle, and a member of the Society of France, was taken ill and died at Cockermouth while returning from a journey to Scotland, which she had undertaken alone—her husband and three children, aged seven, five and four years respectively, remaining in Settle. The friends at whose house the death occurred made notes of every circumstance attending Mrs. Birkbeck's last hours, so that the accuracy of the several statements as to time as well as place was beyond the doubtfulness of man's memory, or of any even unconscious attempt to bring them into agreement with each other. One morning between seven and eight o'clock the relation to whom the care of the children had been entrusted, and who kept a minute journal of all that concerned them, went into their bedroom as usual and found them all sitting up in bed in great excitement and delight. "Mamma has been here," they cried, and the little one said, "She called 'Come, Esther!'" Nothing could make them doubt the fact, and it was carefully noted down to entertain the mother when she came home. That same morning as their mother lay on her dying bed at Cockermouth, she said, "I should be ready to go if I could but see my children." She then closed her eyes, to reopen them, as they thought, no more. But after ten minutes of perfect stillness, she looked up brightly and said, "I am ready now; I have been with my children," and then at once peacefully passed away. When the notes taken at the two places were compared, the day, hour and minutes were the same. (Vol. I, p. 122.)

A PARALLEL TO THE BIRKBECK DOUBLE.

In Dr. Lees' "Glimpses of the Supernatural," there is a similar instance which differs only from that of the Birkbeck Ghost in being more recent and the distance between the mother and the children greater, for she was dying in Egypt when she appeared to the children in England. The story is as follows:

A lady and her husband who held a position of some distinction in India were returning home (A.D. 1854) after an absence of four years to join a family of young children when the former was seized in Egypt with an illness of most alarming character; and though carefully attended by an English physician and nursed with the greatest care, grew so weak that little or no hope of her recovery existed. With that true kindness which is sometimes withheld around a dying bed, she was properly and painfully informed of her dangerous state and bidden to prepare for the worst. Of a devout, pious and reverential mind, she is reported to have made a careful preparation for the latter end, though no clergyman was at hand to administer the last sacrament or to afford spiritual consolation. The only point which seemed to disturb her mind after the delirium of fever had passed away was a deep-seated desire to see her absent children once more, which she frequently expressed to those attending upon her. Day after day, for more than a week, she gave utterance to her longings and prayers, remarking that she would die happily if only this one wish could be gratified. On the morning of the day of her departure hence, she fell into a long and heavy sleep, from which her attendants found it difficult to arouse her. During the whole period of it she lay perfectly tranquil. Soon after noon, however, she awoke, exclaiming, " I have seen them all, I have seen them. God be praised for Jesus Christ's sake ! " and then slept again. Towards evening in perfect peace and with many devout exclamations, she calmly yielded up her spirit to God who gave it. Her body was brought to England and buried in the family burying-ground. The most remarkable part of this incident remains to be told. The children of the dying lady were being educated in Torquay under the supervision of a friend of the family. At the very time that their mother was asleep they were confined to the house where they were by a severe storm of thunder and lightning. Two apartments on one floor, perfectly distinct, were then occupied by them as play and recreation rooms. All were thus gathered together. No one of the children was absent. They were amusing themselves with books of chance, games and toys in company of the nursemaid who had never seen their parents. All of a sudden their mother, as she usually appeared, entered the larger room of the two, pausing, looked for some minutes at each and smiled, passed into the next room and then vanished away. Three of the elder children recognized her at once, but were greatly impressed and disturbed at her appearance, silence and manner.

The younger and the nursemaid, each and all, saw a lady in white come into the smaller room then slowly glide by and fade away.

The date of this occurrence, September 10, 1854, was carefully noted, and it was afterwards found that the two events above recorded happened almost contemporaneously. A record of the event was committed to paper and transcribed on the fly-leaf of the family Bible, from which the above account was taken and given to the editor of this book in the autumn of the year 1871 by a relation of the lady in question, who is well acquainted with her spectral appearance at Torquay, and has vouched for the truth of it in the most distinct and formal manner. The husband, who was reported to have been of a somewhat skeptical habit of mind, was deeply impressed by the occurrence, and though it is seldom referred to now, it is known to have had a very lasting and religious effect on more than one person who was permitted directly to witness it. ("Glimpses of the Supernatural," pp. 64-66.)

FROM ELSINORE TO DURHAM.

The number of apparitions of sailors is very remarkable. Here is one taken from Mr. Kendal's diary, told by Mr. Alderman Fowler, of Durham. Mr. Fowler, who is one of the patriarchs of the north of England, tells the story as follows:

I was assistant at a shop in Durham, near my present place of business, when a singular circumstance happened to me which seemed to imply that the spirits of the departed have, at least at the time of their departure, the power to manifest themselves to survivors. I have a brother whom I familiarly called Mat, who was a sailor, and had gone on a voyage to the Baltic. One Saturday afternoon I was attending to a customer, reckoning up an amount to be paid after serving the articles, when I happened to look toward the window and saw my brother Mat outside. Our eyes met; I smiled and nodded to him and said, "I will be with you presently," or something of that sort. I told my master that my brother Mat had come and was standing outside. I was immediately released from my engagement with the customer and told that I might go to my brother and also bring him to sleep with me in the shop. When I went out into the street, expecting to see my brother Mat, he was nowhere to be seen. I spent all the evening seeking for him at places where he might have called, but without success. I was so disturbed at this that I went off home to Shiney Row next morning to see if they knew aught; but he had not been there, nor had they heard any news of him. But this was the astounding coincidence which I learned afterwards: Mat died in the hospital at Elsinore about the time when I saw him standing in the street in Durham. The date was October 21, 1837.

Alderman Fowler, who is still living, has been five times Mayor of Durham. His son, named from the sailor of the vision, has been Mayor this year (1891).

A story of very much the same character, describing the vision of a lieutenant at the moment of death, is sent me by a journalist at Bournemouth, but the circumstances are not such as call for narration at length.

A GHOST IN A BALL-ROOM.

Here are some other stories from the Psychical Research Society. One was that in which a ghost appeared in a ball-room and was seen by four persons at one time. The lady was expecting her partner at the ball, was waiting indeed for his coming.

Presently as she was standing and talking to three of these gentlemen, Mr. D. A., Mr. R. P., and another, they all saw Mr. W. come into the room, look calmly, steadily at her and pass into the dining-room. She thought it strange that he did not come to speak to her, and alluded to it to the other gentlemen, saying she thought Mr. W. was really the rudest man she ever saw, and laughing followed him into the dining-room. There, however, he was not. The other gentleman had seen him as well as she, and I believe her mother also. The time was a quarter to ten. The whole affair piqued and vexed her a good deal. The next morning her father came hastily into the room and asked her if she had not seen Mr. W. the night before. She said "yes," and that he had acted very oddly in only just appearing for a moment and not even speaking to her. Her father told her that on that very morning his body had been found in the river. His watch had stopped at a quarter to ten, which was the hour at which he had been seen in the ball-room. The rose Miss H. gave him was still in his buttonhole.

THE LATEST RECORDED APPARITION.

The latest ghost in our collection appeared on September 30, 1891. The writer, who sends me his name and address, requests me not to publish it, inasmuch as he objects to be pestered to death by inquiries, and if it were known that he had seen a ghost in his present home, he would be left without any servants. The story is as follows:

I am a "Popish" priest stationed in a country district, lead a very quiet life, and am free from excitements of any kind. I enjoy excellent health and, am thankful to say, possess a sound mind in a sound body. I am by no means superstitious, and my friends describe me as an unimpressionable man. On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 30th of September, 1891, I visited one of my sick people, a man who had been suffering from a chest disease for many years. I heard his confession and chatted with him for some time, left the house, promising to bring him Holy Communion the following morning. I walked briskly home, a distance of two miles, or thereabouts, calling at one house on the way. I reached my cottage before dusk, and while my servant was preparing my tea I amused myself by glancing over the paper which had arrived by the afternoon post. While I was folding over the sheet I happened to look across the room. I was simply astounded at what I saw. It seemed as if the opposite wall had disappeared. I distinctly saw poor John's (the sick man I had visited that afternoon) bed. There was the man himself, so it seemed to me, sitting up in the bed and looking straight at me. I saw him as distinctly as I now see this paper upon which

I write. I was greatly astonished, but by no means frightened. I sat staring at the apparition for some five seconds, and then it gradually disappeared in much the same fashion as a "dissolving view," the wall again coming back to sight as the other picture faded away. At first I thought that it had no objective reality but was purely subjective. But then John and his illness were not at all in my mind. I was thinking about what I was reading. I had often visited this particular man, seen many sick people, and had been present at the death of several; besides, I did not think that John was, as yet, near death.

The next morning as I was entering the church to say mass I saw John's wife in the porch, crying. "Oh, father!" she cried out, "my heart is broke, O father! John, my dear one, died last night and so sudden. You hadn't gone an hour scarce. He (John) sits up in his bed and he says, 'Is the father gone, Moll?' 'Why,' says I, 'didn't you say good-bye to he, Jack?' 'Ah, yes,' says he, 'but I wants he. I'm bad, Moll. I'm a dyin', he's to say mass for me, mind that,' and with your name on his lips, father, he fell back—dead." I ascertained that it was heart disease.

I did not mention what I saw to the woman, nor have I mentioned it to a single soul except to yourself. If it got known that I had seen a "spirit" in my house it would be all over with my comfort. My housekeeper would pack off, and I should be left to make my own bed, scrub my own house down and cook my own food. You must, therefore, accept my statement for what it is worth in your own estimation. I can only give you my bare word that it is quite true, that I have no wish to deceive, and that, as a priest of God's true Church, I should not so far forget my mission as to propagate a falsehood.

AN IRISH OUTRAGE SEEN IN A DREAM.

One of the best stories of clairvoyance as a means of throwing light on crime is thus told by a correspondent of the Psychical Research Society:

One morning in December, 1836, he had the following dream, or, he would prefer to call it, *revelation.* He found himself suddenly at the gate of Major N. M.'s avenue, many miles from his home. Close to him was a group of persons, one of whom was a woman with a basket on her arm, the rest men, four of whom were tenants of his own, while the others were unknown to him. Some of the strangers seemed to be murderously assaulting H. W., one of his tenants, and he interfered. I struck violently at the man on my left, and then with greater violence at the man's face on my right. Finding to my surprise that I had not knocked down either, I struck again and again with all the violence of a man frenzied at the sight of my poor friend's murder. To my great amazement I saw my arms, although visible to my eye, were without substance, and the bodies of the men I struck at and my own came close together after each blow through the shadowy arms I struck with. My blows were delivered with more extreme violence than I ever think I exerted, but I became painfully convinced of my incompetency. I have no consciousness of what happened after this feeling of unsubstantiality came upon me. Next morning A. experienced the stiffness and soreness of violent bodily exercise, and was informed by his wife that in the course of the night he had much alarmed her by striking out again and again with his arms in a terrific manner, "as if fighting for his life." He in turn informed her of his dream, and begged her to remember the names of those actors in it who were known to him. On the morning of the following day (Wednesday) A. received a letter from his agent, who resided in the town close to the scene of the dream, informing him that his tenant had been found on Tuesday morning at Major N. M.'s gate, speechless and apparently dying from a fracture of the skull, and that there was no trace of the murderers. That night A. started for the town and arrived there Thursday morning. On his way to a meeting of magistrates he met the senior magistrate of that part of the country, and requested him to give orders for three men whom, besides H. W., he had recognized in his dream, and to have them examined separately. This was at once done. The three men gave identical accounts of the occurrence, and all named the woman who was with them. She was then arrested and gave precisely similar testimony. They said that between eleven and twelve on the Monday night they had been walking homewards altogether along the road when they were overtaken by three strangers, two of whom savagely assaulted H. W., while the other prevented his friends from interfering. H. W. did not die, but was never the same man afterward; he subsequently emigrated. (Vol. I, pp. 142.)

The advantage which would accrue from the universal establishment of this instantaneous vision would not be unmixed. That it is occasionally very useful is obvious.

A CLAIRVOYANT VISION OF A MURDER.

The most remarkable experiment in clairvoyant detection that I have ever come across is told by Dr. Blackman, of Kalmar, in a recent number of the "Psychical Research Society's Proceedings." It is as follows:

In the month of October, 1888, the neighborhood of Kalmar was shocked by a horrible murder committed in the parish of Wissefjerda, which was about fifty kilometres from Kalmar as the crow flies. What happened was that a farmer named P. J. Gustafsson had been killed by a shot when driving, having been forced to stop by stones having been placed on the road. The murder had been committed in the evening and a certain tramp was suspected, because Gustafsson in his capacity of under bailiff had arrested him, and he had then undergone several years' penal servitude.

This was all that I or the public knew about the case on November 1st of the same year. The place where the murder was committed and the persons implicated in it were quite unknown to me and the clairvoyant.

On the same day, November 1st, having some reason to believe that such a trial would be at least partially successful, I experimented with a clairvoyant, Miss Agda Olsen, to try if it was possible to get some information in this way about such an event.

The judge of the neighborhood, who had promised to be present, was unfortunately prevented from coming. The clairvoyant was hypnotized in my wife's presence and was then ordered to look for the place where the murder had been committed and see the whole scene, follow the murderer in his flight, and describe him and his home and the motives for the murder. Miss Olsen then spoke as follows, in great agitation, sometimes using violent gestures. I took note of her exact words and reproduce them here fully:

"It is between two villages—I see a road—in a wood—now it is coming—the gun—now he is coming along, driving—the horse is afraid of the stones—hold the horse! hold the horse! now! he is killing him! he was kneeling when he fired—blood! blood! now he is running in the wood—seize him!—he is running in an opposite direction to the horse in many circuits—not on any footpaths. He wears a cap and grey clothes—light—has long coarse brown hair, which has not been cut for a long time—grey-blue eyes—treacherous looks—great dark brown beard—he is accustomed to work on the land. I believe he has cut his right hand. He has a scar or streak between his thumb and forefinger. He is suspicious and a coward.

"The murderer's home is a red wooden house, standing a little way back from the road. On the ground-floor is a room which leads into the kitchen, and from that again into the passage. There is also a larger room which does not communicate with the kitchen. The church of Wissefjerda is situated obliquely to your right when you are standing in the passage.

"His motive was enmity; he seems as if he had bought something—taken something—a paper. He went away from home at daybreak, and the murder was committed in the evening."

Miss Olsen was then awakened, and, like all my subjects, she remembered perfectly what she had been seeing, which had made a very profound impression upon her; she added several things which I did not write down.

On November 6th (Monday) I met Miss Olsen and she told me in great agitation that she had met the murderer from Wissefjerda in the street. He was accompanied by a younger person and followed by two policemen, and was walking from the police office to the jail. I at once expressed my doubts of her being right, partly because country people are generally arrested by the country police, partly because they are always taken directly to the jail. But when she had insisted upon it, and maintained that it was the person that she had seen when asleep, I went to the police office.

I inquired if any one had been arrested on suspicion of the crime in question, and a police-constable answered that such was the case, and that as they had been taken to the town on Sunday, they had been kept in the police station over night, and after that had been obliged to go on foot to jail, accompanied by two constables. The police-constable, T. A. Ljung, stated that Dr. Blackman described quite accurately the appearance of the house, its furniture, how the rooms were situated, where the suspected man lived, and gave a very correct account of Niklas Jonnasson's personal appearance. The doctor also asked me if I had observed that Jonnasson had a scar on his right hand. I had not then observed it, but since then I have really ascertained that it is so, and Jonnasson says he got it from an abscess.

The trial was a long one and showed that Gustafsson had agreed to buy from Jonnasson, but in his own name, the latter's farm, which was sold by auction on account of Jonnasson's debts. This is what is called a thief's bargain. Gustafsson bought the farm, but kept it for himself. The statements of the accused man were very vague; the father had prepared an alibi with much care, but it failed on account for just the length of time that was provably enough to commit the murder in. The son tried to prove an alibi by means of two witnesses, but these confessed that they had given false evidence, which he had bribed them to do when they were in prison with him on account of another matter.

But though the evidence against the defendants was very strong it was not considered that there was sufficient legal evidence, and there being no jury in Sweden, they were left to the verdict of posterity (pp. 213-216).

MAJOR POOLE'S GHOST REPORTS HIS DEATH.

The most remarkable of all those which are recorded by the Psychical Research Society is that which tells how Major Poole, who was killed in the battle of Lang's Neck in the Transvaal, reported his own death in London to his friend, Colonel H., many hours before the telegraphic despatches brought news that the battle had been fought. The story is so complete in itself and so remarkable in every respect that I quote the whole of the evidence as it stands in the Report of the Society. Colonel H. writes:

February 13, 1886.

I am not a believer in ghosts, spirit manifestations, or esoteric Buddhism. It has been my lot—a lot sought by myself over and over again, and never falling to me by chance—to sleep in well-known or rather well-believed-to-be haunted rooms. I have endeavored to encounter ghosts, spirits of beings (if you like) from another world, but like other good things that one seeks for in life, without success. When I least expected it, however, I experienced a visitation so remarkable in its phenomena, so realistic in its nature, so supported by actual facts, that I was constrained at the request of my friend to put my experience into writing.

The narrator then described how, nearly twenty-three years before, he had formed a friendship with two brother subalterns, J. P. and J. S., and how his intercourse with J. P. had been continued at intervals up to the time of the Transvaal War, when J. P. was ordered out upon the staff. J. S. was already upon the scene of action. Both had now attained major's rank, the narrator himself had left the service some years previously.

In the morning that J. P. was leaving London to embark for the Cape he invited the narrator to breakfast with him at the club, and they finally parted at the club door.

"Good-bye, old fellow," I said, "we shall meet again, I hope."

"Yes," he said, "we shall meet again."

I can see him now as he stood smart and erect, with his bright black eyes looking intently into mine. A wave of his hand as the hansom whirled off and he was gone.

The Transvaal War was at its height. One night after reading in the library of the club I had gone to my rooms late. It must have been nearly one o'clock when I turned into bed. I had slept perhaps some three hours or more when I woke with a start. The grey dawn was stealing in through the windows and the light fell sharply and distinctly on the military chest of drawers that stood in the further end of the room, and which I had carried about with me everywhere during my service. Standing by my bed, between me and my chest of drawers, I saw a figure which in spite of the unwonted dress—unwonted, at least, to me—and of a full black beard, I at once recognized as that of my old brother officer. He had on the usual kharki coat worn by officers on active service in eastern climates, a brown leather strap, which might have been the strap of his field service glass, crossed his breast. A brown leather girdle with sword attached to his left side, and his revolver case on the right, passed round his waist. On his head he wore the ordinary white pith helmet of the service. I noted all these particulars in the moment that I started from sleep, and sat up in bed looking at him. His face was pale, but his black, bright eyes shone as keenly as when, a year and a half before, they had looked at me as he stood with one foot on the hansom bidding me adieu.

Fully impressed for the brief moment that we were stationed together at C—— in Ireland or somewhere, and thinking that I was in my barrack-room, I said, "Hello, P.! Am I late for parade?"

P. looked at me and replied, "I'm shot."

"Shot!" I exclaimed, "Good God! How and where?"

"Through the lungs," replied P., and as he spoke his right hand moved slowly up the breast until the fingers rested upon the right lung.

"What were you doing?" I asked.

"The General sent me forward," he answered, and the right hand left the breast to move slowly to the front, pointing over my head to the window, and at the same moment the figure melted away. I rubbed my eyes to make sure that I was not dreaming and sprang out of bed. It was then 4.10 P.M. by the clock on my mantelpiece.

I felt sure that my old friend was no more, and what I had seen was only his apparition. But yet how account for the voice, the ready and distinct answers? That I had seen a spirit, certainly something that was not flesh and blood, and that I had conversed with it, were alike indisputable facts. But how to reconcile these apparent possibilities? The thought disquieted me, and I longed for the hour when the club would open and I could get a chance of learning from the papers any news from the seat of war in the Transvaal. The hours passed feverishly. I was first at the club that morning, and snatched greedily at the first newspaper. No news of the war whatever.

I passed the day in a more or less unquiet mood, and talked over the whole circumstance with an old brother officer, Colonel W. He was as fully impressed with the apparition as I was. The following morning I was again a solitary member at the club, and seized with avidity the first paper that came to my hand. This time my anxiety was painfully set at rest, for my eyes fell at once on the brief lines that told of the battle of Lang's Neck, and on the list of killed, foremost among them all being poor J. P. I noted the time that the battle was fought, calculated it with the hour at which I had seen the figure and found that it almost coincided. From this simple fact I could only surmise that the figure had appeared to me in London almost at the moment that the fatal bullet had done its work in the Transvaal.

Two questions now arose to my mind. First, as to proof that poor P. happened to wear that particular uniform at the time of his death and whether he wore a beard—which I myself had never seen him wear. Second, whether he had met his death in the manner indicated, viz., by a bullet through his right lung. The first facts I established beyond dispute about six months afterwards, through an officer who had been at the battle of Lang's Neck and had been invalided home. He confirmed every detail. The second fact was confirmed by no less a person than J. S., more than a year after the occurrence, he having also left the Cape, the war being over. On asking J. S. how poor P., our brother officer, was shot, he replied, "Just here," and his fingers travelled up his breast just as the fingers of the figure had done until they rested over the very spot, over the right lung.

I have set down the foregoing without any attempt at embellishment, exactly as everything occurred.

We find from the *London Gazette* that the battle in which Major P. was killed began (according to General Elley's despatch) at 9.30 A.M. on January 28, 1881. Major P. was probably killed between 11 A.M. and 12 M., which would be between nine and ten in London, the difference of time being a little over two hours. I drew Colonel's H.'s attention to this point, and the impossibility that the dawn should be beginning at 4.10 A.M. at that time of year, and he sent the following reply:

February 20, 1886.

It may have been 7.10 and not 4.10. The impression now, writing after some years interval, is that it was 4.10 A.M., but I may be wrong.

All I know is that I calculated the time at the time, with the hour at which the battle was fought, and it was to all practical purposes the same time.

It was a winter morning and the blinds were down over the window. The morning light at 7 A.M. in a winter month coming through the blinds would not be much stronger than the morning light at 4 A.M. in a summer month, under the same circumstances. Hence I may have been mistaken in the hour, or the clock might have stopped unknown to me at 4.10 A.M. that day, or even the day before.

The first account of the battle of Lang's Neck appeared in the *Times*, *Telegraph*, and *Daily News* of Saturday, January 29, 1881, "No list of casualties." The first announcement of Major Poole's death was in a telegraphic despatch from the Transvaal, dated January 28th, and received by the Secretary of State for War in London on the 29th. "Killed: Major Poole, Royal Artillery," and it appeared in the *Observer* of Sunday, January 30th, and in the three above mentioned papers on the 31st (Monday).

The precise date of this vision is now irrecoverable; but Mr. Gurney, who discussed the matter with Colonel H., concludes that the apparition probably occurred after the death, and certainly occurred before the death was announced in England. (Vol. V, pp. 412-415.)

A GHOST IN THE SUNLIGHT.

Mr. Archer's vision was that of an unmistakably dead man, and so is the following, which I quote from the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society." The story is told by the Rev. Gerard Louis, of St. Paul's Vicarage, Margate. He says:

It was a hot and bright afternoon in summer, and as if it were only yesterday I remember perfectly well walking down the broad bright street in the bright afternoon. I had to pass the house of P. I remarked, indeed, that all his window blinds were drawn carefully down, as if to screen his furniture, of which his wife was inordinately proud, from the despoiling rays of the afternoon sun. I smiled inwardly at the thought. I then left the road and stepped upon the side pavement, and looked over the area rails and into the court below. A young man dressed in dark clothes and without a hat, and apparently about twenty, was standing at the steps. On the instant, from his likeness to my friend P., I seemed to recognize his son. We both stood and looked very hard at each other. Suddenly, however, he advanced to that part of the area which was immediately below where I was standing, fixed on me a wide, dilated, winkless sort of stare, and halted. The desire to speak was evidently legible on his face, though nothing audible escaped his lips. But his eyes spoke—spoke as it were, in silent language, in which reproach and pain seemed to be equally intermingled. At first I was startled; and then I became angry. "Why," I said to myself, "does he look at me in that manner?" At last annoyance prevailed over surprise; I turned away with the half-muttered thought, "He certainly knows me by sight as a friend of his father, and yet he has not the civility to salute me. I will call on the first opportunity and ask his reason for such behavior." I then pursued my way and thought no more of what had occurred.

On Wednesday it was my turn to officiate at the local cemetery and, to my surprise, I had to bury Mr. P.'s son. I lost no time in calling upon Mr. P. and his wife. I found the latter at home, and what she had to say only made me more uncomfortable still. James Henry P. died terribly in earnest, wishing in vain to the last that I would come, on the Thursday before the Sunday on which I had seen him. He had died too in the front room on a level with the area into which its window opened. He had also lain there until the Wednesday following, awaiting burial. His corpse, then, was lying in that very room on the very Sunday, and at the very moment, too, that I had seen his living likeness, as it were in the area outside (pp. 93, 94, 95).

This ghost in the sunlight ought to have been photographed.

TWO DOUBLES SUMMON A PRIEST TO THEIR DEATH-BEDS.

The next narrative should rather have come under the head of premonitions, but as the premonition in this case was accompanied by an apparition, I include it in the present chapter. It is, in its way, even more remarkable than the story of my schoolfellow. It is more recent, it is prophetic, and the apparitions of two living men appeared together to predict the day of their death. The narrative rests on the excellent authority of the Rev. Father Fleming, the hard-working Catholic priest of Slindon, in Sussex. I heard of it from one of his parishioners who is a friend of mine, and on applying to Father Fleming, he was kind enough to write out the following account of his strange experience, for the truth of every word of which he is prepared to vouch. In all the wide range of spectral literature I know no story that is quite like this:

I was spending my usual vacation in Dublin, in the year 1868, I may add very pleasantly, since I was staying at the house of an old friend of my father's, and whilst there was treated with the attention which is claimed by an honored guest, and with as much kindness and heartiness as if I were a member of his family. I was perfectly comfortable and perfectly at home. As to my professional engagements, I was free for the whole time of my holiday, and could not in any manner admit to a scruple or doubt as to the manner in which my work was done in my absence, for a fully qualified and earnest clergyman was supplying for me. Perhaps this preamble was necessary to show that my mind was at rest, and that nothing in the ordinary course of events would have called me so suddenly and abruptly to the scene of my labors at Woolwich. I had a week of my unexpired leave of absence yet to run when what I am about to relate occurred to me. No comment or explanation is offered. It is simply a narrative.

I had retired to rest at night, my mind perfectly at rest, and slept, as young men do in robust health, until about four o'clock in the morning. It appeared to me about that hour that I was conscious of a knock at the door. Thinking it to be the man-servant who was accustomed to call me in the morning, I at once said, "Come in!" To my surprise there appeared at the foot of the bed two figures, one a man of medium height, fair and well fleshed, and the other tall, dark and spare, both dressed as artisans belonging to Woolwich Arsenal. On asking them what they wanted, the shorter man replied, "My name is C——s. I belong to Woolwich. I died on —— of ——, and you must attend me."

Probably the novelty of the situation and feelings attendant upon it prevented me from noticing that he used the past tense. The reply which I received from the other man was alike in form, "My name is M——ll. I belong to Woolwich. I died on —— of ——, and you must attend me." I then remarked that the past tense had been used and cried out, "Stop! you said 'died,' and the day you mentioned has not come yet!" at which they both smiled and added, "We know this very well; it was done to fix your attention, but" and they seemed to say very earnestly and in a marked manner—"you must attend us!" at which they disappeared, leaving me awe-stricken, surprised and thoroughly aroused from sleep. Whether what I narrate was seen during sleep, or when wholly awake I do not pretend to say. It appeared to me that I was perfectly awake and perfectly conscious. Of this I had no doubt at the time, and I can scarcely summon up a doubt as to what I heard and saw while I am telling it. As I had lighted my lamp, I arose, dressed, and seating myself at a table in the room, read and thought, and I need hardly say, from time to time prayed, and fervently, until day came. When I was called in the morning I sent a message to the lady of the house to say that I should not go to the University Chapel to say Mass this morning, and should be present at the usual family breakfast at nine.

On entering the dining-room my hostess very kindly inquired after my health, naturally surmising that I had omitted Mass from illness, or at least want of rest and consequent indisposition. I merely answered that I had not slept well, and that there was something weighing heavily upon my mind which obliged me to return at once to Woolwich. After the usual regrets and leave-takings, I started by the midday boat for England. As the first date mentioned by my visitors gave me time, I travelled by easy stages, and spent more than two days on the road, although I could not remain in Dublin after I had what appeared to me then, and appears to me still, a solemn warning.

On my arrival at Woolwich, as may be easily imagined, my brother clergy were very much puzzled at my sudden and unlooked-for return and concluded that I had lost my reckoning, thinking that I had to resume my duties a week earlier than I was expected to do. The other assistant priest was waiting for my return to start on his vacation—and he did so the very evening of my arrival. Scarcely, however, had he left the town when the first of my visitors sent in a request for me to go at once to attend him. You may, perhaps, imagine my feelings at that moment. I am sure that you cannot realize them as I do even now after the lapse of so many years. I lost no time. I had, in truth, been prepared, except hat and umbrella, from the first hour after my return. I went to consult the books in which all the sick calls are entered and to speak to our aged, respected sacristan who kept them. He remarked at once, "You do not know this man, father; his children come to our school, but he is, or has always been, considered as a Protestant." Expressing my surprise, less at the fact than at his statement, I hurried to the bedside of the sufferer. After the first few words of introduction were over he said, "I sent for you, father, on Friday morning early and they told me that you were away from home, but that you were expected back in a few days, and I said I would wait." I found the sick man had been stricken down by inflammation of the lungs, and that the doctor gave no hope of his recovery, yet that he would probably linger some days. I applied myself very earnestly indeed to prepare the poor man for death. Again the next day, and every day until he departed this life, did I visit him and spent not minutes but hours by his bedside.

A few days after the first summons came the second. The man had previously been a stranger to me but I recognized him by his name and appearance. As I sat by his bedside he told me, as the former had already done, that he had sent for me, had been told that I was absent, and had declared that he would wait for me. Thus far their cases were alike. In each case there was a great wrong to be undone, a conscience to be set right that had erred and erred deeply—and not merely that, it is probable, from the circumstances of their lives, that it was necessary that their spiritual adviser should have been solemnly warned. They made their peace with God, and I have seldom assisted at a deathbed and felt greater consolation than I did at each and both of these. Even now, after the lapse of many years, I cannot help feeling that I received a very solemn warning in Dublin, and am not far wrong in calling it the Shadow of Death.

T. O. Fleming.

A MANCHESTER PARALLEL.

The following narrative, supplied by Mr. R. P. Roberts, 10 Exchange Street, Manchester, appears in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society." It is a fitting pendant to Mr. Kidd's story:

The shop stood at the corner of Castle Street and Rating Row, Beaumaris, and I lived in the latter street. One day I went home to dinner at the usual hour. When I had partly finished I looked at the clock. To my astonishment it appeared that the time by the clock was 12.30. I gave an unusual start. I certainly thought that it was most extraordinary. I had only half finished my dinner, and it was time for me to be at the shop. I felt dubious, so in a few seconds had another look, when to my agreeable surprise I found that I had been mistaken. It was only just turned 12.15. I could never explain how it was that I made the mistake. The error gave me such a shock for a few minutes as if something had happened, and I had to make an effort to shake off the sensation. I finished my dinner and returned to business at 12.30. On entering the shop I was accosted by Mrs. Owen, my employer's wife, who used to assist in the business. She asked me rather sternly where I had been since my return from dinner. I replied that I had come straight from dinner. A long discussion followed, which brought out the following facts. About a quarter of an hour previous to my actually entering the shop (*i.e.*, about 12.15), I was seen by Mr. and Mrs. Owen and a well-known customer, Mrs. Jones, to walk into the shop, go behind the counter and place my hat upon the peg. As I was going behind the counter Mrs. Owen remarked, with the intention that I should hear, "that I had arrived now that I was not wanted." This remark was prompted by the fact that a few minutes previous a customer was in the shop in want of an article which belonged to the stock under my charge, and which could not be found in my absence. As soon as the customer left I was seen to enter the shop. It was observed by Mr. and Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Jones that I did not appear to notice the remark made. In fact I looked quite absent-minded and vague. Immediately after putting my hat on the peg I returned to the same spot, put on my hat again and walked out of the shop, still looking in a mysterious manner, which incensed one of the parties, I think Mrs. Owen, to say that my behavior was very odd, and she wondered where I was off to. I, of course, contradicted these statements, and endeavored to prove that I could not have eaten my dinner and returned in a quarter of an hour. This, however, availed nothing, and during our discussion the above-mentioned Mrs. Jones, came into the shop again and was appealed to at once by Mr. and Mrs. Owen. She corroborated every word of their account and added that she saw me coming down Rating Row when within a few yards of the shop; that she was only a step or two behind me and entered the shop in time to hear Mrs. Owen's remark about my coming too late. These three persons gave their statements of the affair quite independently of each other. There was no other person near my age in the Owen's establishment, and there could be no reasonable doubt that my form had been seen by them and by Mrs. Jones. They would not believe my story until my aunt, who had dined with me, said positively that I had not left the table before my time was up. You will notice, no doubt, the coincidence. At the moment when I felt, with a startling sensation, that I ought to be at the shop, and when Mr. and Mrs. Owen were extremely anxious that I should be there, I appeared to them looking, as they said, "as if in a dream or in a state of somnambulism." (" Proceedings of the P. R. S.," Vol. I, pp. 135-136.)

SOME STORIES FROM THE SEA.

There are several stories of a similar kind recorded by the Psychical Research Society. A curious one is a narrative (sent by Engineer Dunlop, of Bangkok, Siam), of an apparition seen "when the ship was under all plain sail off the pitch of Cape Horn," when the seaman who had started aloft to bend the foretop-gallant flung his arms around the top-gallant shrouds and held on without moving till he was lowered on deck in the bight of a bowline. For as he "kept looking to the windward at the squall, suddenly in the midst of it he saw his sweetheart, dressed in white flowing robes, who came flying down towards him before the wind," and who, as it afterwards proved, had died in England at that very time.

Another seafaring story is communicated to a correspondent by Lord Charles Beresford, and by him sent to the Psychical Research Society:

It was in the spring of 1864, whilst on board H.M.S. Racoon between Gibraltar and Marseilles, that I went into my office on the main deck to get a pipe, and as I opened the door I saw my father lying in his coffin as plainly as I could. It gave me an awful jerk, and I immediately told some of the fellows who were smoking just outside in the usual place between the guns, and I also told dear old Onslow, our chaplain, a few days after we arrived at Marseilles and I heard of my father's death, and he had been buried that very day and at the time, half past twelve in the day. I may add that at the time it was a bright, sunny day, and I had not been fretting about my father, as the latest news I had of him was that, although very ill, he was better. My dear old father and I were great chums, more so than is usual between a man of seventy-two and a boy of twenty, our respective ages then.

I KNOW IT WILL COME TRUE.

A much more painful story and far more detailed is contained in the fifth volume of the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society," on the authority of C. F. Fleet, of 26 Grosvenor Road, Gainsborough. He swears to the authenticity of the facts. The detailed story is full of the fascination which attaches to the struggles of a brave man, repeatedly warned of his coming death, struggling in vain to avert the event which was to prove fatal, and ultimately perishing within the sight of those to whom he had revealed the vision. The story in brief is as follows: Mr. Fleet was third mate on the sailing ship "Persian Empire," which left Adelaide for London in 1868. One of the crew, Cleary by name, dreamed before starting that on Christmas morning as the "Persian Empire" was passing Cape Horn in a heavy gale he was ordered with the rest of his watch to secure a boat hanging in davits over the side.

He and another got into the boat when a fearful sea broke over the ship, washing them out of the boat into the sea where they were both drowned. The dream made such an impression upon him that he was reluctant to join the ship, but he overcame his scruples and sailed. On Christmas Eve when they were nearing Cape Horn, Cleary had a repetition of his dream, exact in all particulars. He uttered a terrible cry, and kept muttering, "I know it will come true." On Christmas Day, exactly as he had foreseen, Cleary and the rest of the watch were ordered to secure a boat hanging in the davits. Cleary flatly refused. He said he refused because he knew he would be drowned, that all the circumstances of his dream had come true up to that moment, and if he went into that boat he would die. He was taken below to the captain, and his refusal to discharge duty was entered in the log. Then the chief officer, Douglas, took the pen to sign his name. Cleary suddenly looked at him and exclaimed, "I will go to my duty, for now I know the other man in my dream." He told Douglas, as they were on deck, of his dream. They got into the boat and when they were all making tight a heavy sea struck the vessel with such force that the crew would have been washed overboard had they not clung to the mast. The boat was turned over and Douglas and Cleary were flung into the sea. They swam for a little time and then went down. It was just three months after he had dreamed of it before leaving Adelaide.

Here we have inexorable destiny fulfilling itself in spite of the struggles of its destined victim. It reminds me of a well-known Oriental story, which tells how a friend who was with Solomon saw the Angel of Death looking at him very intently. On learning from Solomon who the strange visitor was, he felt very uncomfortable under his gaze, and asked Solomon to transport him on his magic carpet to Damascus. No sooner said than done. Then said the Angel of Death to Solomon, "The reason why I looked so intently at your friend was because I had orders to take him at Damascus, and behold, I found him at Jerusalem. Now, therefore, that he has transported himself thither I shall be able to obey my orders."

"THE GATE THAT CLANGED."

Quite recently—in fact in June, 1891—the Rev. H. Chapman published in the *Ushaw College Magazine* a story, without giving genuine names, of an apparition which had sufficient truth about it to convert the writer to the Catholic faith. Mr. Chapman says that in telling the story persons and places are changed and details added, but the backbone of it is genuine and in other particulars. The story, briefly told, is as follows: Mr. Chapman was at school in England; he spent his holidays with his uncle, who was in the habit of receiving visits from various friends, including among others a Catholic priest, whom he called Reuben Crockford. Father Crockford had the peculiarity of clanging the garden gate. It was a tiresome gate to open and shut, and they always knew when Father Crockford came because he always gave the gate a vicious little kick with his heel after he had entered, so that it sent it with some force against the latch, making it rebound, and then closing it again with another clang. This mode of gate shutting was peculiar to Father Crockford, who always did it and was never mistaken. One time there was a discussion of the resurrection of the dead at his uncle's house. His uncle said the resurrection occurred too long a time ago, he wanted present evidence. "Now if you came back from the dead and told me that the Catholic religion is true, that would be evidence," he said. Father Crockford replied, "If I die first, and God permit me, I will come back and tell you, for I would do anything to see you converted to the faith." Three years after that conversation Mr. Chapman was again spending his holidays with his uncle. One morning his uncle came down late to breakfast and said that he had been dreaming all night that Father Crockford was coming that day. He ordered his room to be made ready and he put off dinner a quarter of an hour in order to allow him more time to arrive. Mr. Chapman was reading a book in the study when his uncle went down to the gate to meet Father Crockford. Suddenly he heard a double clang, the clang of the gate that Father Crockford alone ever gave, and the invariable precursor of his visits. Thinking his uncle's presentiment had come true, he laid down his book and looked out of the window to catch a first glimpse of his visitor. As he did so he looked at his watch, it was just ten minutes past five. He saw the good priest emerge from the bushes, he was walking rather quickly, and carried his black bag which he always brought with him. His uncle also saw him, called welcome to him, and shouted to him to stop until he came to him. He did not do so but went up to the front door and looked in at the window. Mr. Chapman nodded and smiled, but the priest took no notice of his salutation. The dog howled and fled away. Then he felt a curious cold wind at the roots of his hair, and he noticed that the priest's eyes looked somewhat as if they were gazing into eternity, and that his face was deathly pale. Again the dog gave a low howl, and the sound of a deep sigh at his ear made Mr. Chapman spring from his seat in an agony of terror. His uncle then came in and ordered the dinner bell to be rung, exclaiming in high glee, "I knew I was right. He has come." The dinner was served but the priest did not come down, the bell was rung again and as he still did not come, they sent up to his room, when to their blank amazement they found that no one was there, and the door was locked on the outside. The house was searched from cellar to garret, but he could not be found. Next morning his uncle handed Mr. Chapman a letter from the Presbytery which informed him that the Rev. Reuben Crockford had died the previous day. The letter ran as follows:

He intended to have paid you a visit yesterday, and had got as far as the railway station, when being seized with sudden failure at the heart, he fell fainting to the platform and was carried in a dying state into the waiting room. One of his brother priests was hastily summoned, who administered to him the consolation of our holy religion, and he also had the best available medical assistance. Unhappily all efforts were useless and he calmly expired at ten minutes past five, his last words being, "John, there is a life to come."

"What do you think of that?" said his uncle. "I think," said Mr. Chapman, "that the Catholic religion is true." Mr. Chapman joined the Catholic Church and is now a priest, on account of the vision of the good priest whom he describes under the *pseudonym* of the Rev. Reuben Crockford.

I have communicated with the editor of the *Ushaw College Magazine,* but he objects to publishing the names of the persons concerned, and indeed objects to further publicity. The story, however, is public property, and a very remarkable story it is.—*By permission of "Publishers' Plate Renting Co."*

CHAPTER X.

REPORT ON SPIRITUALISM OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE LONDON DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

TOGETHER WITH THE EVIDENCE, ORAL AND WRITTEN, AND A SELECTION FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE.

TUESDAY, *April* 13, 1869.

Dr. Edmonds, Chairman.

Mr. H. D. Jencken, Barrister-at-Law, read the following paper on " Spiritualism, its Phenomena, and the Laws that Regulate its Origin " :

" In dealing with the question of Spiritualism we have to combat several most difficult objections raised by those who oppose our views. Firstly, the facts are denied, and the dreadful tedious process of establishing these by instances overburdens the lecturer until both his strength and the patience of the audience become exhausted. Secondly, where the facts are even allowed, the *cui bono* is thrust forward with unhesitating urgency, and the lecturer finds himself driven upon ground quite foreign to a scientific inquiry. If the facts exist, I care little for the *cui bono;* if true as a fact, depend upon it, they have some use allowed them. I, for one, deny the antiquated theory, that whatever exists must be manifestly beneficial to us mortals, and for our special good, to warrant its continuance. The facts are present, and there I rest contented; if, however, I am asked to form an opinion, I would suggest that the study of the laws of differently constituted physical states that co-exist with this, to our senses, recognizable reality, is a vast subject for study, which study necessarily leads to the knowledge of profounder, deeper seated truths, and possibly to the more intimate recognition of our future state. I may, assuming this to be my view, urge that the study of Spiritualism has been beneficial to me individually and, I hope, may be so to my fellowmen. But I repeat, I do not take this stand, my ground is one of fact and scientific inquiry. And to these I confine myself.

"I will not this evening tax your patience with an account of the history of the progress of Spiritualism from the days of the celebrated Rochester rappings to the present hour; nor with a narrative of the spiritual teachings of the past; these you will find recorded in William Howitt's excellent work on the 'History of the Supernatural'; in De Morgan's work 'From Matter to Spirit,' or Spicer's book, entitled, 'Sights and Sounds,' the latter furnishing an account of the origin of the present movement. For those who require further information, I would recommend the works of Judge Edmonds, G. T. Dexter, Governor Talmadge, A. J. Davis, M. Hornung, late secretary of the Berlin Magnetic Association, or M. M. Dupotet, Puysegur, Deleuze, Billot, Kardec; all of which the student may consult with profit, and more especially the valuable work of Professor Hare's. Suffice it then if I tell you, that upwards of 500 works have been published by different authors upon Spiritualism and its phenomena, and that periodicals on the subject are being published in all known languages.

"I repeat, I will not deal with these historical data, but propose to confine myself to an examination of the phenomena; and having done this, will, with, I avow, great diffidence on my part, state my views. And thus premising, I will give you a statement of facts; in rendering these, I will endeavor to classify spiritual phenomena into different groups; and firstly, the purely *physical phenomena,* such as the movement and raising of ponderable bodies without visible contact, and to which class the levitations of the body of the medium belongs. These levitations you will find recorded as having occurred as far back as the year 1347 (see *Spiritual Magazine,* November, 1868)—and another instance is cited as having taken place in the year 1697. On the latter occasion, a certain Margaret Rule is described as having been raised to the ceiling of her room; and Goethe refers to the wonderful fact of levitation in his life of Phillipinari. The levitations of Mr. Home are so well known that I need not more than allude to them—upwards of one hundred levitations have taken place during his lifetime, of which perhaps the most remarkable was the carrying of his body out of one window of the third floor, at Ashley House, into an adjoining window; and the lifting of his body raised three or four feet off the ground at Adare Manor for 20 or 30 yards. As regards the lifting of heavy objects, these I can testify to myself; I have seen the semi-grand at my house raised horizontally 18 inches off the ground, and kept suspended in space two or three minutes. I have also witnessed a square table being lifted one foot off the ground, no one touching or near it at the time, a friend present seated on the carpet and watching the phenomena all the time. I have also seen a table lifted clear over head, six feet off the ground; but what may appear more remarkable, I have witnessed an accordion suspended in space for ten or twenty minutes, and played by an invisible agency. But I need not multiply the instances of the moving and carrying of bodies without visible contact, these I hold may be conceded as established facts.

"The *second* group of phenomena is that of the producing of raps, or knocks, to which no doubt the tradition of the Poltergeister owes its origin. These telegraphic signs, for such in truth they are, need no confirmation on my part; they are so common that thousands even in this town have heard them, and have further received messages spelt out by these means: The well-known alphabetical method being usually employed, I have known messages spelt out by the tilting of a semi-grand piano at my own house, accompanied by loud raps, no one at the time being in contact or within several feet of the instrument. I have heard sentences spelt out by the strings of the piano being struck by invisible agencies.

"The *third* group of phenomena includes the uttering of words, sentences, sounding of music, singing, and the producing of sounds in imitation of birds; and these sounds produced without any visible agencies being present. The most remarkable instance of this kind I ever witnessed was at Great Malvern, at the house of Dr. Gully, on which occasion I heard, as far as I could make out, three voices chanting a hymn, accompanied by music played on an accordion suspended in space, eight or nine feet off the ground.

"At the passing away of an old servant of our household, a strain of solemn music, at about four in the morning, was, by the nurse and servants, heard in the room of the dying woman; the music lasting fully twenty minutes.

" The *fourth* group of phenomena includes playing on musical instruments, the drawing of flowers, figures, and writing, by direct spiritual unseen agency. Of these facts innumerable instances are on record, and I mention the books of Mr. B. Coleman and Baron Guldenstube as valuable publications upon this phase of spiritual phenomena. Instances have since multiplied beyond number, and within the last few days, at Mr. Child's, I am informed drawings have been made by invisible agencies.

" I have thus far given an account of the more usual phenomena, and will now proceed to describe others not less interesting, but of rarer occurrence—and firstly, the *Fire Test.* I have myself witnessed the Fire Test many times. I have seen Lord Adare hold in the palm of his hand a burning live coal, which Mr. Home had placed there, so hot that the mere momentary contact with my finger caused a burn. At Mr. S. C. Hall's a large lump of burning coal was placed on his head by Mr. Home; and only within these last few days, a metal bell, heated to redness in the fire, was placed on a lady's hand without causing injury. At Mrs. Henning's house, Norwood, I have seen Mr. Home place his face into the flames of the grate, the flame points penetrating through his hair without causing injury. Respecting these truly marvellous Fire Tests, I refer to the monthly journal *Human Nature* and to the *Spiritual Magazine* (1868, November—December).

" The next class of phenomena are those extraordinary elongations of the medium's body, of which we read in the 'History of the Mystics,' but until witnessed could scarcely be credited. It has been my good fortune to witness the elongation and shortening of Mr. Home's person many times, and at Mr. S. C. Hall's about three months ago, Mr. Home and a Miss Bertolacci were simultaneously elongated. The elongation usually takes place from the hip, a span wide, and on one occasion I measured an extreme elongation of the body of fully *eight* inches. The shortening of the body is equally marvellous. I have witnessed Mr. Home shrinking down to about five feet: again, as described in *Human*

Nature, March, 1869, I have measured the expansion and contraction of the hand, arm and leg. Fortunately these expansions and contractions have been witnessed by fifty people at the very least, and are now placed beyond doubt.

"I will pass over the numerous phenomena of holding fluids in space without vessels to contain them; extracting liquids from bottles, which I have witnessed; nor will I burden you with a description of the perfuming of water, or extracting the scent from flowers, or the alcohol from spirits of wine; but will pass to the appearance of hands, arms, and spirit forms, wholly or in part developed. Fortunately within the last few months instances have repeated themselves, so that I could name a score of witnesses, within the circle of my own friends, who have seen spirit forms or appearances. As these facts go far towards establishing the truth of spiritualistic phenomena, I will, with your permission, dwell more upon these manifestations.

"*Spirit hands* are usually luminous, and appear and reappear all but instantaneously. I have once been enabled to submit a spirit hand to pressure. The temperature was, as far as I could judge, the same as that of the room, and the spirit hand felt soft, velvety; dissolving slowly under the greatest amount of pressure to which I could submit it. I have, however, been informed by friends that they have seen spirit hands break a stout piece of plank in two, and that the temperature of the hands, tested by a delicate thermometer, was usually equal to that of the room.

"*Spirit Forms.*—They usually appear with the head and bust developed and very luminous, the outline rarely well defined, and generally the form seems to float rather than to walk. These appearances, however, present very different aspects at different times. I have often urged upon my friends to get some facts to guide in ascertaining the physical property or character of these forms. At a friend's house, some short time ago, the spirit form cast a shadow and slightly obscured the light of the gas-burner; again, at Ashley House, Capt. Smith and others present, the form appeared quite opaque and solid. Only a few weeks ago, at Mr. S. C. Hall's, a spirit form, very luminous in appearance, was seen, but the outline ill-defined. The form remained visible for three or four minutes, and sufficiently long for two of those present to make a drawing of the same. I have seen a spirit form at a seance held at Dr. Gully's, September, 1867. The form appeared luminous—the top rounded off. I could not distinguish the features. The height was middle sized, and the form appeared to me like a luminous column or cloud. On passing to my left, and close to Dr. Gully, I noticed that the luminosity of the figure cast a glow of light upon my friend. The form, as it stood next to me, spoke several words, audible to all, and then walked to the fireplace at the end of the room; the floor vibrating again to the heavy footstep.

"On the evening I first attended a seance at the Dialectical, Mr. Home and some friends met later on at Ashley House; on this occasion I had more opportunity of investigating the phenomena of spiritual appearance. A figure draped, in what appeared like a transparent loose gauze, or veil, passed to and fro imaged on the wall, which had become luminous; the figure appeared to stand out in ill-defined relief. This phenomenon repeated itself over and over again, the figure disappearing whenever those present became too positive; of this Mr. Home, who was in a trance the whole time, warned us. When I say too positive I mean 'too intent.' A figure also developed itself next to and above Mr. Home as he stood half covered by the curtains against the light of the window; but the outline was so indistinct I could not well discern its form. These appearances, or spiritual forms, are far more usually witnessed at seances than is ordinarily supposed, and I could instance many other cases equally marked and characteristic as those related; for instance, the boy of Mrs. Cox, who passed away some months ago, was seen by Lord Adare and spoke to him. The housekeeper at Ashley House has seen spirit forms at Ashley House, and recognized the face and the voice. At my house the Master of Lindsay observed the spirit form of Mr. Home's late wife clearly defined; and what is more remarkable, the Master of Lindsay tells me that the figure appeared to him in profile; whilst Mr. Home noticed that the figure stood in full enface as it bent over his bed.

"But I must not multiply instances. The inward seeing of spirit forms, which only mediums or seers have the power, is of great interest, and opens a wide field for inquiry. The description of these visions, or as I believe actual seeings, by the inward organ of sight, confirm in a measure, the form and appearance of the spirit forms visible to a number of people, and such as I have already described. The forms seen vary in appearance, though as a rule the seers described them as enveloped in a semi-luminous cloud, the head and shoulders are described as in clear outline; or the figures appear in shadowy outline, though perfectly solid, and to move about at will, but so transparent that objects are seen through them. The forms vary from a white luminous transparency to a darkish tint of grey or brown. I have seen these shadowy figures, though only very exceptionally, and not under conditions that enabled me to institute a minuter investigation. In all these phenomena it is of the utmost importance to determine what conditions favor, what conditions interrupt their appearance.

"I have now to treat with the Identity of Spirits, that is, the evidence that the spiritual beings present, either visible or communicating by the telegraphic raps, are those of soul-beings—of some one having formerly resided on this earth. Numerous instances are given by different writers, but I prefer mentioning cases within my own knowledge, or those of my immediate friends. In the instance of the spirit form of the boy of Mrs. Cox, the voice and appearance was unmistakably that of the departed child. The spirit form seen by me at Malvern I recognized by the voice, the words spoken, and the meaning of those words.

"At Mrs. Hennings' house, Norwood, at a seance at which Mr. Home was present, a communication was made, recalling an event which occurred at Dr. Elliotson's some thirty years ago. It appeared that Mrs. Hennings had attended with a clairvoyant child, Ellen Dawson, at Dr. Elliotson's who behaved very abruptly on that occasion. The incident had even escaped Mrs. Hennings' memory and only was recalled to her mind by the mentioning of the scene on that evening by Mr. Home in his trance state, and in which state he personified the late Dr. Elliotson.

"I have now given you data enough to enable you to follow me in the conclusions I have arrived at. I need not remind you that the great physical forces of nature, namely, light, heat, motion, electricity, chemical action, etc., are ascribed to unseen ether waves: a subtile, all-pervading cosmic ether is supposed to fill space, and the mere change of the nature of its vibration producing light, heat, electricity, mechanical motion, etc. I need, also, not remind you that the undulatory theory of Huygens, of Young, has been combatted by Leonard Euler and Mr. Grove; and a molecular theory substituted, with change of polaric position of the final molecules, which are supposed to be the ultimate form of matter, but which Grove conceives conducts us to dynamic agencies; unless we accept Professor Huxley's protoplasms, or primary elementary fluids—for what else are his elements?—and give to these an ever-continuing permanency.

"We have thus our great physicists driven to the accepting of theories by which they admit unseen agencies; and Mr. Grove is quite right when he tells us that ultimately we are obliged to admit a dynamic force to light and its correlates. If time allowed I would give you all that has been said on this subject. I must to-day content myself by presuming on your forbearance, and repeat with the great thinkers, that the physical forces are only comprehensible as the exponents of dynamic, unseen agencies. This reasoning takes me to ground further advanced in the direction I am pursuing. I ask, what are the causes of these dynamic physical forces, those great agencies that uphold, in their all-potent grasp, this globe we live on and all other cosmic bodies? I further ask, whence arise the vital organic powers that set the dead material of Professor Huxley's protoplasm in motion, and create forms of life? The ephemeral existence of animal life itself induces the question, for what becomes of the vital powers of animals—the soul-beings of men? Their numbers must be reckoned by myriads upon myriads; it matters not when, but the day of repletion must come; this ever-continuing creation of beings must ultimately require space, for space is, after all, a terminable quantity, and Materialists pretend to teach us that the theory of extinction and absorbtion of soul-beings (with Hegel at their head) after death answers this question.

"I have no time to combat their views, but I put it to them, whether they admit the permanency of the material; if they do, this is my case; for to admit the everlasting presence of the material and deny that of the cause is a contradiction self-evident on its very face. What, then, will be asked is the view I have ventured to form for myself? How is the mystery of birth, life and death to be explained? What is the cause of the action of the dynamical forces which physicists recognize? How do I explain vital action and those kindred phenomena of mesmerism? What do spiritual phenomena disclose? I will, in as few words as possible, explain to you my theory.

"The material physical world, the cosmic bodies—for the property of light, proves that all solar systems obey one common law of physical force—is sustained by a very few primary, elementary laws, represented by primary, elementary or basic substances.

"Why, I ask with Professor De Morgan, should the Creator have fashioned only 10 or 20 elements out of, say, one million of primary elements, and these few only to be operative? or, in other words, am I asking you to admit too much if I say that it is just possible many other elementary combinations may exist, creating a material state, absolutely independent of the ponderable, visible materiality that surrounds us? That such may be conceived as possible, Mr. Grove tells us in his work, 'Correlation of Physical Forces;' he says: 'Myriads of organized beings may exist imperceptible to our vision, even if we were among them, and we might be equally imperceptible to them.' (p. 161). These different primary elementary states are conceivable by merely supposing primary elementary basic substances to exist of a different character to those that constitute the elementary basis of our materiality. Physicists, and I quote from Professor Huxley, will tell you that certain primary basic gaseous substances underlie all formations; that their number may be reduced to four. I take their reasoning one step further, and maintain that ultimately only two primary substances will be found to constitute the foundation of all materiality—these two substances constituting a dual state, in obedience to the law of polarity that exists at the base of all creation. The manifold combinations of these two primary basic elementary substances create the material, ponderable, visible world. But matter is only an exponent of a force—a dynamic action of a permanent law. I am borrowing from Farady, Tyndall, Huxley, for they admit the ether wave in their treatment of the light, etc. I thus reduce the physical world we live in, this Panstellar Pancosmic world to the dominion, I contend, of only two primary polaric forces—conceivable as expansion and contraction, central and peripheral, manifested as light and gravitation, oxygen and carbon. If I dare venture to enter upon the ground taken up by Professor Huxley in dealing with primary gaseous substances, the dualism repeating itself in what is termed negative and positive, left and right, male and female, all nature manifests in the never ceasing systole and dyastole the great dual action of these primary polaric laws that underlie the surface play of the phenomenal.

"These primary elementary substances correspond with other elementary primary substances, but which belong to a different state of materiality, which has formed and fashioned the material world that pre-exist and co-exist with the, to us, visible and ponderable. But each dual group of primary elementary forces is so constituted that their action encompasses an infinitely extended world, in all its boundless expanse; or, in other words, series of primary dual forces, represented by primary dual substances, co-existing, intro-existing, coöperating, harmonizing one with the other, may be conceived to exist. I have thus distinctive grades of materialities, bordering one on the other, intro-existing each within each. And in the never ceasing progress from the primary dual source in the divine essence, from grade to grade, the vital power of the soul-being travels onwards, meditating in its ascent and change of condition in each elementary primary state by what, in the state we reside in, we recognize as the fœtal development and final birth of the child. The soul-being of the child pre-exists, I maintain, but in a more primary unconscious condition; how constituted, and in what form we cannot with certainty tell, but this much is certain, that each vital power has passed through earlier states of development, in an ether form previous to its obtaining its advanced condition, suitable to its sojourn on earth. Those lymbic preparatory states Dr. Doherty speaks of in his 'Organic Philosophy,' or the verelment of my father's theory—the pre-existences of Leibnitz—are to my mind the only answer to the mystery of birth of animals as the after existences are the only answer to the ephemeral phase of life, the mystery of death.

"The fact of fœtal development and birth, the growth of all forms of life from primary or living germinal matter, can only be explained by a preparatory pre-existence. Professor Huxley's theory, and the school of continental Materialists, admit the indestructibility of the material, but deny the everlasting presence of the cause. Those primary centers of force M. Bascovitz rightly substitutes for the idea of a final molecule or primary fluid. The next question to consider is that of the presence of an ether state, following this state, bordering upon it, and into which we pass after death.

"The soul-being pre-develops its ether investiture during life, mediating its progress by the organism of our bodily existence; pre-develops until a second farther advanced central state of our soul becomes predominant, and then follow age, decay and final dissolution of the body. Our soul-being having expanded in obedience to fixed laws of physical, intellectual, and moral development—for I contend that the latter are organically represented by a higher organism—becomes surrounded by a suitable investiture, bearing the stamp of a higher or lower development, in strict accordance with the advance gained; and the presence of a differently constituted physical state into which the soul-beings of men pass by what we designate death, answers the questions put by Materialists, what becomes of the myriads of soul-beings that pass away, not only from this planet, but from the countless suns that fill our cosmic heavens, for their analogous physical state justifies the conclusion that they, too, are inhabited. The presence of grades founded upon fundamental elementary and distinctive dual primary principals—corresponding with other states that precede and follow these, and into, and from out of which, the soul-being arises and passes is the only explanation to the most marvellous phenomena of birth and death. But progress is not only confined to the human soul-being; all nature progresses—constantly changes—and the only constant are the fundamental laws that govern each state of primary materiality.

"In the Lucide, the trance medium, the seer, spiritual sight is opened; or, in other words, the soul-being, even during life, becomes self-conscious of the next state upon which our present state borders, and the eyes see, and what are termed our spiritual senses function, and we became conscious that an actual reality surrounds us, independent of, and yet co-existing with the material physical conditions that govern this world.

"To recapitulate. The universe is not composed as usually conceived of only this pancosmic boundless stellar world, in which the megas and micros are, it is true, equally marvellous; but this boundless, light indexed world constitutes only one of the endless grades and distinctive materialities in the plan of the universe. Each plane or grade reducible to two primary fundamental laws; the central and peripheral, expressed by two primary dual substances, out of which are created, in never ceasing change, those ever varying forms that surround us. And the soul-being pass from one intro-state to another intro-state, in obedience to laws of their development, in never ending progress; mediating each state by an organism fit to function in each grade. What separates the soul-being from the surrounding material, or rather what constitutes the connecting link between it and the material, must be reserved for the discussion of some future day. This evening I have only time to allude to this question. I will now conclude what I have to tell you; the subject is so vast, I have had to sacrifice form for my wish to render all I could say within a short half-hour's reading, and if I erred, I am sure you ill be indulgent."

On the conclusion of Mr. Jencken's paper, the chairman suggested the advisability of waiving all discussion thereon, in order that the committee might have an opportunity of hearing the evidence of some other distinguished Spiritualists who were then present. As this recommendation was found to be in accordance with the general feeling of the Committee it was at once adopted.

TUESDAY, *May* 25, 1869.

Mr. Henry Jeffery, Chairman.

Mr. Cromwell F. Varley gave evidence this evening in the following words:

"I came here under the impression that I would be put in the witness-box and cross-examined; and I, therefore, did not prepare any statement beforehand. I mention this in order to explain any want of order or consecutiveness in what I state.

To begin, then, I was a skeptic when these matters first came under my notice about the year 1850. That was the time when table-rapping and table-moving were set down as the results of electrical force. I investigated that hypothesis and demonstrated that it was altogether unfounded—no electrical force could have been thus applied, no electricity could be evolved from the hands of uninsulated human beings, capable of moving one-thousandth part of the weight of the tables moved. I may mention that I was possessed of mesmeric healing power. Three years after these experiments I came to London and made the acquaintance of the lady who has since become Mrs. Varley. She was subject to nervous headaches, and I got the consent of her parents to mesmerize her with the view of effecting a cure. She was only temporarily relieved; and one day, while she was entranced on the couch, I was thinking whether I could permanently cure her. She answered my thought. I considered this very strange and I asked her—still mentally—whether she was answering my thought; she replied, 'Yes.' I then asked her whether there were any means by which a permanent cure could be effected. She replied, 'Yes; if you bring the fit out of its proper course you will disturb its harmony and I shall be cured.' I did so—by the exercise of will—and by bringing on the fits at intermediate periods she was cured permanently. Whenever entranced she had a strong objection to being roused out of that state.

"To ascertain whether the influence could be exerted through solid substances I made transverse passes through folding doors; she ran out and caught my hands to stop me. Another time I made passes through a brick wall; she was instantly conscious of it. I relate these matters because they may help us to a clue in relation to some of the phenomena called spiritual. A wall, it will be seen, was transparent to what passed from my hand or mind. Some three or four years after a chest disease of my wife's became much aggravated; she became very thin and was supposed to be suffering from consumption. She could not inspire more than seven-eighths of a pint of air and it was stated that she would not live more than three months.

"One night she addressed me in the third person, and said, 'If you are not careful you will lose her.' I asked who? She replied, ‘Her, your wife!’ I said, ‘Who is now speaking?’ The reply was, in substance, ‘We are spirits; not one, but several. We can cure her if you will observe what we tell you. Three ulcers will form on the chest. The first will break in ten days at thirty-six minutes past five o'clock. It will be necessary that you shall have such and such remedies at hand. No one is to be with you; their presence will excite her too much, and you must not inform her of these communications, for the shock would kill her.’ On the tenth day I went home early. I had set my watch by Greenwich time. Exactly at 5:36 she screamed; that happened which had been predicted and she was relieved. The second crisis was foretold three weeks and the third a fortnight before it actually occurred. The latter was predicted for the day of the annular eclipse, which was visible from Petersborough. I had promised to take her to Petersborough, but I found that the ulcer was to break at a time when she would be in the train. The spirits, however, said that it would not do to disappoint her, and she went, I taking the remedies in my pocket. Half an hour before the appointed time she became ill and precisely at the hour named the ulcer broke. I produced the remedies, much to her surprise, for she knew nothing of the prediction. These were my first spiritual experiences. It was not my wife but the spirits who told me what to do and by acting on their instructions she was so restored that in nine months her inspiration was increased from a pint to nearly a gallon and she became quite stout. Later, after the birth of my first son, I was aroused one night by three tremendous raps. I thought there were thieves in the house and I searched everywhere but found nothing. I then thought, ‘Can this be what is called Spiritualism?’ The raps answered ‘Yes, go into the next room!’ I did so and found the nurse intoxicated and Mrs. Varley rigid, cataleptic. I made cross passes and restored her. These things made me very anxious and I resolved to see if there was any truth in what was related of Mr. Home. I called upon him and told him what I had experienced. He made an appointment and I went to him with Mrs. Varley; Mrs. Milner Gibson said that her son, who was dead, was there. He gave raps. She wore a white stomacher, I think it is called, and it suddenly became inflated by, as she said, her spirit child. The child was asked to touch me; he said he was afraid, but later in the evening he said that he was no longer afraid, and my hands were touched under the table and my coat was pulled three times. I said to myself, 'This is not satisfactory, for it is all under the table.' Immediately afterwards, in answer to a mental wish, the lapel of my coat was lifted three times on the right side and then three times on the left. I was then, in answer to a mental wish, touched on the knee and on the shoulder quite distinctly the desired number of times."

A Member of the Committee: "Was this in the light?"

Mr. Varley: "Yes, in the light of five gas-burners. Mrs. Milner Gibson and Mr. Home requested me to make a thorough investigation and to get under the table and apply any test. In the course of the evening very many phenomena presented themselves; the table was repeatedly lifted off the floor, and while so suspended in the air, it instantly moved in any direction I wished it to go.

"Mrs. Varley made similar experiments, and when I was observing under the table she observed above.

"These were the first physical phenomena I saw, and they impressed me, but still I was too much astonished to be able to feel satisfied. Fortunately, when I got home, a circumstance occurred which got rid of the element of doubt. While alone in the drawing room, thinking intently on what I had witnessed, there were raps. The next morning I received a letter from Mr. Home, in which he said, 'When alone in your room last night you heard sounds. I am so pleased!' He stated that the spirits had told him they followed me and were enabled to produce sounds. I have the letter in my possession now to show that imagination had nothing to do with the matter. The eye is treacherous and may deceive; therefore the testimony of a single individual is never conclusive. It is only when there is corroborative evidence that we can be safe. The fact that I heard the raps was confirmed by the letter of Home. I shall confine my instances to cases in which there was corroborative evidence.

"In the winter of 1864-5 I was busy with the Atlantic cable.

I left a gentleman at Birmingham to test the iron wire. He had seen something of Spiritualism but he did not believe in it. He had had a brother whom I had never seen in life. One night in my room there were a great number of loud raps. When at length I sat up in bed I saw a man in the air—a spirit—in military dress. I could see the pattern of the paper on the wall through him. Mrs. Varley did not see it. She was in a peculiar state and became entranced. The spirit spoke to me through her."

A gentleman asked how that was supposed to be done?

Mr. Varley: " While the person is in a trance the spirit controls the body and speaks and acts through the muscles and organs. He told me his name, and said that he had seen his brother in Birmingham, but what he had to communicate was not understood. He asked me to write a message to his brother, which I did, and received an answer from Birmingham, 'Yes, I know my brother has seen you for he came to me and was able to make known as much.' The gentleman, as I said, was at Birmingham and I was at Beskenham.

" This spirit informed me that when at school in France he was stabbed. The fact was only known to his eldest surviving brother and his mother. It had been concealed from his father on account of the state of the latter's health.

" When I narrated this to the survivor he turned very pale and confirmed it.

" In a second case my sister-in-law had heart disease. Mrs. Varley and I went into the country to see her, as we feared for the last time. I had a nightmare, and could not move a muscle. While in this state, I saw the spirit of my sister-in-law in the room. I knew that she was confined to her bedroom. She said, 'If you do not move, you will die,' but I could not move, and she said, 'If you submit yourself to me, I will frighten you, and you will then be able to move.' At first I objected, wishing to ascertain more about her spirit presence. When at last I consented, my heart had ceased beating. I think at first her efforts to terrify me did not succeed, but when she suddenly exclaimed, 'Oh, Cromwell, I am dying,' that frightened me exceedingly, and threw me out of the torpid state, and I awoke in the ordinary way. My shouting had aroused Mrs. Varley; we examined the door, and it was still locked and bolted, and I told my wife what had happened, having noted the hour, 3:45 A.M., and cautioned her not mention the matter to anybody, but to hear what was her sister's version if she alluded to the subject. In the morning she told us that she had passed a dreadful night, that she had been in our room and greatly troubled on my account; and that I had been nearly dying. It was between half-past three and four A.M., when she saw I was in danger. She only succeeded in arousing me by exclaiming, 'Oh. Cromwell, I am dying.' I appeared to her to be in a state which otherwise would have ended fatally. This was the second case in which there were more witnesses than one, and I think it may be considered a second case attended with reliable evidence. There is in addition this peculiarity that we were neither of us dead.

"A third case I have, which is remarkable; it occurred in 1867, in New York. I had an agreement with the Atlantic Telegraph Company relating to an instrument of my invention and as the time came for some payments to fall due, the arrangement was repudiated. I was in ignorance, however, of this determination. I happened to be unwell, and consulted three mediums to see whether they would agree. They did in the main. One was a Mrs. Manchester. Amongst other things, she informed me that I was to have some trouble about law proceedings, and in fact, she said there were papers of importance relative to the matter then on their way by the mail. This was on Monday, and the following Wednesday the mail arrived and I received a packet of law papers and an explanatory letter from my lawyers, stating that they would proceed to file a bill in Chancery in consequence of the proceedings of the company, unless I sent other instructions through the cable. It was impossible for Mrs. Manchester to have known anything about this, and for my part, nothing was farther from my thoughts than a Chancery suit. I was an entire stranger to these three mediums, and at that time knew no Spiritualists in America.

"I have a fourth case in which I was the principal performer. I had been experimenting with earthenware and was attacked with spasms in the throat from the fumes of the fluoric acid, which I had been using largely. I was very ill indeed, and used to wake up with contraction of the throat and I was recommended to have some sulphuric ether beside me to breathe which would procure instant relief. I used this six or eight times but its smell was so unpleasant that I eventually used chloroform; I kept it by my bedside, and when I had to take it, leaned over it in such a manner that when insensibility supervened, I fell back and the sponge dropped down. One night, however, I rolled on my back retaining the sponge, which remained on my mouth. Mrs. Varley was in the room above, nursing a sick child. After a little time I became unconscious; I saw my wife upstairs, and I saw myself on my back with the sponge to my mouth, but was utterly powerless to cause my body to move. I made by my will a distinct impression on her brain that I was in danger. Thus aroused, she came down and immediately removed the sponge, and was greatly alarmed. I then used my body to speak to her, and I said, 'I shall forget all about it and how this came to pass unless you remind me in the morning, but be sure to tell me what made you come down and I shall then be able to recall the circumstance.' The following morning she did so but I could not remember anything about it; I tried hard all day, however, and at length I succeeded in remembering first a part and ultimately the whole. My spirit was in the room with Mrs. Varley when I made her conscious of my danger. That case helped me to understand how spirits communicate: what my spirit wished she saw, and Mrs. Varley has had similar experiences. On one occasion she told me whilst in a trance, 'It is not the spirits that now speak, it is myself; I make use of my body the same as spirits do when they speak through me.'

"I had another case in 1860; I went to find the first Atlantic cable; when I arrived at Halifax my name was telegraphed to New York. Mr. Cyrus Field telegraphed the fact to St. John's and then to Harbour Grace; so that when I arrived I was very cordially received at each place and at Harbour Grace found there a supper prepared. Some speeches followed and we sat up late. I had to catch the steamer that went early the next morning and was fearful of not waking in time, but I employed a plan which had often proved successful before, viz., that of willing strongly that I should wake at the proper time. Morning came and I saw myself in bed fast asleep; I tried to wake myself but could not. After a while I found myself hunting about for some means of more power, when I saw a yard in which was a large stack of timber and two men approaching; they ascended the stack of timber and lifted a heavy plank. It occurred to me to make my body dream that there was a bombshell thrown in front of me which was fizzling at the touch-hole, and when the men threw the plank down I made my body dream that the bomb had burst and cut open my face. It woke me, but with a clear recollection of the two actions—one, the intelligent mind acting upon the brain in the body, which could be made to believe any ridiculous impression that the former produced by *will power*. I did not allow a second to elapse before I leaped out of bed, opened the window, and there were the yard, the timber, and the two men, just as my spirit had seen them. I had no previous knowledge at all of the locality; it was dark the previous evening when I entered the town, and I did not even know there was a yard there at all. It was evident I had seen these things while my body lay asleep. I could not see the timber until the window had been opened. These are the leading points I have to confirm my belief in Spiritualism. I have received communications about my children. My youngest child, who was very nervous and precocious, was taken ill, and the doctor advised us to give him no meat, but he did not get any better. Shortly after Mrs. Varley was entranced, and a spirit instructed us not to alter the child's original diet, to discontinue the treatment adopted towards him, and to send for a mesmerist. This was done, and the child quickly recovered under his passes. I myself once had an operation performed on a boil in my face, and I suffered some weeks afterwards from neuralgia. One night I was informed that the spirits were going to put me to rest, and that they were now beginning; as I lay in bed I suddenly became very hot and burst out into a perspiration and enjoyed a good night's rest. It was about 15 seconds after it had been said 'they are now beginning' that I burst out into a glow. The neuralgia was gone when I awoke next morning.

"At New York I found several excellent mediums and also some very clear-headed men who were investigating the subject, Dr. Grey, Mr. F. C. Livermore, the banker; Dale Owen, the author of 'Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World,' and others, including Judge Edmunds.

"From these people I obtained valuable information and commenced a series of experiments with electricity and magnetism. The medium was Miss Catherine Fox.

"It is now more than twelve years since I first became acquainted with spiritual phenomena and for a long time I endeavored to ascertain something definite about the laws governing the production of physical manifestations, but up to this time my evidence is almost entirely negative. In the absence of positive evidence negative is useful in limiting the ground over which one has to search, in a measure, in the dark.

"The spirit who was to coöperate with me was stated to be Dr. Franklin.

"When I appeared the first time with the apparatus at the minute appointed, I was received with a chorus of raps such as fifty hammers, all striking rapidly, could hardly produce.

"I have scarcely ever been able to induce mediums, through whom the physical phenomena occur, to consent to sit for accurate investigation. In 1867, Miss Kate Fox, the well-known American medium, agreed to sit with me in New York during a series of investigations into the relations between the known physical forces and the spiritual. Miss Fox, you are doubtless aware, is the medium through whom the modern spiritual manifestations were first produced in the United States, and through her mediumship the most striking physical phenomena I have ever heard of were witnessed by my friends Dr. Grey, a leading physician in New York, and by Mr. C. F. Livermore, the banker, both of them shrewd, clear-headed men.

"During my investigations, Mr. Livermore and Mr. and Mrs. Townsend sat with us; Mr. Townsend is a New York solicitor, at whose house the meetings of the circle were held. A Grove's battery of four cells, a helix eighteen inches in diameter, electro-magnets, and other descriptions of apparatus were procured by me. The plan of action was as follows: I was to go through a series of experiments, and the intelligences or 'spirits,' as they are usually, and I think properly called, were to narrate what they saw, and if possible to explain the analogies existing between the forces I was dealing with and those which they employ. We sat eight or nine times for this purpose, but although great efforts seemed to be made by the spirits present to convey to my mind what they saw, it was unintelligible to me. The only positive results obtained were the following: As we sat in the dark, and the manifestations were sometimes violent, I had taken the precaution to place the battery and keys on a side table and led the wires from the 'keys' or commutators, to the apparatus on the tables round which we sat, so that I could, in the dark, perform the various experiments I had arranged to try. Whenever, by accident, my hands came in contact with one of the wires, without my being aware which wire it was, I put these questions: 'Is a current flowing through it?' and if they said 'Yes,' I asked in what direction does it flow through my hand? This experiment was repeated, if my memory serves me rightly, not less than ten times. Each time, directly after being informed of the direction of the current, a light was struck, and in every instance I found that we had been correctly advised, if we assume that the current flows from the positive to the negative pole.

"The experiments with the helix were of two kinds: First, 'What action had the electrified helix upon me when placed over my head? Secondly, 'When a piece of iron, or a compass needle, was placed inside it, could the spirits affect the magnetic action of the helix upon the iron or compass?' Repeatedly during the investigations, and while we were in the dark, I seized the opportunity of placing the magnetized helix over my head, and immediately, on each occasion, the spirits requested me not to do it as it hurt me; nevertheless, I could feel no pain or sensible action myself. As no one but myself was aware that I intended to or was placing this helix over my head, it is perfectly clear that the fact was made known by some means inexplicable as yet by orthodox science.

"The result of my investigations in this direction lead me to infer that there are probably other powers accompanying electric and magnetic streams, which other powers are seen by the spirits and are by them mistaken for the forces which we call electricity and magnetism. This is an hypothesis not easily arrived at. Whenever a current flowed through the helix the spirits declared that they did augment and diminish the power of the magnetic field at will. My apparatus showed no such variation of power. They persisted in the correctness of their statement night after night, and time after time. I insisted on the contrary that no action visible to me was produced. One evening, when carefully repeating the experiments (my apparatus was not very sensitive) the idea occurred to me to replace the little compass needle with a quartz crystal. The spirits described the crystal as a fine magnet, and declared that they altered its magnetism at will.

" Mrs. Varley can often see similar light issuing alike from steel magnets, rock crystals, and human beings, though in the latter case the luminosity varies in intensity. Putting all these things together, I think the spirits see around magnets this light (which Baron Reichenbach has named Od force), and not the magnetic rays themselves.

" About the existence of the 'flames of Od' from magnets, crystals, and human beings, I have had abundant and conclusive evidence from experiments with Mrs. Varley.

" I have used the word 'spirits,' well knowing that the world at large does not believe that we have any warranty for assuming that our friends are able to communicate with us, after the dissolution of the material body. My authority for asserting that the spirits of kindred beings *do* visit us is: 1. I have on several occasions distinctly seen them. 2. On several occasions things known only to myself and to the deceased person purporting to communicate with me, have been correctly stated while the medium was unaware of any of the circumstances. 3. On several occasions things known only to our two selves, and which I had entirely forgotten, have been recalled to my mind by the communicating spirit, therefore this could not be a case of mere thought-reading. 4. On some occasions, when these communications have been made to me, I have put my questions mentally, while the medium—a private lady in independent circumstances—has written out the answers, she being quite unconscious of the meaning of the communications. 5. The time and nature of coming events, unanticipated and unknown both to myself and the medium, have, on more than one occasion, been accurately made known to me several days in advance. As my invisible informants told the truth regarding the coming events and also stated that they were spirits, and as no mortals in the room had any knowledge of some of the facts they communicated, I see no reason to disbelieve them. Mrs. Varley very frequently sees and recognizes spirits; especially is this the case when she is entranced. She is a very good trance medium, but I have little power over the occurrence of these trances; there is consequently nearly as much difficulty in investigating through her mediumship as there is in investigating that extraordinary, unexplained natural phenomenon—ball-lightning—which occurs in times and places unexpected and beyond human control.

"My early religious education was received from that very narrow-minded sect, the Sandimanians; their teachings wholly failed to satisfy my anxiety about the future. It was while endeavoring to get some information regarding the relations between man and the Deity, from some spirits who were evidently more advanced than myself, that I received, unexpectedly, a communication upon another subject which had puzzled me much, namely, 'Why have not the more intelligent spirits given us some scientific information in advance of any yet possessed by man?' As I think the explanation to be sound and logical I mention it here not asking you to accept it but to prepare you when the same question occurs to your own mind.

"They told me that I myself had often experienced how imperfect words were as a means of communicating new ideas; that spirits in advance of the great intelligences upon earth do not use words in communicating with each other, because they have the power of instantly communicating the actual idea as it exists in their own thought, to the other spirit; that when they telegraph to mortals, even through clairvoyant and trance mediums, who form by far the best channel for messages of high intelligence, they put the thought into the mind of the medium, for that mind to translate into words, through the mechanism of the brain and mouth; consequently, what we usually get is a bad interpretation of a subject which the translator does not comprehend.

"The physical manifestations, wonderful and useful though they be, are generally believed by experienced Spiritualists to be chiefly produced by spirits of a less advanced nature than the average men of civilized countries; of the general truth of this I entertain no doubt.

"I have failed at present to find a medium acquainted with science, and therefore capable of translating into intelligible language ideas of a scientific nature. This is not to be wondered at, when we remember that there are thirty millions of British subjects, while there are probably not more than a hundred known mediums in the whole kingdom, and very few of these are well developed; this gives us one publicly known medium to every 300,000 persons. Out of the thirty millions I do not suppose there are as many as one thousand well acquainted with natural philosophy, and accustomed to reason thereon. If, then, but one in thirty thousand is a scientific investigator, while there is one medium to 300,000 persons, we can only expect one scientific medium for each ten generations. Even if we assumed that there are 10,000 clear-headed natural philosophers in Great Britain, that would still only give us one good scientific medium to a generation. When it is further considered that the majority of our mediums are females, who, from the miseducation of English ladies, are rarely accustomed to accurate investigation, it is still less to be wondered at that so little advance has been made in the scientific branch of the subject.

"I have now told you about as much as I am able; what I have stated is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. It is a very difficult subject. One has almost no clew to the nature of any of these forces. What we want is a systematic combined effort to investigate the matter. I think there is only a small minority suitably educated to investigate such subjects. I have been most careful to believe nothing until unbelief became impossible."

On the conclusion of Mr. Varley's speech the Chairman, Mr. Jeffery, rose to thank him for his valuable statement.

Mr. Coleman said that he would like to know whether Mr. Varley considered himself a spirit rapper?

Mr. Varley did not consider himself a spirit rapper; he could not produce raps and did not know the real meaning of the term as used by Mr. Coleman.

Mr. Jeffery: "Does Mr. Varley accept the spiritual theory?"

Mr. Varley: "I firmly believe from the facts I have alluded to, that we are not our bodies; that when we die we exist just as much as before and that under certain conditions we are able to hold communication with those on earth; but I also believe that many of the phenomena are caused by the spirits of those whose bodies are present. The phenomena can neither be accounted for by magnetism nor electricity. These forces have nothing to do with the phenomena I have alluded to. It is unfortunate that the terms electricity and magnetism should have been applied to these unknown forces. As to our future existence I do not think any of us know much about its details after death, nearly all Spiritualists concur in believing, that the thinking part of man forms in the next life the body; that we are thought beings, and that those ideas which we originate in this life are permanent realities in the next. With regard to electricity, I believe that electricity is one of the components of matter, and that there is an actual transmission through the wire. It has no applicable weight, no gravitation. Light is the vibration of cosmical ether. As to the nature of magnetism I do not know what it is; I haven't the ghost of an idea.

"I remember a case a short time since at my own house, when a large ottoman pushed us all up into a corner without any visible means of locomotion. Mr. Home was the medium, and while we were sitting round a table Mr. Home began to shiver. I looked over his shoulder and there was a side table coming slowly up towards us. At another time, at New York, a party of friends had been sitting at a table for some time when suddenly Miss Catherine Fox got up and went towards the door. Mr. Livermore went and stood by her and distinctly saw a hand, and we all saw a blue light come from under her dress. I have often seen these lights in her presence."

Mr. Bradlaugh: "While the most interesting part of your experience took place were you in an abnormal state?"

Mr. Varley: "No, calm and clear. I believe the mesmeric trance and the spiritual trance are produced by similar means, and I believe the mesmeric and the spiritual force to be the same. They are both the action of a spirit and the difference between the spiritual trance and the mesmeric trance is, I believe, this: In the mesmeric trance the will that overpowers or entrances the patient is in a human body. In the spiritual trance that will which overpowers the patient is not in a human body. I have given much time to the question of the identification of spirits and in one case, a medium, a lady in our own locality (whom we had never previously known), sent to say that a spirit wished to communicate, through me, to his father and desired that I should go to his father, who was a Materialist. This spirit was most anxious that his father should know that he was not annihilated—that there was a future life. I had known this person while in the body, and he was a very genial fellow, but so very untruthful that no dependence could be placed on what he said. I therefore told him that in life he was such a liar that he must now convince me that he was the same person by relating some incidents of our lives which I had forgotten. He could not think of any at the time and I made an appointment to meet him in a few days. He afterwards narrated to me the incidents of a boating excursion we had on the Thames, repeating various expressions I had used, and detailing the circumstances attending them. He added that he was so bad on earth that he had not the confidence of his father and that he could not convince him of his identity as he had me. Most of the answers were written by the lady before alluded to, my question being put mentally."

Mr. Bradlaugh: "I think you have seen the color of the clothes of a spirit as distinctly as the features."

Mr. Varley: "Yes. I think I see the drift of that question, I was very much astonished when I saw a spirit in a dress. I explain it in this way; all known powers have to be treated as solids in regard to something; a man finds air not solid at all. He can move through it as though it did not exist, but when he comes to an iron-clad ship he is stopped, he cannot pass through iron. Well, electricity finds air the most solid substance possible; it cannot pass through it, but it passes through the iron-clad ship as though it were not in existence. An iron wire is to an electrician simply a hole bored through a solid rock of air so that

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the electricity may pass freely. Glass is opaque to electricity but transparent to magnetism. Thence we may infer that everything is solid in respect to something and that nothing is solid in respect to all things, and therefore thought, which is power, may be in some sort solid, so that if you take an old English farmer, for instance, he would be ashamed to be seen without his top boots, his coat with the buttons, and his hat. They are part of his identity, he cannot think of himself without them; they form part of his nature, and the moment he leaves the body and becomes a thought man, the thought boots, the thought coat and the thought hat form part of his individuality."

A vote of thanks to Mr. Varley closed the proceedings and the meeting adjourned.

THE COUNTESS DE POMAR.

To the Committee of the London Dialectical Society appointed to investigate "Spiritualism."

"Gentlemen: Having been requested by some members of your Committee to furnish a report of seances at which I have been present, I have concluded, after duly considering the matter, to do so upon condition of being allowed to state my views respecting the value of spiritual communications.

"Seances are so much alike in all essentials that little good can be derived from reporting them unless we consider them with reference to their value as evidence of the individuality and immortality of the soul; this is in fact the true touchstone of their importance; and therefore I must, as a preliminary to my report of spiritual experiences, offer a few considerations in regard to the vexed questions as to whether the soul is material or immaterial, mortal or immortal.

"In doing so, however, I do not suppose that all difficulties are to be instantly removed; on the contrary, I fully admit that differences of opinion must be expected to exist, and only ask the same concession from those who are opposed to my views.

"Those who argue that the soul is material in the sense of being a manifestation of matter in action, must in candor, confess that they have a great many difficulties to contend with in demonstrating their views; and they should therefore admit as I do, that in relation to all such questions, there must be more or less of honest difference of opinion since all men cannot see and judge alike; and each will judge according to his capacity for judging. No one would expect a mere peasant to understand the laws of electricity as they were understood by Faraday; and the same difference must exist with well-educated men, for they are not all on the same level, and therefore they cannot see with the same eyes.

"The ideas of beauty presented to the mind by the works of Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian and Murillo vary as widely as does the style of those great painters and the appreciation of those who contemplate them.

"Some maintain that the German composers are the finest the world ever produced, others are equally ready to do battle in favor of the Italian School.

"There are men who, with Plato, would banish poets from the republic of letters; others believe them to be the first and best of educators. Carlyle sometimes waxes furious when speaking of the fine arts which others believe to be essential to the well-being of society.

"In like manner men of equal integrity differ respecting religious theories; and, therefore, the only safe conclusion to be arrived at is that human beings are not capable of seeing alike, but that reasoning upon precisely the same evidence men will reach opposite conclusions, and, consequently, that opposite opinions must be held.

"This, however, can be very easily accounted for by those who maintain that our present life is but one of a series of lives through which we must pass in order to attain perfection, and in each of which we are only capable of a certain amount of growth and development.

"Those who deny Spiritualism as a whole and who believe the present life to be the all of existence, must confess that they have some difficult points to explain. For instance, what is to be said about *memory* and its relation to matter? It is assumed that all our mental perceptions are inseparably associated with the brain, and what is seen by the physical eye is afterwards seen by the mental eye, both, however, being material; in which case it must follow that the impressions received are actually stamped upon material substance; so that what men call 'remembering' is literally nothing more than bringing out the old mental photograph which has been stored in the brain.

"There is, however, a physiological difficulty connected with this assumption. Physiologists inform us that the human body is perpetually undergoing change; that at every instant of time new matter is taking place of the old, and that at short intervals the body is so completely changed that not an atom of its former self remains. This change, too, and especially with those who read and think much, is more active, they tell us, in the brain than in other parts of the body; so that, it is concluded, only a still shorter time is needed to insure a complete change of the matter of which the brain is composed. This being the case, and no physiologist will dispute it, how can it be accounted for that we are capable of remembering events that occurred and scenes we viewed thirty or forty years ago? The scenes of our childhood are still visible to the mental eye and the tones of the mother's voice are still as clearly heard by the mental ear, as they were forty years before, when first they sounded through the physical chambers.

"Is it possible to explain this fact by the material theory? To do so it is necessary to suppose that the old matter, which originally received the impressions, restamped these upon the new; and that this process was repeated every time the molecules of matter were changed; that is to say twelve or fifteen times in a life-time.

"But how can this be done and we remain unconscious of the process? If my seeing a waterfall with the physical eye produces a mental picture I recall at pleasure how can that mental picture of the waterfall be stamped into my new brain matter without my being conscious of the act? For the restamping must be necessary in all cases, even those in which for many years the scene remembered has not recurred to the mind; and, obviously, in such cases the ideas of things must have passed from old molecules to new ones without our being in any way conscious of the transaction.

"Surely this is harder to believe than is the theory, that memory is a result of the action of a spiritual element in our nature, which remains essentially the same during its connection with the physical body the particles of which are constantly changing.

"Then there is the difficulty of explaining how matter can produce ideas. Is it not impossible to speak of ideas as of material objects? Can we conceive of extension or ponderability in connection with our thoughts? To speak of a pound of sorrow or of an ounce of hope seems impossible; we cannot expect either music or poetry from the rock or the plant; yet both the latter enter into the composition of our mortal bodies; and it ought to be as feasible to extract the former from the earth or from potatoes in their natural condition, as after they have been consumed, if *matter* can think and produce ideas.

"Of course it will be said that we must not expect ideas from matter before it becomes organized; but here again a difficulty occurs. It is generally said by physiologists, that in chemical composition as in formation no difference exists between the brain of the Esquimau and that of the most highly cultivated European. Their elements and their mode of organization are the same; and yet how different are the men! But would this be the case, if it were true that matter produces ideas? Should not the same results follow from the same organization? The question cannot be one of weight, because it is known that the contents of the skull of *some* Esquimaux or Red Indians weigh more than do those of some educated Europeans. Plato is reported as having had a very large head; and it has been argued from this that he was therefore more capable of laborious thought. It is also said that from men of small heads we have no right to expect great works of philosophy or art. But is it not well-known that very bad men have had large heads? Look at a collection of busts, from those of bad Roman Emperors down to the modern murderers, and how many of them are found to have larger heads than some who have worked nobly for the elevation of the human race.

"If the quality of mind resulted solely from the size of the brain, we should have a right to expect equal results from equal weights; this, however, is not the case.

"If space permitted a legion of kindred difficulties might be suggested; enough, however, has been said to prove that modesty should be shown by Anti-Spiritualists when insisting upon what they are pleased to call 'the weakness of spirit evidence.'

"But the Spiritualist does not pretend that he has no difficulties to contend with; on the contrary, he confesses them, and knows that it is in the nature of the case for them to exist; the Spiritualist admits it to be impossible for him to show the soul as he can show a physical organ; or to analyze it as he does gases and solids. But he has a full consciousness of its existence; and is sensible of the fact that it is spirit alone which can give evidence of itself. Soul alone can conceive of soul. Material bodies can only be tested by material agents; and, as the lesser cannot comprehend the greater, it is certain that self-consciousness is the true evidence of the soul's existence.

"How can a child comprehend a man? Can the lower nature comprehend the higher? Does the coward understand the hero? In like manner, it is soul alone that can conceive of soul; and according to their degrees of development, do souls comprehend each other?

"It is therefore but reasonable to accept the evidence of our self-consciousness, as we do that of our nervous system; we feel a pain, but cannot prove the fact to our neighbors, still we are sure of it through our self-consciousness.

"We must deal in a similar way with the question of immortality; and it is somewhat curious that this question should be debated; since the Materialists, though denying a future state to the mind, are ready enough to admit their belief, that matter cannot be destroyed; this being so, how can they conceive of the destruction of its properties? Vitality may be latent for ages; but supply the conditions necessary for the manifestation, and at once it becomes active. Seed found in the hand of an Egyptian mummy has been sown and produced abundantly, yet no one doubted that the seed had been enclosed about four thousand years. According to the Materialist, this vitality is a property of matter; and if the Materialists are right, so also is consciousness; why then, if the former be persistent may not the latter be so too? Does it not rather appear that once developed it ought to go on forever? Nature wastes nothing; but is economical in the use of her materials; why then suppose that the atom will persist but the mind that studied it will perish; that the earth will remain, but the genius that solves its mysteries of flower, tree and stone will perish? Does not the consciousness of the superior value of our inner selves become evidence in favor of the idea that the higher nature will survive the changes of matter, and live on in knowledge, when the materials of the physical frame will have been reincorporated with a thousand other forms?

"It is at this point that Spiritualism comes to our aid by furnishing proof of the soul's immortality. Unhappily, however, so numerous are the mocking voices it cannot obtain the unbiased hearing its great importance demands; a consequence probably of its being somewhat in advance of the age, and, to some extent, on account of the impositions which have been practised in its name.

"When it was proposed to light London with gas no less a man than Sir Walter Scott printed his protest against the ridiculous attempt to light the streets of a city with smoke. What was reported by a Committee of the House of Commons against railways? And who has not heard of the scorn encountered by the first advocates of vaccination and of oceanic telegraphy? Still these discoveries have all made their way, as Spiritualism will do ere long, for nothing can resist the collective evidence in its favor.

"Nor is that evidence so completely modern as many seem to suppose, for in all history the belief has prevailed that spirits having left their mortal bodies were permitted to communicate with those they loved and who were still in the flesh. Homer, Herodotus, Plato, Cicero, etc., all speak distinctly as to the belief entertained by the ancient nations, and when we read the history of Saul and Samuel and the 'Witch of Endor,' we cannot doubt as to what was the belief of the Hebrew people.

"In the Christian world the belief has never failed, and this not merely because it is pleasing to believe that the dear ones dead still take an interest in our condition; but because of testimony given by so many of the noblest and purest of men and women to the fact that they have been thus visited. From the days of the Christian fathers there is an unbroken line of testimony to this fact, and curiously enough, it is borne by men who are applauded for everything but this belief in Spiritualism. When they speak of what they saw and knew they are rejected; but are reverently believed when speaking about matters of speculation.

"It is not here denied that errors have been mingled with the aforesaid belief, but what is contended for is this, that when so many millions of people, led by thousands of eminent men, have believed themselves to be in direct communication with the spirits of the dead, and when the wisest of human teachers have recorded the fact of their experience, no one can be justified in denying these statements until he has gained such a knowledge of the economy of the universe as will entitle him to say that all such communications are impossible. We must first know what is possible before saying that such visits are impossible.

"Those who developed the telegraphic systems cared nothing for the outsiders who said that such a mode of sending messages must, in the nature of things, be 'impossible.' Relying upon their own experience, although unable to understand the nature of the phenomena of electricity they still went on and now we send our messages round the world.

"In the presence of 'so great a crowd of witnesses' it appears almost superfluous to speak of my own experience, and yet I must do so, for I know by what, to myself, are infallible proofs of the truth, that spirits do hold communication with us. I never doubted the immortality of the soul so that I did not need confirmation of the fact, yet I gladly testify that it has been given to me and in great abundance. And to show that I have not been self-deceived, I will mention one particular fact.

"During a period of five months I was a 'medium,' and even when sitting alone, I have frequently had communications so clear and distinct that mistake was impossible, for ideas have been thus conveyed to me which previously had no place in my mind.

"This power suddenly quitted me and it has never returned. Now had it been a case of self-deception, is it not clear that it would have continued, seeing that as far as health, mental power, and belief in spiritual communications are concerned, I underwent no change.

"Then again, I have sat in my own house with personal friends, no other medium but myself being present; and the communications respecting departed relatives and friends were alike interesting and remarkable. I have been told of many things about them of which I had no previous knowledge and which the persons sitting with me could not have known, for the communications were from those who had died in distant countries, and yet these proved to be correct; many of them have been in Spanish. All this has occurred to me through my own mediumship.

"I have attended many seances, with more or less marked results, and I think it right to mention that I have sat several times with Mr. Home without having a single manifestation, even when the whole circle has been composed of friends and Spiritualists. At others we have obtained the most beautiful manifestations through his mediumship; we have thus had messages, movements of inanimate objects, and music, perfect in sentiment and expression, on the accordion, which has frequently played in my hand when sitting near him. Of these seances it will probably be more interesting to mention one which, as we were not sitting for the purpose, should be called '*no seance.*'

"Death was in the house; and the beloved one who had left us was yet uncoffined. I was sitting in the library with my son at the tea-table, and we were sitting close together, as the sorrow of the hour rendered it natural we should do, when Mr. Home was unexpectedly announced; he had come from a public reading, dressed as he had been on the platform and consequently with no possibility of the machinery about him which so many unbelievers suppose him to carry concealed. He was quite unaware of the sad event that had occurred his first intention having been merely to make inquiries at the door. He drew a chair up to the table beside my son and affectionately placed an arm round his waist.

"Raps were heard almost immediately, on the table, on the chandeliers and in various parts of the room; we adopted the usual course of repeating the alphabet, and the messages spelt out were ' Joy, not sorrow ' and ' Not gone away '; directly after this, as if in confirmation of the statement, the favorite seat of the departed, a large armchair, which was standing in its usual place near the window at the further end of the room, moved in a sweep towards the table at which we were sitting, and came nearly round to my side. Then a sofa moved across the room in another direction; while this was occurring we three were still at the table from which Mr. Home had not moved since he first sat down.

" In this case there could not be any ocular delusion. No seance had been proposed; we were not sitting with our hands on the table as is the custom at seances and the room was well lighted with gas.

" My son was somewhat alarmed at what had occurred. I seeing the power was so great, got out an accordion which I had purchased myself for these occasions, and which had been twice changed at the shop by me, it having been pronounced out of tune by the invisible performers, who always showed us the fact by playing the discordant notes. I then begged them to play something in accordance with our feelings; and a very beautiful and solemn air was played, while Mr. Home held the instrument, which he did, not only under the table, but horizontally in the air, or above his head, according to the impulses they gave to it. As they finished playing, it came towards me, and Mr. Home told me to take it, which I did, and it then played a favorite tune which I asked for, partly in my hand and partly in his as he took it from me, when the sounds had become faint from my want of power.

" What could I do but believe the evidence of my own senses, corroborated too, as that evidence has been by so many others?

" To multiply narratives of this kind is comparatively useless; were it not so, I could fill a large volume with reports of remarkable seances at which I have been present. I prefer to add a few remarks respecting the value of spirit communication and first as to the curious fact that to the same question different spirits give various and sometimes contradictory answers. There is a stumbling block to many but the reason of the fact is clear and not far to seek. Some people suppose that when the spirit has left the body, it is immediately enlightened and purified, so that it at once learns all it will ever know and becomes perfect. But is that a rational supposition? Can it be believed that immediately after death the soul of the illiterate shoe-black becomes all at once enlightened as the soul of Shakespeare? Who can imagine that the soul of Mrs. Manning can be changed instantly after death so as to become as pure and holy as that of Mrs. Fry? In the order of nature there are no such sudden transformations and we have no right to expect them after death.

" On the contrary, we should expect that growth in knowledge and goodness will be in the future as gradual as it is in the present, and if this be so, we can at once account for the contradictory answers so frequently given by spirits; if one of these has but recently left us, it cannot know much more than it knew while in the flesh, and therefore will err when speaking of subjects it can only fully understand, when it has reached a much higher degree of knowledge.

" In like manner the moral nature requires a long period of time to change from bad to good; so that if a soul passes away while steeped in sin and falsehood, it cannot all at once become pure and true; such a spirit if called upon to answer a question, is therefore as likely to speak ignorantly and falsely, as it would have been while in the flesh. This we are learning from our intercourse with the spirit-world, and we believe it to be true because it harmonizes with what commonsense teaches us must be the case in that world as in this. It will possibly be said, that this must cast more or less doubts on all spirit communications; but no spirit has ever imagined that absolute reliance is to be placed in what spirits say. We must always use our own judgment in regard to these communications and take each of them for what they may be worth.

" All the spirits with whom I have had communication have invariably told me that they do grow in knowledge and goodness, and this through being incarnated; that they return to this earth many times, as many as are necessary for enabling them to grow to perfection.

" This quite accords with my own deep conviction. If I be asked how long it would take a spirit to rise through the various degrees until it is fitted for leaving this sphere I could not answer, except to say, there will be time enough in eternity for the due perfection of all, however imperfect may be their natures to-day, and in the hope and conviction I rest content, quite certain that such a thing as eternal punishment is altogether contrary to the great law of God which is written on all His works—the law of eternal progress.

"The sin we have committed, or are inclined to commit, we shall suffer for until we have thoroughly purged it out of our natures; the wrong we have done we shall expiate and we shall not come out free until we have paid the uttermost farthing; but we shall pay it, and go gladly on our way, when we have left it far behind us, 'always stretching forward towards the mark,' perfect happiness awaiting us as we get further on in our long journey, happiness which will really be our own, because we have worked for and earned it, and have grown up to understand and yearn after it. Our happiness will be to all good, all wise, all pure, 'perfect as our Father is perfect.' Can any single life on earth perfect us sufficiently even to comprehend such perfection? And yet the standard was given!

"In these latter days science has come to help us on our way and show us the weak points of the old creeds. But lest we should bow down and content ourselves with science alone, Spiritualism has come with it, side by side, the same discoveries in electricity which enable us to send our thoughts to the other side of the earth were borne by Benjamin Franklin to the other side of the grave, and also serve our spirit friends to produce the little rap that sends a thrill of joy through our frame, as we receive a telegraphic message from those who have gone before us to that bright shore, proving that we are still loved and remembered and that the dead are not dead and can never die; and in this certainty I rest content, not doubting that as time passes, Spiritualism will become triumphant and that the noble doctrine to which it bears testimony—that of the reincarnation—will be received by all classes and conditions of men; giving them that peace and consolation which no other doctrine has succeeded in giving to humanity.

"M. DE MEDINA POMAR."

MR. WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE ORCHARD, ESHER, *Feb.* 26, 1869.

DEAR SIR: On my return from a fortnight's absence, I find on my table a letter from you on behalf of the Dialectical Society, wishing for information on the subject of Spiritualism in reference to an investigation into its phenomena, proposed to be made by the Society. This statement will explain the cause of my silence. I reply to you now at once.

I am by no means sanguine of any good result from the inquiries of such committees. Englishmen, otherwise well advanced in the intelligence of the time, are, as it regards Spiritualism, twenty years behind the literary and scientific publics of France, Germany, Switzerland and the United States of America. Scores of societies of those countries, and millions of individuals, have entered upon and passed actively through the investigations which you are now commencing, ten, fifteen and twenty years ago. However, better late than never. Like the Seven Sleepers and Rip Van Winkle, some few of our Englishmen of science and literature are at length waking up, to find the world of intelligence abroad gone far ahead of them. Though late, it is still laudable. Perhaps when the Dialectical Society has determined the present point it will set on foot a similar inquiry into the correctness of the theory of the Copernican system, of that of the circulation of the blood, of the principle of gravitation, and of the identity of lightning and electricity; for Spiritualism, having now received the assent of about twenty millions of people in all countries, after personal examination, stands fairly on the same basis of fact that they do. Pray do not, however, imagine me disposed to be satirical. I am simply asserting what appears to me a most prominent and unavoidable truth.

You ask me to give you any suggestions which I may think calculated to assist you in your inquiry. Most willingly; but I am afraid that it will be much easier for me to suggest than for you to adopt my chief suggestion, which is, to endeavor before opening your inquiries, to divest your minds of all prejudice on the subject. The tendency of both philosophy and general education for more than a century has been, whilst striving to suppress all prejudice, to create a load of prejudice against everything spiritual. Science, philosophy and general opinion have assumed, more and more, a material character, and in no country more than in this. I must say to you as judges say to juries, "Gentlemen: Divest your minds of all mere hearsay; fix them only on the evidence." It is not easy; but till you have done this, you can make no real progress in your present inquiry. You may as well expect the delicate flowers of your conservatories to flourish in a night's frost out of doors. To produce correct results you must establish the necessary conditions. Now, if you follow the example of Messrs. Faraday and Tyndall, and insist on dictating conditions on a subject of which you are ignorant, failure is inevitable. You must come to the subject with candor, and be willing to study carefully the laws and characteristics of the matter under consideration. It is from obedience or disobedience to this principle that inquiries instituted by societies, or by small companies of persons with minds open to the truth, have succeeded or failed. The results of such inquiries are, that whilst societies and committees have retired generally from the investigation without obtaining positive facts, and therefore believing that no such existed, private companies and individuals have obtained the most unquestionable spiritual phenomena to the amount of twenty millions of believers. From time to time, accordingly, we have learnt that Spiritualism has been demonstrated undeniably to be a myth and a delusion; that it was dead and gone; that the Davenports and other mediums have been proved imposters and utterly put down; the truth being all the time that the Davenports remained as genuine mediums as before, and that Spiritualism has gone forward, advancing and expanding its field of action, without the least regard to the failures, the falsehoods, the misrepresentations and the malice of men.

Your second wish expressed is, that I would "endeavor to throw some light on the connection apparently existing between Spiritualism and animal magnetism, or would refer you to any books other than Reichenbach, Gregory, Feuchtersleben, Ennemoser, Lee, Ashburner, myself, etc."

In referring you to a few of the leading works on the subject, and especially to those more particularly dealing with the connection between Spiritualism and magnetism, I may excuse myself from entering on my own views on this subject, which would extend too far the limits of this letter.

From the first fact to which I have alluded, that of the very late period at which Englishmen of letters have entered on this inquiry compared with those of other countries, there exists an extensive spiritual literature in both America, France, Switzerland and Germany. I can for your present purposes indicate only a very few of these works, and those exclusively by scientific and learned writers.

Amongst American works on Spiritualism you should carefully read the Introduction, by Judge Edmonds, to "Spiritualism," by Judge Edmonds and G. T. Dexter, where you have the experiences of an able lawyer testing evidence as he would do in a court of justice.

Next, the "Investigations" of Professor Hare, in which, as a great electrician, he details his severe and long continued scrutiny into the nature of these phenomena; both he and Judge Edmonds having undertaken these inquiries in the full persuasion that they should expose and put an end to the pretensions of Spiritualism.

I do not refer you here to the numerous works of A. J. Davis which, though most remarkable in another point of view, are not so necessary to your purpose.

The "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," by the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, a carefully and clearly reasoned work, might be of service to you.

Of German works: "Die Seherin von Prevorst," von Justinus Kerner, M.D.

"Die Zwei Besessener."

"Die Somnambulen Tische. Zur Geschichte und Erklarungen dieser Erscheinung."

Dr. Kerner was a man of profound science, and distinguished by his works in different departments. His "Seeress of Prevorst," who was his patient, has been translated by Mrs. Crowe. The remarkable phenomena recorded in this work are especially valuable, as they have all been so fully and widely confirmed by the experiences of spiritualists of all countries since.

Next in importance to these are the inquiries of Herr D. Hornung, the late secretary of the Berlin Magnetic Association:

1. "Neue Geheimnisse des Tages durch Geistes Magnetismus," Leipsic, 1857.

2. "Neuste Erfahrungen aus dem Geisterleben." Leipsic, 1858.

3. "Heinrich Heine, der Unsterbliche"; also a brief continuation of his inquiries.

These works contain the steady and persevering researches and experiments of Herr Hornung and a select body of friends through a course of years. Hornung commenced the inquiry as a practical magnetist, and continued it with unwearied assiduity, tracing the phenomena through all their phases, and availing himself of the experiences of scientific men in all parts of Germany, in Switzerland, France and Italy.

The works of Gorres, one of the most learned journalists and historians of Germany, especially his "Christliche Mystik," abound with extraordinary facts, but would require a long time to peruse them.

In French: "The Pneumatologie of the Marquis de Mirville."

"Extraits de la Pneumatologie," etc.

"Des Tables Tournantes; du Surnaturel en General et des Esprits," of the Comte de Gasparin. 1854.

"Tables Tournantes" de Comte de Szapary. 1854.

The works of Baron Dupotet and of Puysegur.

"Pneumatologie Positive et Experimentale," par le Baron de Guldenstubbe.

The works of M. Segouin, who through magnetism was convinced of the truth of Spiritualism.

Cahagnet's "Arcanes de la Vie Future Devoiles," and his "Encyclopedie Magnetique et Spirituelle." 4 tom.

But, perhaps, most important of all as regards your inquiry is the correspondence of the two celebrated professors of magnetism, M.M. Deleuze and Billot, who, in prosecuting their magnetic researches were, each unknown to the other, surprised by the presence of spiritual phenomena of the most decided and varied kind. Glimpses of an arrière pensée in their published works led to an explanation between them, which was published in two volumes in Paris in 1836. I may add the "Journal de l'Ame," of Dr. Roessinger of Geneva, and his "Fragment sur l'Electricite Universelle."

In Italian: Consoni's "Varieta Elettro-Magnetico e Relativa Spiegazione."

These works, by men chiefly of scientific eminence, are more than can be mastered in a short time—they are only a sample, the rest are legion, spiritual literature comprising many hundred volumes; for, as I have said, your Society is now entering on a field as new which has been traversed and reaped many years ago. And, after all, though evidently disembodied spirits come into contact with embodied ones through the agency of magnetism and electricity, there is probably an inner cognate force operating in the process which, like the principle of life, lies too deep for discovery by any human powers.

With my best wishes for the successful prosecution of your proposed labors,

I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
William Howitt.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Sidcup Lodge, Sidcup, S. E., *July* 10, 1869.

Sir: I have never yet been able to fulfil my intention of expressing, either by letter or *viva voce,* my conclusions upon the question of "spiritual manifestations." In the first place the great extent of the subject, and, in the next, my unceasing occupations must explain and apologize for this. Understanding, however, that your investigations are drawing to a close, I feel myself bound to make some statement of my opinion since you have included me among your cited witnesses, and since I have been present at a considerable number of more or less remarkable seances. The long and careful inquiries which your committee seems to have conducted renders it less important that I should, as I intended, recapitulate my own experiences as an observer of the alleged phenomena. All I desire to say, and all I can say (without reservation and explanations impossible in so limited a space) is this: that I regard many of the manifestations as genuine and undeniable, and inexplicable by any known law or any collusion, arrangement or deception of the senses; and that I conceive it to be my duty and the interest of the man of science and sense to examine and prosecute the inquiry as one which has fairly passed from the region of ridicule. I am not inclined to consider what I hold the veritable phenomena as being in any way supernatural, but rather as initiatory demonstrations of mental and vital power not yet comprehended, nor regularly exercised. With reference to the supposed interpositions and actions of departed spirits, I can see nothing against the analogy of nature in this, but it is not a proved fact for me by what I have myself witnessed. The statement to which I am prepared to attach my name is this: That conjoined with the rubbish of much ignorance and some deplorable folly and fraud, there is a body of well established facts beyond denial, and outside any existing philosophical explanation, which facts promise to open a new world of human inquiry, are in the highest degree interesting, and tend to elevate ideas of the continuity of life, and to reconcile, perhaps, the materialist and the metaphysician.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,
EDWIN ARNOLD, M. A.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

24 ABBEY PLACE, *Jan.* 2, 1870.

SIR: I have been unwilling to reply to your letter of the 18th December, 1869, hastily, and I therefore delayed my answer until my return from a short absence from London.

If the gentlemen whom you mention, and for whose judgment and capacity I have every respect, have not been able in the course of some months to arrive at results satisfactory to themselves, and capable of being stated satisfactorily to the scientific public, it would be mere presumption in me to entertain the hope that I should be more successful without a much greater expenditure of time and trouble. But for the present year my time and energies are already so fully preoccupied that it would be little short of madness for me to undertake an investigation of so delicate and difficult a character, the only result of which would be an interminable series of attacks from the side from which I might chance to differ.

I hope that I am open to conviction on this or any other point or subject; but I must frankly confess to you that it does not interest me, and that I think that my duty as a man of science towards the public may be much better discharged by activity in other directions.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
T. H. HUXLEY.

CHAPTER XI.

SPIRITUALISM IN NORTH AMERICA.

FROM "THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL," BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

"For this is not a matter of to-day
Or yesterday, but hath been from all time,
And none hath told us whence it comes, or how."

When Spiritualism had, for nearly a hundred years, been exhibiting itself in Germany under a variety of phases and had enlisted in its cause some of its most distinguished philosophers and savans, it made a new and still more general appearance in the Western Hemisphere. It originated in the ordinary visit of what the Germans had denominated a Polter-Geist, or knocking-ghost; but either the temperament of the North American public was more favorable to its rapid development, or the time had come in the general scheme of Providence for a more full and decided prevalence of spiritual action; for it spread with almost lightning rapidity, assumed new and startling forms, and speedily established itself a great and significant fact in the convictions of more than three millions of people of all classes, professions and persuasions. My sketch of the history of this development in the United States must necessarily be slight; its details fill several large volumes, and may be sought for in Capron's history of these events, "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," by the Hon. Robert Dale Owen; in the works of Professor Hare, Judge Edmonds, Governor Talmadge, the Rev. Adin Ballou, of J. P. Davis, the recent report on American Spiritualism by Mr. Benjamin Coleman, the English *Spiritual Magazine*, and many other sources.

The spot in which the eventful origin of the American movement took place is thus described by Mr. Dale Owen, who had visited it: "There stands, not far from the town of Newark, in the county of Mayne and State of New York, a wooden dwelling—one of a cluster of small houses like itself, scarcely meriting the title of a village, but known under the name of Hydesville; being so-called after Dr. Hyde, an old settler, whose son is the proprietor of the house in question. It is a story and a half high, fronting south; the lower floor consisting, in 1848, of two moderate-sized rooms opening into each other; east of these a bedroom and a buttery, opening into the same room; together with a staircase between the bedroom and buttery leading from the sitting room up to the half story above, and from the buttery down to the cellar."

Such was the humble abode where the great American spiritual movement commenced. A Mr. Michael Weekman, it appears, had occupied the house about the year 1847 and had been troubled by certain knockings for which he could find no explanation. On the 11th of December of that year, Mr. John D. Fox, of Rochester, a respectable farmer, moved into this house whilst another in the country was building. His family consisted of himself, his wife and six children; but only the two youngest were staying with them at that time—Margaret, twelve years old, and Kate, nine years old. It appears that the family of Mrs. Fox had long previously evinced medium power. She was of French descent, and her husband of German, the original name Anglicized from Voss to Fox. Mrs. Fox's grandmother had been possessed of second sight, and saw frequently funerals, whilst living in Long Island, before they really took place. Her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Higgins, had similar power. When the two sisters were residing in New York and were about to make a trip by water, Elizabeth Higgins said one morning that they should not go by water, but by land, for she had seen the whole journey in a dream, in which they had not been able to obtain lodging in a certain tavern in the woods, the landlady lying dead in the house. Mrs. Fox replied that this could scarcely be so, for Mr. Mott, the landlord, lost his wife the year before. But all fell out as she had dreamed. The landlord had married again, and his second wife lay then dead, preventing their entertainment. All the circumstances of the journey were exactly as dreamed.

Thus open to spiritual impressions, the Fox family entered the house at Hydesville, and from the very commencement they were disturbed by noises, but at first attributed them to rats and mice. In the month of January, 1848, however, the noises assumed the character of distinct knockings at night in the bedrooms, sounding sometimes as from the cellar below, and resembling the hammering of a shoemaker. These knocks produced a tremulous motion, since familiar enough to spiritualists, in the furniture and even in the floor. The noises increased nightly, and occasionally they heard footsteps in the rooms. The children felt something heavy, as of a dog, lie on their feet when in bed, and Kate felt, as it were, a cold hand passed over her face. Sometimes the bedclothes were pulled off. Throughout February and to the middle of March the disturbances increased. Chairs and the dining table were moved from their places. Mr. and Mrs. Fox night after night lit a candle and explored the whole house in vain. Raps were made on doors as they stood close to them, but on suddenly opening them, no one was visible. It was afterwards found that Mr. and Mrs. Weekman, during eighteen months that they had occupied the house, had just the same experience as to the knockings, the sound of footsteps, and the impossibility to catch any one at a door, which was suddenly opened by them the very instant of the knockings upon it. The Foxes were far from superstitious, and still hoped for some natural explanation, especially as the annoyances always took place at night. But on March 13, 1848, matters assumed a new aspect. That day, which was cold, stormy and snowy, they were visited by their son David from his farm, about three miles distant. His mother related to him their annoyances, on which he smiled and said, "Say not a word to any of the neighbors about it. When you find it out, it will be one of the simplest things in the world." And in this belief he returned home. But the knockings were unusually loud. The bed of the children had been moved into the room of the parents to give them confidence, and they were told to lie still, even if they heard noises. But scarcely had Mrs. Fox lain down when the noises became violent, and the children shouted out, "Here they are again!" They sat up in bed, and Mrs. Fox arose and called her husband. He tried the sashes to see if they were shaken by the wind, and as he did so the little lively Kate observed that the knockings in the room exactly answered the rattle made by her father with the sash. Hereupon she snapped her fingers and exclaimed, "Here, old Split-foot, do as I do!"

The child had evidently heard it suggested that it was the devil that made the noises; and if so, he was an obliging devil, for he immediately responded to the challenge. This at once attracted attention. Kate Fox made the mere motion with the thumb and finger, and the raps regularly followed the pantomime, just as much as when she made the sound. She found that, whatever the thing was, it could *see* as well as hear. "Only look! Mother," she said, bringing together her thumb and finger as before. The rap followed.

"This at once," said Mr. Owen, "arrested the mother's attention." "Count ten," she said, addressing the noise. Ten strokes were distinctly given. "How old is my daughter Margaret?" Twelve strokes! "And Kate?" Nine! "And what can all this mean?" was Mrs. Fox's thought. But the next question which she put seemed to refute that idea. "How many children have I?" she asked aloud. Seven strokes. "Ah!" she thought, "it can blunder sometimes." And then aloud, "Try again!" Still the number of raps was seven. Of a sudden a thought crossed Mrs. Fox's mind. "Are they all alive?" she asked. No answer. "How many are living?" Six strokes. "How many are dead?" A single stroke; she had lost one child. She then asked if it was a man. No answer. Was it a spirit? It rapped. She then asked if the neighbors might hear it, and a Mrs. Redfield was called in, who only laughed at the idea of a ghost; but was soon made serious by its correcting her, too, about the number of her children, insisting on her having one more than she herself counted. She, too, had lost one; and when she reckoned this she burst into tears. The spirits always reckon all the children, whether so-called dead or alive, as still living. They admit of no such thing as death.

Mr. Owen, in relating these facts, whilst he gives just credit to Kate Fox for observing the *intelligence* of the rapping cause, does not forget that such a fact has frequently been observed before, but had never been followed out. It is to Mrs. Fox, rather than to her daughter, that we are indebted for following it out.

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The neighbors being called in by the Foxes on this memorable night of March 31, 1848, grew to a crowd of seventy or eighty persons. Numbers of questions were put to the spirit, which replied, by knocks, that it was that of a travelling tradesman who had been murdered by the then tenant, John Bell, a blacksmith, for his property. That his name was Charles B. Rosmer, and that his body had been buried in the cellar by Bell. The servant girl living with the Bells at that time, Lucretia Pulver, gave evidence that she had been suddenly sent away at the time the peddler was there, and sent for afterwards; had found the cellar floor had been dug up, and that Bell afterwards repaired the floor in the night time. The peddler had never been seen afterwards; and on the floor being dug up to the depth of more than five feet the remains of a human body were found. The sensation produced by the publication of these events was immense. The Fox family became the centre of endless inquiries. Margaret, the elder of the two young girls, going on a visit to her married sister, Mrs. Fish, at Rochester, the sounds went with her, as if they "had been packed amongst her clothes." Public meetings were called, and committees were appointed to examine into the phenomena. There were soon plenty of assertions that the little girls, the Foxes, were imposters, and produced the sounds by their knees and toe joints; even one of their relations, a Mrs. Culver, declared that Kate Fox had taught her how it was done. But Mrs. Culver's statements would not stand the test of close inquiry. The little girls were submitted to a committee of ladies, who had them stripped, laid on pillows, and watched in such a manner that they could not possibly make any sounds with knees or toes without discovery; still the sounds went on, on walls, doors, tables, ceilings, and not only where the Misses Fox were, but in scores of other places. The spirits having found a mode of making themselves heard and understood, seemed determined to be heard to some purpose. They assumed the forms of rapping, but of rapping under great variety of phases. On the outside and inside of a door at the same time, on the floor, on the walls, ceilings, on tables, chairs, in the inside of cupboards and drawers, on the back of the red-hot fire grate, on the pages of books that people were reading, on the persons of the people themselves. Individuals were speedily discovered to be mediums, or persons through whose atmosphere the spirits were enabled to show their power. Where these persons were present tables and chairs and other furniture were moved about, raised from the ground, and in some cases so powerfully that six full-grown men have been known to be carried about a room on a table, the feet of which did not touch the floor, and which no other person touched. Handbells rose up, flew about rooms, and rung, as it appeared, of themselves. People became media of all kinds: musical, writing, drawing, healing media. That is, persons who knew no music had an involuntary power of playing excellent music on a pianoforte; other pianos played of themselves. People unacquainted with drawing drew striking sketches by merely laying their hands on paper. Others wrote messages from the spirits, communicating intelligence of deceased friends which filled their friends with astonishment. Circles were everywhere found to receive their manifestations; and, so early as 1852, there were thirty thousand media in the United States.

It is not to be supposed that all this went on without opposition. On the contrary, all the old Protestant leaven was dreadfully violated by this extraordinary demonstration. The press, the pulpit, the scientific chair, were all in agitation against it. It was denounced as imposture, humbug, blind imbecility, vilest superstition; and by the religious, on the other hand, as downright demonry and sorcery. No matter, its wonderful facts were open to every one who chose to see them; and people believed their own senses rather than the wild satires of learned folly. The Rev. W. R. Hayden, writing in 1855, said: "Eight short years ago not a single individual in the United States was known as a Spiritualist; at this date, 2,500,000 at a moderate estimate, profess to have arrived at their convictions of spiritual communication from personal experience. The average rate of increase has been 300,000 per annum." In two more years we find it stated in the "Spirit Journals" of America that the number of convert Spiritualists were upwards of 3,000,000, a number equal to the united members of all the 30,000 American churches; far outstripping the conquests of Lutheranism or Methodism in their Augustan periods. Amongst these were statesmen, members of Congress, foreign ambassadors, judges of the higher courts, clergymen in great numbers, lawyers, doctors and professors. Among them were Judge Edmonds; Dr. Hare, the great electrician; a Protestant bishop; Professors Bush and Mapes, of New York, and Channing, of Boston.

A new class of teachers sprung up amongst them, namely, trance-speakers, who professed to speak from direct inspiration; and eminent amongst these were Mrs. Cora Hatch, Mrs. Henderson, and Miss Emma Hardinge, an Englishwoman. Their discourses were represented as in the highest style of eloquence; that they had many thousand hearers on Sundays, and that hundreds went away without being able to get entrance, though the largest halls in the largest cities were engaged for this new class of preachers. The literature was already become voluminous, Mr. Partridge, of New York, having alone published nearly a hundred volumes. There were twenty papers and periodicals devoted to the cause.

In proportion to the spread and success of Spiritualism were the endeavors of the stereotyped class of minds to explain it away. With the stereotyped religionist, it was simply profane delusion or diabolic agency, for some got so far; with the general run of people it was all folly and nonsense, infatuation and an epidemic. With the stereotyped literary man it was imagination; for it is wonderful what can be ascribed to imagination when needful. With the scientific it was either sheer imposture or merely subjective impression. A Dr. Rogers lit upon a theory which, for a time, was deemed utterly crushing. Baron Reichenbach had brought to the aid of physiologists his odyle force, a mere modification of magnetism or electricity, or both, according to his own assertion, but exhibiting peculiar powers. As he attributed to it a great deal of the action of the brain, Dr. Rogers at once invested it with the power of originating a spurious sort of thinking, independent of the mind of the individual. This he termed reflex cerebral action. Now, he supposed that the odyle had the power of laying the mind to rest, of placing it in a sort of dormant state, and then of throwing certain "mundane influences" on the brain, which were reflected, as from a mirror, back again, and came out through the organs of speech, through the hand in writing or drawing, as a kind of imagery or ghosts of thought —mere reflections, however, of these "mundane influences." By a stretch of imagination he conceived the brain of one man in this condition to come into rapport with the brain of another, and the two to receive jointly and reflect back, through the organs of the two, these "mundane influences," as a stereoscope unites two separate pictures into one. The explanatory theory was far more complex and unaccountable than the simple conception of a spirit impressing and speaking through a mind in full consciousness. There also wanted philosophic truth at the bottom of the theory; for though it is true that the mind can and does carry on a sort of second inferior, or habitual consciousness, so that exterior observation, talking, acting, do, at the same time, go on in walking, or even speaking, while thinking intensely on some topic. This consciousness is an act of the mind, and not merely of the brain. The brain, as simply matter, can have no action except what it receives from the mind, either that of the individual himself, or of another mind, embodied or disembodied, acting upon it. The "mundane influences," or strange, wandering, floating ideas, should come into contact with a person's brain, willy-nilly, and there shape themselves into order and intelligible ideas, and processes of ratiocination, and statement of facts known to no one present, sometimes occurring at the moment on the other side of the globe, sometimes not to take place for years, was a theory more wonderful and incredible, besides being contrary to all our consciousness and experience, than a hundred such theories as that of simple spirit impression. It wanted, moreover, to account for this great and persistent fact, that none of these reflected "mundane influences," these coöperating actions of mutually biologized brains, these wandering manes, or hobgoblins of unappropriated thought-matter in the air, ever shaped themselves into the declaration that they were odyle, od, or any other oddity; but in all cases and places, at all times and under all circumstances, in thousands and tens of thousands, and millions of instances, that they were spirits and nothing else. The uniformity, ever recurring, ever existing, of these impressions and facts, was, by all the rules of logic and philosophy, a triumphant, incontestable proof of their truth.

A Professor Mahan followed Dr. Rogers in this endeavor to turn the human brain into a monster Frankenstein, self-acting, ruthless, a shadow dealing only in shadows; ghostly, yet without any ghost. Amongst the learned and scientific men who rose preëminently above the prejudices of their caste and dared to look the phenomena in the face, and applied to them the true tests of evidence, were Professor Hare and Judge Edmonds.

Dr. Hare was the most famous practical chemist and electrician of the United States. He was born in Philadelphia in 1781, and died there May 18, 1858. At the early age of twenty he was a member of the Philadelphia Chemical Society, and there made his first and most important discovery, the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, which led to the discovery of the celebrated Drummond Light. By means of this apparatus he was the first able to render lime, magnesia, iridium and platinum fusible in any considerable quantity, and perhaps the first to procure calcium in a pure metallic state, and strontium without alloy of mercury. He first announced that steam is not condensible when combined with equal parts of the vapor of carbon. He invented the valve-cock or gallows screw, by means of which perfectly air-tight communication is made between cavities in separate pieces of apparatus. He made improvements in the voltaic pile, which enabled the American chemists to apply with success the intense powers of extended voltaic couples long in advance of the general use of similar combinations in Europe. In 1816 he invented the calorimeter, a form of battery by which a large amount of heat is produced with little intensity. The perfection of these forms of apparatus was acknowledged by Faraday in 1838, who adopted them in preference to any he could devise. (Experimental Researches, 1124, 1132.) It was with these batteries that the first application of voltaic electricity to blasting under water was made. This was in 1831, under the personal direction of Dr. Hare. In 1818 Dr. Hare had been appointed Professor of Chemistry in the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania, and he occupied this post till 1847 with distinguished ability, that is, for twenty-nine years, when he resigned. The "American Cyclopædia" describes him as a "frequent speaker at public meetings; and in conversation, especially when it assumed an argumentative character, he discoursed with great ability. His external features were in harmony with the strength and massiveness of his intellect. His frame was powerful and remarkable for its muscular development, and his breast was large and finely formed." Judge Edmonds, who knew him, says: "He was an excellent man, and all who knew him loved him for his purity, simplicity and candor." He adds that his courage arose from the fact that he did not know what it was to conceal or disguise the truth.

Such was the man who, when Spiritualism forced itself on his attention, received it, as other scientific men, as a mere delusion of the senses. He read Faraday's explanation, and thought it was convincing. A Mr. Holcomb, of Southwick, Massachusetts, had repeated the experiments of Faraday, and wrote to him to say that they evidently failed; that he had himself seen musical instruments played upon without any hands touching them, and heavy articles moved without any visible cause. Dr. Hare replied that he still concurred with Faraday; but, unlike Faraday, when he was informed of such facts, he determined to test these, too. He therefore introduced himself to a lady, a celebrated medium, and watched carefully the phenomena. When he saw tables and other articles moved, and intelligible communications given through raps, he set to work and invented machinery to cut off all direct communication between the medium and the results. He continued the experiments for two years with indefatigable industry, ingenuity and care. The details of them may be seen in his work on Spiritualism, "Experimental Investigation of Spiritual Manifestations." The result was an overwhelming mass of facts, utterly demolishing the Faraday theory. The demonstrations were mathematically correct and precise; first, a power beyond that of human, or of any known mundane agency; second, of intelligence not derived from minds in the body. Here, then, was one great step gained: the phenomena were real, and not reconcilable to any physical theory. The next question to satisfy himself upon was, whether they proceeded from distinct disembodied spirits. To decide this point Dr. Hare adopted this plan: He had gradually become himself developed as a medium; and, sitting down at his own table he frequently received communications professedly from his father and a deceased sister. One day, on the spirit calling herself his sister presenting herself at his table, as manifested through raps, he told her he wished her to do him a little service. She replied that she would, if it were in her power. He was then on a visit to Cape May, about a hundred miles from Philadelphia; and he requested her to go to Philadelphia and desire Mrs. Gourlay, the medium, to get Dr. Gourlay, her husband, to call at a certain bank and ask the note clerk a question as to the passing through of a bill, and bring him the answer by half-past three. The spirit promised, and was absent for half an hour; but had then returned with the answer. Dr. Hare made no other communication to Mrs. Gourlay on the subject; but on his return to Philadelphia in about a fortnight, he inquired of Mrs. Gourlay if she had received any message from him during his absence. She said yes, and under very extraordinary circumstances. She was receiving a communication from her spirit mother when the communication suddenly stopped, and his spirit messenger gave her the commission. It was attended to by Dr. Gourlay, and the answer returned to him by the spirit. Dr. Hare then went to the bank and ascertained from the note clerk that Dr. Gourlay called on the day named, asked a question and received the answer, which had been returned to Dr. Hare by the spirit messenger. Dr. Hare was thus assured that he had had an actual spirit messenger and was perfectly satisfied.

But other doubts had to be destroyed in him by Spiritualism. He had all his life been a determined infidel, disbelieving in God, the immortality of the soul, and in revelation. He had told Judge Edmonds that he had collated and published offensive passages from the Bible to impeach the validity of the so-called revelation; that he would put down Spiritualism also, which claimed to be a revelation. Having convinced himself, however, of his first error as to spirit, his further inquiries convinced him of the truth of the Christian revelation; and a little before his death he called on the Judge, and said his sister, who had been dead many years, had come to him, and so thoroughly identified herself to him as to convince him that it was she, and that she still lived. He had reasoned thus: "If she lives, I shall live also, and there is an immortality; if an immortality, there must be—there is a God. But," said he, "Judge, I do not stop there. I believe in revelation, and in a revelation through Jesus of Nazareth. I am a Christian." A grand answer to the *cui bono*.

In speaking of the conversion of Professor Hare to Christianity, Judge Edmonds says: "In the introduction to my second volume on 'Spiritualism,' I published some twenty letters from different persons, showing that the writers of these letters were but a few of the long list of such conversions." Professor Hare himself, in his work, says that five and twenty thousand persons had been converted from atheism and deism to Christianity in the United States alone in his time. Dr. Gardner, of Boston, goes farther in the *Banner of Light*, and says: "Millions in our country have, like myself, become convinced of the immortality of the soul, who were skeptical before the interposition of spirit-communion." What so-called Christian church of to-day can produce such testimony to its spiritual life? As Professor Hare determined to explode the impositions of Spiritualism by scientific inquiry, so did Judge Edmonds by the acumen of legal sagacity. We have this on his own evidence: "I went into the investigation originally thinking it a deception, and intending to make public my exposure of it. Having, from my researches, come to a different conclusion, I feel that the obligation to make known the result is just as strong; therefore it is, mainly, that I give the result to the world. I say mainly because there is another consideration which influences me, and that is the desire to extend to others a knowledge which I am conscious cannot but make them happier and better." The Judge was born in Hudson, United States, in 1799. He received a classical education and entered on the study of the law in his eighteenth year. He entered the office of Martin Van Buren, the ex-President, in 1819, and in 1820 commenced practise in his native town. He edited a newspaper for some time, and became an officer in the militia. By successive degrees he became a member of the State Senate, President of the Senate, a commissioner to the Indian tribes, inspector of the prison at Sing Sing, Circuit Judge, Judge of the Supreme Court, Judge of the Court of Appeals, etc. On avowing his conviction of the truth of Spiritualism he was assailed by such vituperation and slander that he resigned his judgeship, and before returning to his practise at the bar he made a tour of two months, boldly to lecture on and spread his new faith. He went from Boston in the east to the Mississippi River in the west, as far south as the Ohio River and as far north as Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He says that in this tour he found Spiritualism so generally diffused, and every Spiritualist, whatever his previous opinion on the subject, so invariably an anti-slavery man that he declared on his return that Spiritualism would prove the death-blow of slavery.

At the bar Judge Edmonds, notwithstanding his Spiritualism, speedily rose to a first-rate practise; and some time ago was elected by men of all parties to the office of Recorder of New York, one of the most important and responsible positions in the gift of the people. This office he respectfully declined. We may complete the sketch of the worthy Judge by the testimony of a very competent witness, the Hon. N. P. Talmadge, late United States Senator and Governor of Wisconsin: "I knew him as a man of finished classical education, a profound lawyer, astute in his investigations and in analyzing testimony, unsurpassed in legal opinions, and in the discharge of his high judicial duties; and, above all, I knew him to be a man of unimpeachable integrity, and the last to be duped by an imposture, or carried away by an illusion." The Judge tells us that he first turned his attention to the raps, but soon found them appearing so far from the mediums, sometimes on the tops of doors, and in all parts of rooms where the mediums had never been before, and where they could not reach; appearing at all times, travelling in carriages, on railroads, or at times when the hands and feet of the medium were all held. "After depending on my senses," he says, "as to the various phases of the phenomena, I invoked the aid of science, and with the assistance of an excellent electrician and his machinery, and of eight or ten intelligent, educated, shrewd persons, I examined the matter. We pursued our inquiries many days, and established to our satisfaction two things: First, that the sounds were not produced by the agency of any person present or near us; and, secondly, that they were not forthcoming at our will."

This was acting in a rational, common-sense manner, very different to the cowardly conduct of scientific and learned men in England who, after taking a glance at Spiritualism and finding it very shattering to their philosophy, contented themselves with observing it at a distance. In the course of these investigations, the judge saw a great variety of physical phenomena. Among others, a mahogany table, having only one central leg, and with a lamp burning upon it, lifted from the floor at least a foot in spite of the efforts of those present, and shaken backwards and forwards as one would shake a goblet in his hand, and the lamp retain its place though its glass pendants rang again. The same table tipped up with the lamp upon it so far that the lamp must have fallen off unless detained there by something else than its own gravity; and a dinner bell, taken from a high shelf in a closet, rang over the heads of four or five persons in that closet, then rang around the room over the heads of twelve or fifteen persons in the back parlor, was then borne through the folding doors to the farther end of the front parlor and then dropped on the floor. Of such things he says that he saw hundreds of cases, and such things are now so familiar that they need no citing. He proceeded to the examination of the higher phenomena—communications from deceased friends, questions often put only mentally and answered only by the alphabet. He himself became a writing and drawing medium. He found his inmost thoughts read and stated by the spirits. He heard the mediums use Greek, Latin, Spanish, and French words when he knew that they were wholly ignorant of any language but their own. He heard conversations in foreign and unknown tongues by those unacquainted with either. He addressed a request through a public journal, *The Banner of Light,* for well attested cases of persons who spoke or wrote languages which they had never learned, to be given with names of persons and places, so that they might be scrutinized and proved; and in his "Letters on Spiritualism," he gives, besides other cases under his own observation, twenty-four letters from different reliable persons, with names and dates, detailing very extraordinary instances of such cases. In his "Spiritual Tracts," Tract No. VI, he gives many other examples of such cases in well-known persons, occurring in the presence of himself and others whose names are given, and amongst those thus speaking, his own daughter and a daughter of Governor Tallmadge.

In a word, Judge Edmonds became fully convinced, as any person must who pursues a like honest and common-sense course when the matter of inquiry is a fact. His daughter, who for a long time was greatly averse to Spiritualism, became by force of over-ruling evidence also convinced; became a striking medium, frequently speaking languages that she had never learned; and both father and daughter have remained firm and active promoters of the truth. The judge lost his wife some years ago, but soon received messages from her; and he records of Spiritualism that "there is in it that which comforts the mourner and binds up the broken heart; that which smoothes the passage to the grave and robs death of its terrors; that which enlightens the atheists and cannot but reform the vicious; that which cheers and encourages the virtuous amid all trials and vicissitudes of life; and that which demonstrates to man his duty and his destiny, leaving the latter no longer vague and uncertain."

Professor Hare and Judge Edmonds may be taken as the examples of a large class of the learned and scientific men in America, among them Governor Tallmadge, Professors Mapes and Gray, men of great eminence and universal recognition. The Rev. Adin Ballou has left his opinions in an admirable little work on the subject, and many others have written voluminously in its defense. Theodore Parker, the celebrated Unitarian minister, though not a professed Spiritualist, bore this testimony to the Spiritualists: "This party has an idea wider and deeper than Catholic or Protestant; namely, that God still inspires men as much as ever; that He is imminent in spirit and in space."

But this was not the case with all the learned and scientific. Many of them attacked Spiritualism with an increasing acrimony, equal to any such melancholy exhibitions in England.

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The religious world did not omit to examine into the claims of Spiritualism. The Rev. Charles Beecher, at a regular meeting of the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn, was appointed to investigate the "Spiritual Manifestations." It should be borne in mind that he is the pastor of a regular orthodox church. In his elaborate report, made after a most careful and laborious examination of these phenomena, he assumes the hypothesis that "spirits can only obtain access through prepared odylic conditions; that this was the mode of communication by the ancient prophets, and to substitute any other theory cuts up by the roots large portions of the Scriptures." And he adds: "Whenever odylic conditions are right, spirits can no more be repressed from communicating than water from jetting through the crevices of a dyke." Mr. Beecher concludes by saying:

"Whatever physiological law accounts for odylic phenomena in all ages will, in the end, inevitably carry itself through the Bible, its prophecies, ecstacies, trances, theophanies and angelophanies are more or less tinged with odylic characteristics. The physiology, the anthropology of the Bible is highly odylic, and must be studied as such. As such it will be found to harmonize with the general principles of human experience in all such matters, in all ages. If a theory be adopted everywhere else but in the Bible, excluding spiritual intervention by odylic channels in toto, and accounting for everything physically, then will the covers of the Bible prove but *pasteboard barriers.* Such a theory will sweep its way through the Bible, and its authority, its plenary inspiration, will be annihilated. On the other hand, if the theory of spiritual intervention through odylic channels be accepted in the Bible, it cannot be shut up there, but must sweep its way through the wide domain of popular 'superstitions,' as they are called, separating the element of truth on which those superstitions are based, and asserting its own authoritative supremacy."

Similar views have been avowed by the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who was one of the most vigorous and eloquent preachers of America. In a sermon on Ephesians 1: 13-14, he declared that he had often been in that state which links us with another and a higher life. "One of these occasional openings into the other world; a state in which the invisible world is more potent and real than the visible world; and in which we see through the body and discern the substance of eternal truths."

The discussions betwixt the Spiritualists and anti-Spiritualists of America have been infinite; and many of the most violent opponents have, of late years, owned their entire conversion to the truth they had so energetically spurned at.

Amongst the various forms of spiritual manifestation in the United States, besides the physical ones already spoken of, the more intellectual ones of spirit-writing, spirit-drawing, and performance of music are very remarkable. In some of these cases writing and drawing were done through the hands of mediums, in others without any human hand at all, directly by spiritual agency, and in presence of numerous witnesses of high character.

Some of the musical demonstrations have been of an extraordinary character, but are attested by too many and capable witnesses to be disbelieved. Amongst these are those of what are called the "Davenport Boys," and of Koons' Rooms in Ohio. The "Davenport Boys," children of a family of that name at Buffalo, were declared to be the mediums of a band of musical spirits, of whom "King," the spirit of an Indian, was the leader. We have accounts of the visits to these boys by Mr. Partridge, publisher, New York; Dr. Halleck, Prof. Mapes, Mr. Miltenberger and Mr. Taylor. They state that on being introduced into the room they found, on a table in the centre, a guitar, tambourine, speaking trumpet, bell and ropes. At the far end of the room sat the two boy mediums. The hands of these boys were securely tied, as well as their feet, and they were tied to the wall. The room was made dark, and instantly the instruments flew about the room, playing over the hearer's heads, and often touching them; King frequently speaking through the trumpet. On restoring the light, the boys were found fast tied as at first. In one instance the Cleveland *Plaindealer* says, the skeptics not only tied the boys down to the benches with their hands behind them, but put iron handcuffs on them and locked them. The music proceeded all the same. Again, the keys which locked the handcuffs were placed aloft in a box and the spirits were desired to reach them and unlock the handcuffs. It was done instantly. Mr. Partridge asked the spirits why they did not perform in full light; they replied because it would injure the mediums by drawing too much force from them. Mr. Partridge, whilst listening to the music, found himself suddenly tied hand and foot, and with the rope round his neck, in a most intricate manner, and as rapidly untied. Mr. Coleman, at p. 443 of the *Spiritual Magazine* (Vol. II.), gives us an account of the visit of Professor Mapes to the "Davenport Boys," which accords with all the others. Professor Mapes, Mr. Coleman tells us, is one of the most powerful intellects of America, a profound chemical philosopher who, like Dr. Hare and Judge Edmonds, grappled with Spiritualism in the hope of exposing an imposition; but was driven, step by step, from his original position into complete belief. Like Hare, till forty-five years of age he was a materialist.

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Those singular people the Shakers or Shaking Quakers, who have eighteen communities in the United States, who maintain the primitive order of things, and have all things in common, are Spiritualists to a man. They claim their origin from John and Jane Wardley, formerly Friends, of Bolton, in Lancashire, who joined those of the Camisards or Prophets of the Cevennes who came to England. In 1758 they were joined by Ann Lee, the daughter of a blacksmith of Manchester, and being persecuted by the mob, and Ann, who had become the head of the Society and was called Mother Ann, being treated as a mad woman and put into an asylum for several weeks, they went to America where it was revealed to Ann that they should increase and become a people in peace and freedom. They arrived in the States in 1774, but were at first very poor and compelled to separate to obtain a livelihood. But in 1776 they founded an establishment near Albany. They afterwards founded others at New Lebanon, near Hudson, and at Hancock. They claim to have greatly enjoyed the apostolic gifts of healing, of prophecy, speaking in unknown tongues, and singing new and spiritual songs. They have been led by the spirit, they aver, into a deep and holy experience, and they have been inspired, not only by the Holy Spirit, but by other spiritual intelligences with whom they have daily and hourly communion. In 1856 one of them, named F. W. Evans, wrote to Robert Owen informing him "that seven years previous to the advent of Spiritualism the Shakers had predicted its rise and progress precisely as they have occurred, and adding that the Shaker order is the great medium betwixt this world and the world of spirits." He continued, "Friend Robert, it appears that you are now a Spiritualist. Spiritualism originated amongst the Shakers of America. It was also to and amongst them a few years ago that the avenues to the spirit-world were first opened; when for seven years in succession a revival continued in operation among that people, during which period hundreds of spiritual mediums were developed throughout the eighteen societies. In truth all the members in a greater or less degree were mediums. So that physical manifestations, visions, revelations, prophecies and gifts of various kinds of which voluminous records are kept, and indeed, 'divers operations, but all of the same spirit,' were as common as gold in California." He says that these spiritual manifestations were of three distinct degrees. The first being for the complete convincement of the junior members; the second for the work of judgment, the judging and purifying of the whole people by spiritual agency, and the third, for the ministration of millennial truths to various nations, kindreds, tribes and people in the spirit-world who were hungering and thirsting after righteousness. And that Spiritualism in its outward progress will go through the same three degrees in the United States. Spiritual manifestations, he maintained, were God's answer to the hearts' cry of earnest men and women seeking facts, not words, in attestation of the "Word of Life."

Mormonism must be set down as one of the disorderly phases of American Spiritualism. To those who have read both sides on the subject and history of Mormonism there can be little doubt that the thing has originated in real spiritual agency, but not of the purest kind. The Mormons, one and all, claim a miraculous origin for it. They declare that the gifts of prophecy, of healing, of seeing visions, are amongst them; and they record abundant instances of curing the most violent complaints by the prayers of the church and the laying on of hands. Orson Pratt, one of their great oracles, says: "We believe that wherever the people enjoy the religion of the New Testament, there they enjoy visions, revelations, the ministry of angels, etc. And that wherever these blessings cease to be enjoyed, there they also cease to enjoy the religion of the New Testament." He says, "New revelation is the very life and soul of the religion of heaven; it is indispensably necessary for the calling of all officers in the church. Without it the officers of the church can never be instructed in the various duties of their calling. Where the spirit of revelation does not exist, the church cannot be comforted and taught in all wisdom and knowledge, cannot be properly reproved and chastened according to the mind of God, cannot obtain promises for themselves, but are dependent upon the promises made through the ancients. Without new revelation the people are like a blind man groping his way in total darkness, not knowing the dangers that beset his path. Without prophets and revelators darkness hangs over the future; no city, people or nation understand what awaits them. Without new revelation, no people know of the approaching earthquake, or the deadly plague, of the terrible war, of the withering famine, and the fearful judgments of the Almighty which hang over their devoted heads. When the voices of living prophets and apostles are no longer heard in the land there is an end of perfecting and edifying the saints; there is a speedy end to the work of the ministry; there is an end to the obtaining of that knowledge so necessary to eternal life; there is an end to all that is great, and grand and glorious pertaining to the religion of heaven; there is an end to the very existence of the Church of Christ on earth; there is an end to salvation in the celestial kingdom."

Whatever of error and folly there may be in Mormonism, this at least is genuine and gospel truth. It is only what John Wesley had said before in fewer words: "The real cause why the gifts of the Holy Ghost are no longer to be found in the Christian Church is because the Christians are turned heathen again and have only a dead form left." Their organ, the *Millennial Star,* says, "The Latter-Day Saints *know* that the angels do here converse with men. They know that the gifts of the Holy Ghost are manifested in these days by dreams, visions, revelating tongues, prophecies, miracles, healings." Orson Pratt says, and a tract published by the Latter-Day Church, called the "Book of Mormon Confirmed by Miracles," gives numerous proofs of the truth of his assertion that "nearly every branch of the church has been blessed by miraculous signs and gifts of the Holy Ghost, by which they have been confirmed and know of a surety that this is the Church of Christ. They know that the blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, that lepers are cleansed, that bones are set, that the cholera is rebuked, and that the most virulent diseases give way through faith in the name of Christ, and the power of His gospel." He adds, "that these things are not done in a corner; they are taking place every day, and before tens of thousands of witnesses."

Well, there is nothing to be said against this unless we could prove it to be utterly false. The doctrine is a true doctrine. Every church except the Protestant church not only asserts the same but claims to have ample evidence of it. The ancient church, the Roman, the Greek, the Waldenses, the Camisards, the early Friends, Luther himself, and many individuals even amongst Protestants. Greatrakes was a great healer in the apostolic fashion. Madame Saint-Amour, who had been educated in Romanism but who became a Swedenborgian, discovered in 1826 that she possessed the same power of healing diseases as Gassner and Greatrakes, by the power of the Spirit of Christ. She was the wife of Major Saint-Amour, and herself of high Dutch connection; her uncle, General Drury, being commander at The Hague under the Stadtholdership and under Louis Bonaparte, and her cousin M. Van Mann, Minister of Justice in the Netherlands. Madame Saint-Amour, however, made no hesitation as to whether she should injure her worldly position. She went to Nantes in September, 1828, and began her benevolent mission. It was soon rumored that a lady had arrived from Paris who cured sickness and chronic ailments by prayer. The whole place was thrown into a state of excitement. Some declared that the apostolic times were come again; others that these miracles originated in some occult art rather than in religion. The sick who were cured kindled the enthusiasm of those who yet awaited their turn. A cripple, who had left his crutches with Madame Saint-Amour, hastened to prostrate himself at the shrine of St. Semillian, exclaiming, "She cures everything!" A child, carried to her in his sister's arms, returned home on foot followed by a crowd uttering their astonishment at the miracle. Passengers were stopped by the wondering crowd before Madame Saint-Amour's house; there was much questioning, and replies were given that struck the hearers with amazement. Throngs increased; the street was completely blocked so that carriages could not pass. The very steps up to her door were crowded with sick and maimed seeking help. From six in the morning till night the invalids remained waiting their turn. Numbers waited all night to be among the earliest admitted next morning. Wherever she went, they stood in her way as if nailed to the ground; they were confident that if they could but touch her dress they could be cured. Many even went so far as to declare that she was the Virgin Mary herself in disguise.

M. Richer, the celebrated editor and commentator on Swedenborg, went to judge for himself. It is well known that the Swedenborgians are violently hostile to any one possessing supernatural gifts but Swedenborg himself. They seem to think that he had a patent for miracle, and that no one must invade it to the end of the world; but M. Richer was astonished at what he saw and honestly confessed it. He heard Madame Saint-Amour saying to the crowd of afflicted applicants, "Do you believe in God? Do you believe that God, who created heaven and earth, has power to heal you?" And when they confessed their belief, she prayed that they might be healed, and laid her hands on them. He saw with amaze the wonders which ensued; saw her melted into tears of joy and gratitude to God in the midst of the miracles that He wrought by her hands; saw her witness with rapture the change from pain and suffering in her patients to ease and strength; saw her cast herself on her knees in speechless gratitude to the Giver of all Good amid the restored invalids around her.

For three days the excitement continued to increase. From all sides arrived the sick, full of astonishment at the relations which they heard. They came from Tours, Saumur, Rochefort, Angers, Rennes, from the Maine and Loire, from Vendee, Morbihan and other distant places. It may safely be asserted that not a place in the Lower Department of the Loire but sent some patient to the capital of the district. The wealthy were struggling to get Madame Saint-Amour to lionize her in their salons; and to escape for a while from the incessant crush of eager people around her she accepted invitations to distant quarters. But everywhere augmenting crowds poured after her, and everywhere in her way you saw sick and curious people who prayed the favor of addressing her. It was in vain that at night she endeavored to persuade the throngs to disperse; they would remain in order to secure her services in the morning, and you might see her hands stretched from the windows to call down blessings on the immovable crowd. As she endeavored to drive along she administered cures from the windows of her carriage. The streets and gateways of the houses she visited were speedily besieged, and four sentinels at every door were not sufficient to keep back the people. Every vehicle in the city on hire was taken to carry applicants to her; crowds of workmen abandoned their employments to get a sight of her. In every circle she and her cures were the subject of conversation; at the exchange, in the college, in the salons, in the inns and in private houses; and it was declared that no such things had ever before been heard of except in books.

But all at once it was discovered by the Church that Madame Saint-Amour was a heretic Swedenborgian! The priests were instantly in arms; a meeting of the clergy was called by the Archbishop, and as the monks of St. Stephen had declared to Columbus that there was no such continent as America, the clergy of Nantes declared that these miracles were not the work of Christ but of witchcraft. The crowds were told that if God sent such miracles it would be through a priest and not through a woman. The cry of heresy and devilry was raised against her, and Madame Saint-Armour was speedily compelled to escape from the city and district.

Madame Ehrenborg, a Swedish lady who has published three very interesting volumes of her travels on the continent, when at Nantes since these events took place, was shown the portrait of Madame Saint-Amour, and was assured by various persons of highest character in Nantes that the narrative of these extraordinary cures was perfectly correct. Madame Saint-Amour is said to have gone to join her son in Algiers.

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Amongst the innumerable mediums who have arisen in America, besides those trance and lecture mediums already referred to, the three most remarkable are Daniel D. Home, Andrew Jackson Davis and Thomas L. Harris. All these are perfectly distinct in the character of their mediumship, and in the field of their spiritual missions. Mr. Home is an exhibitor of what are called physical phenomena, but which are spiritual agencies acting on matter. Through him raps have been given and communications made from deceased friends; tables have been raised into the air, or have moved themselves, as it were, from one place to another in the apartment; his hand has been seized by spirit influence and rapid communications written out of a surprising character to those to whom they were addressed. Spirit hands have appeared which have been seen, felt and recognized frequently by persons present or those of deceased friends; bells have been lifted up and rung about a room; persons in their chairs have been suddenly transported from one end of a room to another; he himself has been frequently lifted up and carried, floating as it were, through a room near the ceiling. Numbers of such facts are recorded in the *British Spiritual Telegraph* and the *Spiritual Magazine* as well as in the *Cornhill Magazine*, with the names and testimonies of well-known witnesses. Such manifestations have been made in very many of the houses of the leading nobility, cabinet ministers and gentry of England, in the palaces of nearly half the principal monarchs of Europe. I myself have been witness to many of these phenomena through Mr. Home. The fact that the English press has made a great outcry against the truth of these statements is no proof that they did not take place, but only of the astounding ignorance of the press that all history abounds with such facts; that in all times they have been familiar phenomena attested by the most celebrated men; and that for the last fifteen years they have been so common in America that they have convinced three millions of people. In America all these phenomena have displayed themselves in far greater force than here.

Mr. Home's mission seems to have been to go forth and do the preliminary work of restoring faith by the performance of these outward marvels. Till that foundation was laid there could be no faith in higher or more psychical efforts. He was the herald of more interior truths.

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It is not my business here to detail the long and well-substantiated series of the supernatural circumstances attending Mr. Home's career. They would form a volume of themselves, and I hear that it is Mr. Home's intention himself to record them. My concern is only to note his place in the history of Spiritualism as the herald of a coming restoration of faith in the indissoluble union of the natural and supernatural, of disembodied and embodied spirits which Protestantism in what the Rev. John Henry Newman calls its "dreary development" has for a time destroyed. Mr. Home has not assumed any other character than the foundation layer. He has not pretended to enunciation of merely spiritual views. He has not come forth as the prophet, but only as the seer. And his work has not been the less important or the less valuable. Without the foundation stone there can be no building. Without faith promulgation of sublime and spiritual truths would fall dead upon dead souls. They would be like the rays of the sun not falling on the solid and respondent earth, but on the barren vacuity. In vain would Jacob's ladder have invited the angels who issue from temporary bodies to climb it to heaven had not its foot been set upon the earth. Men sunk in their spiritual condition to the earth must have manifestations of the earth first to awake them. For this reason the much despised and ridiculed physical manifestations have come first as the only ones adapted to the degraded physical status of men, many of them at the same time imagining themselves peculiarly enlightened and refined. It was truly said by Abraham to Dives that it was useless sending him to his brethren because they doubtless were in a condition in which one rising from the dead would have been to them no fitting or effective message. A wooden chair dancing, or a money table lifting itself up before their sordid eyes would have spoken much more intelligible things.

The office of Mr. Home has been the first great and necessary office of awakement; as the watchman crying the approaching hour of the morning of recompleted man he has done much, and there remains much yet to do.

But perhaps nothing connected with Mr. Home has given more profound evidence of the truth and tendencies of the consoling and divine effects of Spiritualism than the circumstances attending the decease of his most interesting wife. Mrs. Home, who was a Russian lady of high family, died at the age of only twenty-two. From the moment that it was announced to her that her complaint, consumption, was past cure, she exhibited no alarm or regret at the prospect of death. She had learned, by conviction of the truth of her husband, that death was only apparent. She had long been in daily communication with the spirits of her departed friends; and the life about to open before her was certain and beautiful beyond conception. Moreover, the Greek Church, in which she had been educated, has always recognized the Saviour less as the Crucified than as the Arisen, the triumphant over suffering and death; and her faith and feeling were in glad accordance with it. The Bishop of Perigeux, in France, near which place she died, and who administered to her the last sacrament, remarked that though he had been present at many a death-bed for heaven he had never seen one equal to hers. Can the end of any genuine Christian Spiritualist be otherwise? . . . .

Andrew Jackson Davis was born in 1826, in Blooming Grove, Orange County, New York State. He was one of six children of a very poor village weaver and cobbler. Both of his parents were illiterate, but from his mother he seems to have inherited the clairvoyant faculty. He received only five months' schooling at the village school, and it was found impossible to teach him anything there. Afterwards he was as a boy employed successively in a flour-mill, a shop and on a farm. During his solitary hours in the fields he saw visions and heard voices. His parents removed to Poughkeepsie, and he was apprenticed to a shoemaker. He then became the clairvoyant of a mesmeric lecturer and in this situation excited wonder by the revelations he made and acquired the name of the Poughkeepsie seer. This was in 1843, five years before the Rochester knockings were heard. In this clairvoyant state Davis not only declared that the power of seeing into and healing diseases was given, but he prescribed for scores who came most successfully, stating their symptoms in a manner that surprised the patients and equally so several accomplished physicians who attended the seances. In his " Harmonia " he has described the wonderful scenes opened up to him in this condition. His clairvoyance was advanced to clairscience. He beheld all the essential nature of things; saw the interior of men and animals as perfectly as their exterior, and described them in language so correct that the most able technologists could not surpass him. He pointed out the proper remedies for all the complaints, and the shops where they were to be obtained. The life of all nature appeared laid before him; and he saw the metals in the earth like living flames, and lights and flames emanating from every portion of the living structure of men and animals. The most distant regions and their various productions were present before him. Everything appeared to him, as to all clairvoyants, clothed with its peculiar atmosphere; not only living forms, but every grain of salt or sand, the minutest bones and tendrils, mineral and earthy substances had this colored atmosphere. As George Fox and Swedenborg before him, he declared that the whole of creation was opened to him; that he saw the names of all things in their natures as Adam saw them. He saw how every animal represented some one or more qualities of men and their vices or virtues, just as Fox and Swedenborg had asserted; and he gave even Greek and Latin names to things, whilst in his ordinary state he could not even write or speak decent English. These facts are attested by eminent physicians whose names have been published by themselves.

In this state he had his vision of " The Magic Staff," as it were, a rod of gold which he was told to take, to try and walk with, leaning on it and believing on it; and on the staff was written his life's motto, " Under all circumstances keep an even mind." On this staff, he tells us, he has continued to lean.

In 1845 he delivered 157 lectures in New York whilst in the clairvoyant state. These went to give a new Philosophy of the Universe and were published in a volume called " Nature's Divine Revelations," amounting to 800 pages. Edgar A. Poe and Professor Bush were amongst his wondering hearers, and the latter has attested that those parts of the lectures which he heard were faithfully transferred to the book. Since then Mr. Davis has been a very voluminous writer as his "Great Harmonia," in five volumes, "The Philosophy of Special Providence," "The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse," "The Penetralia," "The Present Age and Inner Life," and "The Magic Staff" testify. Besides this he edits the *Herald of Progress*. Mr. Coleman's account of him represents him as a man of substantial outward as well as inward development. "I was," he says, "agreeably surprised to find him bright, active and solidly intelligent, with nothing of the dreamy mystic about him. His personal appearance is extremely prepossessing, with a massive and most intellectually formed forehead, prominent nose, long black hair and profusely flowing beard. He told Mr. Coleman that he spends one-half of his time in his garden the other half in his study, and visits his office in the city one day in the week, when he sees all sorts of inquirers and still prescribes spiritually and gratuitously.

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We find that Mr. Harris, wonderfully attracted by the "Divine Revelations of Nature," of Davis, became one of his most enthusiastic disciples. But that was not the place where he was to stay; the Christian must develop out of the pagan cycle. In his early spiritual inspirations Harris became a poetic medium and dictated whole epics under the supposed influence of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Pollok, etc. Whoever were the poetic spirits who infused those poems, they are specimens of poetry of the highest order. Speaking of the "Lyric of the Golden Age," Mr. Brittan, the publisher, says, and not more eulogistically than justly, "This lyric has scarcely less than Miltonic grandeur. The descriptive parts are wonderful as illustrations of the compass of our language. It would severely tax the capabilities of the most gifted mind to coin its phraseology alone, which, however, is neither strained nor far-fetched, but natural, flowing and melodious as a valley brook."

But the instantaneous manner in which these poems—a whole volume of three hundred or four hundred pages at a time —were thrown off, is still more amazing than their high merit itself. Mr. Brittan tells us that the "Lyrics of the Golden Age" (381 pages) was dictated by Harris and written down by Mr. Brittan in ninety-four hours. In a similar manner was produced the "Lyric of the Morning Land," and other volumes. In the production of poetry we know no similar achievements. But the progress of Harris into an inspirational oratory is still more surprising. He claims, by opening up his interior being, to receive influx of divine intuition in such abundance and power as to throw off under its influence the most astonishing strains of eloquence. This receptive and communicative power he attributes to an internal spiritual breathing corresponding to the outer natural breathing. As the bodily lungs imbibe and respire air, so, he contends, the spiritual lungs inspire and respire the divine aura, refluent with the highest thought and purest sentiment, and that without any labor or trial of brain. Swedenborg teaches the same mystery, and Catholics also of devotional temperament.

Gorres, in his "Christliche Mystik," asserts that this "vital breathing, however, descends into the human being through the crown of the head, and reissues by that, and is in intimate connection with the rays and circlets of light seen on the heads of saints." (Vol. II, p. 330, "Inere Begrundung der Lichterscheinungen.") Whatever be the process, those who heard Mr. Harris during his visit to this country in 1860 had abundant proofs of the magnificent results. His extempore sermons were the only perfect realizations of my conceptions of eloquence; at once full, unforced, outgushing, unstinted and absorbing. They were triumphant embodiments of sublime poetry and a stern, unsparing, yet loving and burning theology. Never since the days of Fox were the disguises of modern society so unflinchingly rent away, and the awful distance betwixt real Christianity and its present counterfeit made so startlingly apparent. That the preacher was also the prophet was most clearly proclaimed by his suddenly hastening home, declaring that it was revealed to him that "the nethermost hells were let loose in America." This was before the public breach between North and South had taken place; but it soon followed, only too deeply to demonstrate the truth of the spiritual intimation.

In these three typal mediums have been designated the three stages of Spiritualism: the patriarchal or preparatory, the pagan and the Christian. In the general character of American Spiritualism has been displayed, in equally unmistakable features, the previous social and spiritual condition of that country. Those who thought that a dispensation from the invisible world should be all of a divine nature have been horrified to perceive that it partook largely of an opposite nature, the demoniac. That was an expectation out of nature itself, contrary to the world's history, in which the evil has ever come in hot haste on the heels of the good. Never, in any age of the world, did demon activity abound so much as at the Christian advent. It is a trite truism that where God pours out his Spirit most abundantly, it is next abundantly met by the blasts of hell. American Spiritualism, therefore, though it has shown divine features and produced deep and serious Christian effects, bringing back large numbers from atheism and deism to Christianity, has also largely shown features of a lower and more repulsive kind. And this must have inevitably have resulted from the condition of the churches there previous to this avatura, as described by both American and European travellers. The curse of slavery had entered into the deepest vitals of the moral life of the country, North as well as South.

In such a state of society, of moral cowardice and glaring hypocrisy, the spirits of evil were certain to seize on these rotten parts and revel in them. Hence, on the outburst of Spiritualism, such members, sunk in the lowest depths of spiritual corruption, were instantly possessed by spirits of like tone. Hence, in the ranks of Spiritualism and spirit mediums there appeared such persons who stood forth mere atheists, deists, pagans, of no creed but infidelity. Like attracts like; and the spirits of their stamp claimed kindred with those, enveloped them, and taught them the doctrines of the hells, or of the dubious and intermediate regions. As the Shaker W. F. Evans said, "These are brought to judgment, for their inner life was made manifest by the spirits who claimed them and indoctrinated them. This was inevitable; for they who hoped that all teaching from the invisible world would be true were as ignorant of the real condition of the spirit-world as they who, seeing evil, denounced *all* as evil. As the whole of this history has shown, the good and the evil issue equally from the spirit-world, and all must make their election. As in Christianity, so in Spiritualism, the battle of heaven and hell is forever going on. Woe to those who ally themselves to the one! Well for those who, by prayer and faith, seek the support and teaching of the other, that is, of the Holy Spirit and its ministering angels."

OPPOSITION TO NEW FACTS.

The Creator of man, He who knows all the springs and motions of the human heart, when He was in Christ on the earth, said to His messengers of His great new truths, " Behold I send you forth as lambs amongst wolves." (Luke X:3.) This is His announcement of the inevitable consequences of the mission of truth to the end of the world. Persecution is the eternal heritage of truth. There is a deadly enmity to truth in the spirit of the world which no knowledge, no experience, no infinitely repeated folly will ever cure. The world hates new truths as the owl and the thief hate the sun. Mere intellectual enlightenment cannot recognize the spiritual. As the sun puts out a fire so spirit puts out the eyes of mere intellect.

The history of this hatred of truth is the same in the pagan and the Christian world. Socrates, Pythagoras and many others fell under it. But it is most strikingly demonstrated in the history of Christ and His church. The Jews, the educated classes of that time, who had studied the prophets and carried the institutions of Moses to the utmost perfection, still wanting the spiritual vision, when Christ came covered with all the signs of prophetic history, could not see Him. But what it did to Christ and His apostles it had done long before. It ridiculed Noah's building the ark for a hundred years, till the flood came and swept all the sneerers away. It made the life of Moses for forty years a torment, and after a thousand miracles in the wilderness. It caused the pagans to roast, boil and hew in pieces the early Christians.

Nor was it less operative among the early Christians themselves. They ridiculed the discoveries of science as the scientific ridiculed their Christianity. In his twenty-fourth chapter, "De Antipodibus, de Caelo ac Sideribus," Lactantius laughs at the notion of there being such things as antipodes, thereby showing that the theory of the rotundity of the earth and of antipodes was held, as we know it was, by Macrobius, Pliny the Younger, Cleomenes and others. Lactantius is quite merry at the idea of "homines quorum vestigia sint superiora quam capita," whose heels are higher than their heads. Is it possible, he asks, for trees and fruits to grow downwards? Rains and snow and hail to fall upwards to the earth? For fields and seas and cities and mountains to hang upside down? The reason, he says, by which they came to such absurd ideas was that they saw the sun and moon always setting in one place, and always rising in another, and not knowing the machinery by which they were conveyed when out of sight, they thought the heavens must be round, and therefore the earth must be round, too. Nay, according to him, they had actually made an orrery.

Thus the earth was, according to these philosophers (some of them of the first century of the Christian era, probably earlier still) round, and the planets were represented the same and as circling round it. Then followed what Lactantius regarded as a very monstrous notion. . . "That is, if the earth were round, it would follow of necessity that it would everywhere present the same face to the heavens; it would elevate its mountains, extend its plains, diffuse its seas. And if this should be, then this extreme condition would follow too, that there would be no part of the earth which might not be inhabited by men and other animals. And thus the rotundity of the earth is actually made to introduce pendulous antipodes!"

But if you ask, says our learned Christian Father—and he was a very learned man of his age, and did able battle with the heathen and their mythologies—how all these things are prevented flying off from the round earth and dropping into the lower regions of space, they tell you that it is a law of nature that the most ponderable substances tend to the centre, and are united to the centre as you see the spokes in a flying wheel; whilst the lighter substances, as clouds, smoke and fire, are carried from the centre and mount towards the heavens. . .

Lactantius cannot, he says, account for the people continuing to defend such absurdities, except that, once taking up wrong premises, they are sure to go on maintaining them; though he thinks the philosophers are sometimes knowingly quizzing, and only do it to show their ingenuity and astonish the people. When the learned laugh at Lactantius, let them reflect for a moment that Spiritualism may be just as true now as that the world was round, and that there were antipodes in his time.

The same spirit pursued through all the Middle Ages the children of the light by its grand institution, the Inquisition, furnished with every species of machinery for crushing, burning, racking and tearing out the truth. It fought desperately against the Reformation, and poured all its fury on Huss, Jerome of Prague, the Lollards, Waldenses, Huguenots, on Fox, on Wesley, on every religious reformer. It stood in the path of even physical progress and laughed. It is the fool and the Alguazil of every age, even to physical progress. We all know the stories of Galileo, of Harvey, and Jenner; they are worn threadbare in holding them up as warnings. It put Solomon de Caus in the Bicetre as a madman for asserting the power of steam. The *Edinburgh Review* called on the public to put Thomas Gray into a strait-jacket because he affirmed that there ought to be railroads. Gall says that such was his treatment for introducing phrenology that he cauld not have lived through it had he not been supported by one man who knew the value of science, and that the learned even did not restrain their premature jokes and squibs till they had made some research.

A writer in the *Homœopathic Review* says, "In the sixteenth century the French Parliament solemnly interdicted the use of antimony as a medicine; and the Faculty of Paris not only forbade the employment of all chemical remedies but would not allow them even to be mentioned in theses and examinations.

In the same century the discovery of the valves in veins by Amatus Lusitanus was denied and ridiculed by the chief anatomists of the day; whilst Harvey's farther discoveries were treated as madness. In the seventeenth century the medical profession was roused to fury by the introduction of Peruvian bark. This remedy was not brought in through the portals of the college; and the new discovery, to use the words of Boniland, had to be "baptized in tribulation." The physicians of Oliver Cromwell allowed him to die of ague rather than administer the hated specific. In the same century the president of the College of Physicians committed Dr. Groenvelt for daring to prescribe cantharides internally.

In the eighteenth century Jenner was ridiculed, lampooned and excluded from the honors and privileges of the College of Physicians because he advocated vaccination. In the nineteenth the discovery of Laennec was, for a time, scouted by the medical authorities. "I have not," one professor sneeringly remarked, "a sufficiently fine ear to hear the grass grow," and at a medical banquet a sort of dinner of the Medical Association of the day, it was proposed to test the qualities of the wines by percussing the bottles. If we pass from medicine to general science, how the volume teems with stories of blind opposition to everything involving a change of opinion!

The writer then cites the case of Galileo, so well known, and of Columbus, ridiculed and rebuffed by the learned men of Genoa, Portugal and Spain, and then, having proved the truth of his theory of another continent, dying broken-hearted amid the hatred and envy of those who feared conviction. Of Franklin, bravely erecting his lightning conductor amid the jeers of his fellow citizens, and not only so, but amid those of the Royal Society of London. Dr. Ashburner in the "Spiritual Magazine," has called attention to the following fact in "Lardner's Manual of Electricity," in the "Cabinet Library," i; 47. "When these and other papers, proposing that an iron rod should be raised to a great height in the air to convey electricity from the clouds to the earth, by Franklin, illustrating similar views, were sent to London and read before the Royal Society, they are said to have been considered so wild and absurd that they were received with laughter, and were not considered worthy of so much notice as to be admitted into the "Philosophical Transactions." Dr. Fothergill, who appreciated their value, would not permit them to be thus stifled. He wrote a preface to them and published them in London. *They subsequently went through five editions!*

The writer then cites the case of Perdonnet, the engineer, earning the character of a madman by predicting in a lecture at the *Ecole Centrale* the success of railways. He adds, "Then have we not some pleasant stories of the French academicians—the Sir Benajmin Brodies of the day—the *crême de la crême* of philosophers? In 1805 Napoleon the First applied to the Academy to know if concentrated steam, according to Fulton's process, could propel a vessel. The question was answered by a burst of laughter, and the emperor was extremely mortified for having showed his ignorance. The same body of philosophers rejected the proposition to light by gas as an impossibility; and years afterwards Arago was received with bursts of contemptuous laughter when he wanted to speak of an electric telegraph, his learned compeers declaring the idea to be perfectly Utopian. To these instances he might have added the ridicule and persecution of Hahnemann for the discovery of the odyle force.

It is a curiosity of science that Benjamin Franklin, who had himself experienced the ridicule of his countrymen for his attempts to identify lightning and electricity, should have been one of the committee of savans in Paris in 1778 who examined the claims of mesmerism and condemned it as absolute quackery! This opinion was seconded by another commission which commenced its sittings in February, 1826, and continued its labors for five years. The report of the commission, however, recommended that physicians only should be allowed to practice mesmerism, forgetting that it was unmedical men who had forced the science on the medical men. Mr. Rich shrewdly observes that as soon as the church recognizes mesmerism, and we believe Spiritualism too, it will then consider it very proper that only clergymen should practice them.

The *Scottish Review* in an able article some years ago, reminded its readers that the establishment of the Royal Society was opposed because it was asserted that "experimental philosophy was subversive of the Christian faith." The elder Disraeli shows that telescopes and microscopes were at first denounced as "atheistic innovations which perverted our organ of sight and made everything appear in a false light." In the outcry against Jenner, the Anti-Vaccination Society, in 1806, execrated vaccination as a horrible tyranny "for forcing disease on the innocent babes of the poor—a gross violation of religion, law, morality and humanity." It was declared by learned men that it would make children "ox-faced," that there were already symptoms of sprouting horns on children, and that they would have the visages of cows and the bellowing of bulls! It was declared a diabolical invention of Satan, a tempting of Providence, and was practical sorcery and atheism.

When machines were invented for winnowing corn, a dreadful outcry was raised in Scotland, that it was an impious attempt to supersede God's winds and raise a devil's wind. One Scotch clergyman refused the holy communion to all who used this "devil's" machine. The readers of "Old Mortality" will remember the indignation of honest Mause Headrigg at her son Cuddie having to "work in a barn wi' a new-fangled machile for dighting the corn frae the chaff, thus impiously," said the alarmed Mause, "thwarting the will of Divine Providence by raising wind for your ladyship's ain particular use by human art instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently whatever dispensation of wind Providence was pleased to send upon the sheiling hills."

When a route was discovered across the Isthmus of Panama, a priest named Acosta, in 1588, declared that, too, a resistance of Divine Providence and his finite barriers which could only be followed by plagues and curses. When forks were introduced into England they were denounced by the preachers, who declared it "an insult on Providence not to touch our meat with our fingers." The abolition of slavery was treated in the same manner by many religious people as an impious attempt to put aside the curse on Ham and his posterity; and like arguments are still used against the attempts to convert the Jews, a people, it is said, rejected for their rebellion and crucifixion of Christ.

There is a large class of persons at the present day who may, with much profit, digest this list of facts. After reading it no one will feel himself obliged to add his name to the catalogue of bigoted obstructives.

CHAPTER XII.

GEORGE FOX AND THE FRIENDS.

"They call themselves by the pleasant name of Friends; the pious called them the Children of the Light; the baser sort, quaking at the light, called them Quakers."

GERARD GROESE.

"There exist folios on the human understanding and the nature of man, which would have a far juster claim to their high rank and celebrity, if, in the whole huge volume, there could be found as much fulness of heart and intellect as bursts forth in many a simple page of George Fox."

COLERIDGE'S "Biographia Literaria."

"This man, the first of the Quakers and by trade a shoemaker, as one of them whom under ruder form, the Divine idea of the universe is pleased to manifest itself; and across all the hulls of ignorance and earthly degradation, shine forth in unspeakable awfulness, unspeakable beauty on their souls; who, therefore, are rightly recounted prophets, God possessed."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Henry VIII, who established the Reformation in England, died in 1546; George Fox, the first of the Society of Friends was born in 1624, and in 1646, exactly a hundred years after the death of the royal reformer, as he was walking towards Coventry, was struck with a sudden wonder how all were said to be Christians, both Protestants and Papists, and that it was said that all the true Christians must have been born again, and thus passed from death to life, a fact which he found it hard to believe of very many of his contemporaries. In fact the more honest George pondered on this subject the more was his amazement; for surely from all the accounts that we have of the condition of genuine Christianity there was very little of it at that time. Protestantism patronized, if not introduced, by royalty into England, had under State pressure assumed a very odd shape. Checked and driven and thwarted by kingly and queenly caprices it had become a very hybrid and stunted thing. It had abjured voluntarily many of the gifts of the Church of Christ, as those of curing by laying on of hands, prophesying and working miracles, thus having lopped off a number of its own limbs; and this circumstance, coöperating with the royal tinkering of the faith, had done wonders in introducing a strange death-in-life sort of religion. Having abandoned all faith in the supernatural, very few people believed in the action of the Holy Spirit upon the spirit of man. Nothing brought so much ridicule on the Friends as their assertion that they were moved by the Spirit. It became a common mode of scoffing at them to say that "the Spirit moves them." Nay, it is still thought rather witty to say that "the Spirit moves them." As for being born again, in George Fox's day it was ridiculed by bishops and clergy as the height of absurdity. To be a Christian was to go to Church, to adjourn thence to the ale-house and to drink and swear lustily; and to be a heretic was to go to a Dissenting Chapel, dubbed by law a "conventicle," and to be fined twenty pounds for it. Such was the condition to which legal and regal Protestantism had reduced this country in a hundred years.

We need not take the evidence of George Fox and the Friends solely on this point. Richard Baxter was Fox's contemporary and a clergyman of the legal Church too. In Orme's life of the venerable Richard it is stated that "before or about the time that Richard was born, 1615, an important change took place in his father. This was affected chiefly by the reading of the Scriptures; for he had not the benefit of Christian association or the public preaching of the Gospel. Indeed the latter privilege could scarcely be enjoyed in that county—Shropshire. There was little preaching of any kind and that little was calculated to injure rather than to benefit. In High Ercall, his place of residence, there were four readers in the course of six years, all of them ignorant, and two of them immoral men. At Eaton-Constantine, also a place of his abode and hereditary property, there was a reader of eighty years of age, Sir William Rogers, who never preached, yet had two livings twenty miles apart from each other. His sight failing, he repeated the prayers without book, but to read the lessons he employed a common laborer one year, a tailor another; and at last his own son, the best stage player and gamester in all the county, got orders and supplied one of his places. Within a few more miles round were nearly a dozen more ministers of the same description; poor, ignorant readers and most of them of dissolute lives. Three or four who were of a different character, though all conformists, were the objects of popular derision and hatred as Puritans. Where such was the character of the priests we need not wonder that the people were profligate and despisers of those who were good. The greater part of the Lord's Day was spent by the inhabitants of the village in dancing round a May-pole, near Mr. Baxter's door, to the no small distress and disturbance of the family" (p. 2, "Baxter's Life," by the Rev. William Orme.)

. . . .

George Fox was born at Drayton, in Leicestershire, in July, 1624. His parents were of the Church of England; his father a weaver and George himself was put apprentice to a shoemaker who dealt in wool and cattle. George does not seem to have had much to do with the shoemaking; he took most delight in attending to the sheep and to farming operations. He was early visited by religious convictions, and sought enlightenment from the clergy around him. It was not likely, however, that such ministers as Baxter has described could do him much good. He fell into great distress of mind and walked many nights by himself in great spiritual troubles and sorrow. The clergyman of his parish, one Nathaniel Stevens, so far from communicating spiritual light, drew from George and used to make his sermons out of what he heard from him in conversation. George, therefore, went to an ancient priest at Mansetter, in Warwickshire, and endeavored to learn from him the causes of his despair and temptations; but this "ancient priest" had no better counsel for him than "to take tobacco and sing psalms." But George signified that he was no lover of tobacco, and as for psalms he was not in a state to sing. Then the priest bade him come again and then he would tell him many things. But when George came the priest was angry and pettish for George's former words had displeased him; and he was so indiscreet that what George had told him of his sorrows and griefs he told again to his servants, so that it got amongst the milk lasses, and grieved him to have opened his mind to such a one; and he saw they were all miserable comforters. Then he heard of a priest living about Tamworth, who was accounted an experienced man and therefore he went to him, but found him like an empty hollow cask. . . After this, he went to one Macham, a priest of high account; and he, no more skilful than the others, was for giving George some physic and for bleeding him. But they could not get one drop of blood from him, either in the arms or the head, his body being as it were, dried up with sorrows, grief and trouble, which were so great upon him that he could have wished never to have been born, to behold the vanity and wickedness of men; or that he had been born blind and so he might never have seen it; and deaf that he might never have heard vain and wicked words or the Lord's name blasphemed." (Sewel's "History of Christian People in derision called Quakers," Vol. I. pp. 8-12.)

Fortunately for George Fox he was driven from seeking spiritual aid from all such "empty casks," to the true means, his Bible and earnest solitary prayer for Divine illumination. He retired into the fields and spent whole days and nights reading and praying in a hollow tree. Here he found what is divinely promised, that to those who knock it shall be opened; that those who seek spiritual teaching from the Divine Spirit itself shall find it. His darkness, his doubts, his despair, gradually cleared away; and he came to see the truth developed to his understanding, pure and free from all school glosses. Never since the original proclamation of the gospel to the simple fishermen of Galilee, had its noble reality been so completely manifested. It came to him unclouded, unimpeded by any preconceived or preinculcated notions or conventionalism. There were in his hollow oak, no "royal reasons" to warp God's truth, no college logic to cramp it; pure and unadulterated it issued from the Divine mind as the waters of Siloa's fount, which "flowed fast by the oracle of God."

It came forth in all its august but simple greatness, and Fox, a soul of the most honest and intrepid mould, embraced it with that love and faith which are ready, not only to die for it, but to suffer all contempt and wrong for it whilst living. Lord Macaulay, in his "History of England," has treated Fox as a fanatic ignoramus and little better than an idiot. It was the only judgment to which such a man as Macaulay could come. Fox must be an idiot to a man like Macaulay and Macaulay must have been an idiot to him. Macaulay was essentially an outward, worldly-minded man, a man given up to Whiggism, and standing well with the world; and verily he had his reward. Fox was the exact antipode of such a man. Fox was no fool; on the contrary, he was a man though destitute of much human education, possessed of a masculine understanding, of a power of reason against which the florid rhetoric of Macaulay would have stood no more chance than did the ablest sophisms of the ablest men of the time; judges, officers, clergy, statesmen, of Cromwell himself, as may be seen by his history. Macaulay, with his mere worldism, could no more understand a man of the intellectual calibre of Fox than a monkey's subtlety can comprehend the massive sagacity of an elephant. The one was all superficial expedience, the other all eternal truth; the one having no root in the eternal soil of principle, the other all heart and principle; the one worshipping at the shrine of popularity and personal advantage, the other worshipping only the eternally true, the eternally holy, and despising every temporary profit or glory which could interpose itself in his life and death struggle towards it. Such men must remain longer than suns and systems remain; while truths are truths, and selfisms are selfisms, idiots, incontrovertible idiots to each other; with this difference, that Fox could have seen through and through Macaulay at a glance, whilst Macaulay could never fathom the profound greatness of Fox. The religion of Fox became, like that of the first apostles, a religion in which spiritual truth went for everything, mundane considerations, mundane reservations, mundane balancing of advantage, for nothing. With him all was for God and the insurmountable truth; all for man and his eternity, without any temptation from man as a favor-bestowing or praise-bestowing creature of a day.

The mountain standing in the vastness and the solidities of nature knows nothing of the sheep which grazes it, or the butterfly which sports over its herbage; and they cannot comprehend the solid and age-enduring mountain. When they can understand each other, then Foxes and Macaulays will understand each other and not till then.

Fox was developed into the highest phase of Spiritualism, that of direct communion with the Divine mind, by the same means as the apostles and saints in all ages have been developed and baptized into it, by opening their souls in solitude and prayer to the eternal Soul in a sublime, unflinching integrity. In this silent and perfect dedication to its infiltrations, in a heroic submission to its meltings and mouldings, he found all the outward husks of human theories, the outward shadow of self-indulgence, self-weakness, self-cravings and self-wisdom drop away, and a pure, calm, resplendant wisdom and strength rise up in clear vision, and make him a free man of the universe, triumphant over pride, passion and temporal desire in the power and unity of God.

He had now rapidly to unlearn what he had learned in established teachings of the age. " As he was walking in a field, on a First-Day morning, it was discovered unto his understanding, that to be bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to make a man a minister of Christ. At this he wondered because it was the common belief of the people; but for all that he took this to be a Divine revelation and he admired the goodness of the Lord, believing now the ordinary ministers not to be such as they pretended to be. This made him unwilling to go any more to church, as it was called, to hear the priest Stevens, believing that he could not profit thereby; and therefore instead of going thither, he would get into the orchard or the fields by himself, with his Bible, which he esteemed above all books, seeking thus to be edified in solitariness. At this his relations were much troubled; but he asked them whether John, the apostle, did not say to the believers, that " they needed no man to teach them, but as the anointing teacheth them." And though they knew this to be Scripture and that it was true, yet it grieved them, because he would not go to hear the priest with them but separated himself from their way of worship; for he now saw that a true believer was another thing than they looked upon it to be; and that being bred at the universities did not qualify a man to be a minister of Christ. Thus he lived by himself, not joining with any, nay, not of the dissenting people, but became a stranger to all, relying wholly upon the Lord Jesus Christ.

Fox, in fact, found himself, like Abraham, called to go forth from his father's house and his kindred, from all old teachings, associations and notions; for he was appointed one of those who have to revitalize the Church and bring it back to its original faith and power. He had to go forth with the Bible in his hand and the fire of God in his soul to bring men back from set forms and dead rituals to the simple religion of the Bible; and it is the Bible, in such hands, which has continually to fight with mere human formalities and dead shells of profession. It is this which has produced all the changes and reforms that have appeared in the Christian Church yet. It overthrew Paganism, it split asunder Popery, it ruined Monkery in this country, it destroyed it in Spain. The Catholics were deeper in worldly wisdom than the Church of England; they knew it to be an enemy and they treated it as an enemy; they kept it down and out of sight as long as they could. Henry VIII and Elizabeth were wiser in this respect than their successors. Henry passed an Act in 1539 called the "Bloody Statute," in which he decreed that "no women, artificers, apprentices, journeymen, husbandmen, or laborers, should read the New Testament on pain of death"; and Elizabeth was equally averse to it. She did not wish the people to read at all lest it should make them less submissive. She disliked even preachings, lest the mischievous principles of Christianity should steal abroad through it; three or four preachers in a county she declared quite sufficient. Such was the policy of the Catholic Church and of the cunning founders of the English Church; but now the Bible had been allowed to walk abroad over the whole land; the peasant had learned to feel himself a man and the man an immortal creature—the child of God—the heir of precious rights and deathless hopes; a being too good to be trodden on by priestly pride, or robbed by priestly pretenses. It was because the peasants of Scotland had, in every mountain glen and lowland hut, listened to the animating topics and precious promises of the "big ha' Bible," that they had risen and resisted the bloody emissaries of the Church. And now throughout England, in city and hamlet, in field and forest, the great charter of man was studied and was ready in the hands of "the man in leather" to cast down everything that was opposed to freedom of spirit and independence of purpose.

Amongst these inquiring spirits, or seekers as they were called, George Fox went forth in 1647, directing his first course into Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. "During all this time he never joined in profession of religion with any but gave himself up to the disposal of the Lord; having forsaken not only all evil company, but also taken leave of father and mother and all other relations; and so he travelled up and down as a stranger on the earth, which way he felt his heart inclined, and when he came into a town he took a chamber to himself there and tarried sometimes a month, sometimes more, sometimes less, in a place, lest, being a tender young man, he should be hurt by too familiar a conversation with men." (Sewel, Vol. I, p. 15.)

As he had forsaken the priests of the establishment, so he left the separate teachers too, because he saw there was none amongst them all that could speak to his condition. And when all his hopes in them and in all men were gone, then he heard, according to what he relates himself, a voice which said, "There is one, even Jesus Christ, that can speak to thy condition." Having heard this his heart leapt for joy and it was shown him why there was none upon the earth that could speak to his condition, namely, that he might give the Lord all the glory.

He was now in a continual progress of spiritual teaching by inward revelation. He learned experimentally that Christ is the light that truly enlighteneth any man that cometh into the world; and this became so fundamental a doctrine of his that the people who gathered about him were at first called "The Children of the Light." Yet he was a diligent reader of the Scriptures, that speak at large of God and Christ, though he knew him not but by revelation, as he who had the key did open. George was in the highest state of mediumship and of Spiritualism, namely, in direct communication with the Spirit of God; and his followers cultivated this highest condition and laid down their whole system upon it, paying little attention to the secondary condition of ministrations through angels, which has been the more particular dispensation of this more material age. Yet we shall see that he and his friends showed themselves distinguishers of dreams, casters out of evil spirits, healers in the name of Christ, and predicters of events, etc. They possessed many of the gifts of the true Church, though they desired above all to walk in the immediate power of the Divine Spirit, and to call all men to this communion as the source of all Christian teaching and edification. So much was this the case that they were accused of not believing in the outward Christ, who died at Jerusalem, because they taught that the outward death of Christ there and then would avail little without the inward life and perpetually quickening and reforming power of His Spirit. This absurd calumny has even been reiterated in our time as it was by honest but misinformed Richard Baxter. The Rev. Robert Philip, in his lives of Whitefield and Bunyan, and Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, have repeated the calumny, scarcely allowing Friends to be Christians on that account, the simple truth of the matter being, that whilst they fully believed and proclaimed their belief in the outward Christ, they were the first to draw attention to the great doctrine of his indwelling and regenerating life in the soul, then treated as a myth, but now from the Quakers readmitted to general credence. In the Articles and Homilies of the Church of England, indeed, this doctrine existed, but at that day it had ceased to exist in the credence of the clergy and was continually ridiculed by them when asserted by Friends.

With the people whom Fox came amongst were some who believed much in dreams; but he taught them to make a very necessary distinction betwixt one kind of dreams and another. He told them there were three sorts of dreams. Multiplication of business produced dreams; there were whisperings of Satan in the night seasons, and there were also speakings of God to man in dreams—facts amply confirmed by modern Spiritualism. Amongst his continued spiritual openings he had several precisely of the kind made since to Swedenborg. "In Nottinghamshire it pleased the Lord to show him that the natures of those things that were hurtful without were also within in the minds of wicked men; and that the natures of dogs, swine, vipers, and those of Cain, Ishmael, Esau, Pharoah, etc., were in the hearts of many people. But since this did grieve him he cried to the Lord, saying, " Why should I be thus, seeing I was never addicted to commit these evils?" And inwardly it was answered him, " That it was needful he should have a sense of all conditions; how else should he speak to all conditions?" He also saw that there was an ocean of darkness and death, but withal an infinite ocean of light and love, which flowed over the ocean of darkness in all which he perceived the infinite love of God. (Sewel, Vol. I, p. 18.)

Again he says, " I saw into that which was without end, and things which cannot be uttered; and of the greatness and infiniteness of the love of God, which cannot be expressed by words; and I have been brought to the very ocean of darkness and death; and the same eternal power of God which brought me through those things was that which afterwards shook the nation, priests, professors and people. . . And I saw the harvest white, and the seed of God lying thick on the ground as ever did wheat which was sown outwardly, and none to gather it, and for this I mourned with tears."

The shaking which came through Fox, of priests, people, officers, magistrates and learned men was a great revolution little understood at the present day. Of late there has been much talk of Quakerism dying out, and sundry books have been written to show the causes of it; but those who supposed such a thing little knew what Quakerism was or is. It is not a religion of caps and coats, but of the great principles of the New Testament, which at that day lay trodden under foot. Fox went on under a process of revelation till he saw the whole mighty scheme of the gospel in its grandeur and fulness. He came to despise all mere outer forms, and to grasp the inward and eternal principles of Christian truth—THE TRUTH—as he emphatically termed it. This consisted in the doctrine that Christ is the Word, the Light and the Comforter which enlightens every man that cometh into the world and leadeth into all truth. That by opening our hearts to this divine and ever-present Teacher we have all truth in " the two great books of God, the

Bible and Nature," opened up to us. That in Christ we are born again new creatures and trained up into perfect men in Christ Jesus. Like Wesley, since he believed in the possibility of the attainment of perfection in this life, and in the perception of acceptance with God, he came to protest against all State establishments of religion—that Christ's religion is free and self-sustaining. That it is utterly opposed to all despotism in creed, or in politics; to usurpation of the personal liberties of man; to all giving and receiving of titles of worldly honor and flattery. He refused, on this account, to pay what he called hat-homage, by taking off his hat to people, and to use "you" to a single person. All these things, he asserted, sprang from pride and an inordinate self-love and vanity; and how truly this was the case was seen by the resentment and the persecution which the refusal of them occasioned. He rejected baptism by water and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper as non-essential forms, the baptism of the Spirit being the true and essential baptism; and that if we commemorated the Last Supper, though only recommended to Christ's own immediate disciples, we ought also to wash one another's feet as a ceremony more strictly enjoined. He taught that tithes were anti-Christian, both tithes and those to whom they were given being terminated with the tribe of Levi. He showed the impropriety of calling that a church which was only the meeting place of the Church, and generally styled those steeple-houses. Never was there such a stripping away of the old rotten bark of ecclesiasticism, so thorough a return to the naked truth of the gospel. Such a system was sure to bring down a tremendous tempest of persecution, and the whole history of the Society of Friends down to the Act of Toleration by William III is a history of as frightful and ruthless persecutions as ever fell on any Christian body from any Church calling itself Christian. The history of these awful "sufferings" fill a huge folio volume. The Five Mile Act, the Conventicle Act, and the Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy were made the means of fleecing the Friends by wholesale. Fox and his disciples could not take any oath at all, seeing that Christ had most explicitly said, "Swear not at all," and therefore this oath was made a continual snare to them.

Fox had soon vast numbers of serious inquirers of all ranks flocking to him, and as they declared that the gospel ought to be preached freely—"freely ye have received, freely give"—the clergy saw that, if this succeeded, their craft was gone forever. Therefore clergy, and magistracy, and soldiery came down on these modern apostles "who turned the world upside down," and they were plundered and thrown into prison by thousands. Fox and nearly all his eminent followers passed many years in prisons—such dens of filth, inclemency and wickedness as now strike us in the description with amazement. Two thousand five hundred Friends were in prison at one time, and three hundred and sixty-nine died there! In Bristol, at one time, every adult Quaker was in prison for his faith; and the children still met, in spite of the beatings and insults of their persecutors, who struck them in the face, as they were accustomed to do the women, whom it was a favorite plan to drag by the hair, pinch their arms till black and blue, and prick them with bodkins and packing needles. When this would not do they banished them to the colonies and sugar plantations, and sold them for slaves, where their doctrines soon spread, and persecution became as hot as at home, especially in New England, where the famous Pilgrim Fathers exceeded all others in monstrous fines, flogging of women from town to town, cutting off ears, and hanging! These people, who had fled from England on the plea of escaping persecution for religion there, turned the most savage of persecutors, showing that their boasted love of religious freedom was but selfishness.

All this time at home (that is, for thirty years), the Friends were stripped of their property by means of the before-named enactments, the informers receiving one-third of the spoil. They were charged ten pounds apiece for attending a Friends' meeting, and twenty pounds a-piece if they opened their mouths to defend themselves on the pretense that they preached! Their meeting-houses were pulled down—those in London, by Sir Christopher Wren! Their very beds were dragged from under them, and one woman's body was torn from a grave! From 1655 to the end of this persecution half a million of money, or money's worth, was wrenched from them. One clergyman said he would rather see all the Quakers hanged than lose a sixpence by them. The informers lived jovially on them. They entered freely into their houses, kept the keys of their doors in their pockets, and declared that they would eat of the best, and drink of the sweetest, and these rogues of Quakers should pay for all. When they complained to Archbishop Sancroft of these villains he coolly replied, "There requires crooked timber to build a ship!"

These are singular features of the state of the national church and its universities in George Fox's time, and of what people suffered for spirituality then. We Spiritualists of to-day walk in silken slippers and are let off with a harmless sneer or two. Having shown what Fox and the Friends endured for Spiritualism, we may again revert to a few more traits of its peculiar character.

The power evinced during some meetings was such that the house seemed to be shaken, and on one occasion a clergyman ran out of the church lest it should fall on his head. This was at Ulverstone, but the thing was of frequent occurrence. In 1648 George Fox had "an opening," such as Swedenborg records of himself. "The creation was opened to me; and it showed to me how all things had their names given them, according to their nature and virtue. And I was at a stand in my mind whether I should practise physic for the good of mankind, seeing the nature and virtues of the creatures were so opened to me by the Lord." He says that the Lord showed him that such as were faithful to Him would be brought into the state in which Adam was before the fall, when the natures of all things were, by the divine unity, known to man; and that so they would come to know the hidden unity in the Eternal Being. He was shown that the professors of physic, divinity and law were all destitute of the true knowledge and wisdom necessary for these professions; and that nothing but this divine illumination could bring them into it. It was shown him, however, that his labor was not to be physical but spiritual. It was at this time that he felt a certain assurance of his acceptance with God.

At Mansfield Woodhouse he found the gospel gift of command over disordered spirits manifested in him. There was a distracted woman under a doctor's hands, being bound, and with her hair loose. The doctor was trying to bleed her, but could get no blood from her. Fox desired that she might be unbound, and he then commanded her in the name of the Lord to be still; and this had such effect that she became still; her mind settled, she grew well, and became a convert to his doctrine and remained perfectly sane till her death. Soon after he restored a person who was ill by prayer. "There being in that town a great man who had long lain sick, and was given over by the physicians, he went to visit him in his chamber; and having spoken some words to him, he was moved to pray by the bedside, and the Lord was entreated, so that the sick man was restored." A still more remarkable case is recorded by him in his "Journal." "After some time I went to a meeting at Arnside, where Richard Myer was, who had long been lame of one of his arms. I was moved of the Lord to say unto him, amongst all the people, "Stand upon thy legs," and he stood up, and stretched out his arm that had been lame a long time, and said, "Be it known unto you, all people, that this day I am healed." Yet his parents would hardly believe it; but, after the meeting was done they had him aside, took off his doublet, and then saw it was true. He came soon after to Swarthmore meeting, and there declared how the Lord had healed him."

These cures by spirit power Fox regarded but as incidental objects of his mission; but we should have been glad to have had this particular record of others; for such there were, and numerous ones, according to his account. "Many great and wonderful things were wrought by the heavenly power in those days; for the Lord laid bare his omnipotent arm, and manifested His power to the astonishment of many, by the healing virtue whereof many have been delivered from great infirmities, and the devils are made subject to his name, of which particular instances might be given beyond what this unbelieving age is able to receive or bear." Still we have a considerable number of instances of the healing power of God exerted in the early history of the Friends. At Ulverstone, Sawtrey, the justice of the peace, set the people upon George Fox, who beat him so terribly with cudgels that he fell senseless on the common to which they had dragged him; but, recovering again, and being strengthened by immediate power, he stood up, and stretching out his arms, said with a loud voice, "Strike again; here are my arms, my head and my cheeks." Then a mason gave him such a heavy blow over the back of his hand with his rule that it was much bruised, and his arm so benumbed that he could not draw it to him again, so that some of the people cried out, "He has spoiled his hand forever." But he, being preserved by the love of God, stood still, and after a while felt such extraordinary strengthening power that he instantly recovered the vigor of his hand and arm (Sewel, I, 77).

In the ferocious treatment which the early Friends received they were often wounded so desperately that, to all ordinary ideas, they never could recover; but they bear continual testimony to a supernatural healing,. Miles Halhead, one of their preachers, "was so beaten and abused at Skipton that he was laid for dead; nevertheless, by the Lord's power he was healed of all his bruises; and within three hours he was healthy and sound again to the astonishment of those who had so abused him, and to the convincing of many" (Ibid., p. 91). Soon after the same undaunted soldier of Christ was attacked by a mob at Doncaster which was again urged on by the priest; was once more knocked down and beaten, as was supposed, to death. In the evening, however, he entered a chapel, and, sorely bruised as he was, he preached, and at the conclusion of his discourse "the Lord made him sound of all his bruises" (p. 93). William Dewsbury, another eminent Quaker minister, was set upon at Coldbeck and was nearly killed by the mob; but "was healed in the same astonishing manner" (p. 96). Barbara Blaugdone, a most courageous female minister, was so cruelly flogged at Exeter for preaching that the blood flowed all down her back; but she only sang during the operation so that the enraged beadle laid on with all his might to make her cry out, but in vain; for, says the historian, "she was strengthened by an uncommon and more than human power." She afterwards declared that her feeling was above all suffering.

Another evidence of the existence of Christian Spiritualism among the early Friends was their power of seeing into the internal state of people, and often of foreseeing, through this, calamities about to befall them. Barbara Blaugdone, already mentioned, having a "concern," that is, an impression, in her mind to speak to the Lord-deputy of Ireland regarding the persecution of the Friends, an attempt was made to impose upon her. As she knew neither the person of the deputy nor those of the chief people about him when she was brought into the drawing-room, a person presented himself as the deputy. She stood silently, and the room being full of people, they asked her why she did not do her message to their lord. She answered, "When I see your lord, then I shall do my message to him." Her internal monitor assured her that this was not the deputy. Soon after he came in and sat down, and she immediately addressed him on the subject of her concern.

George Fox, going to Hampton Court to speak with the Protector Cromwell regarding the persecutions of the Friends, met him riding in Hampton Court Park and before he came to him he said he perceived a waft of death to go forth from him, and coming to him, he looked like a dead man. Having spoken to Cromwell of the persecutions of the Friends, he desired him to come to Hampton Court the next day; but on going there, he found him too ill to be seen, and in a day or two he died—September 3, 1658.

Innumerable instances of this clairvoyance might be given, but I shall only add that the celebrated Robert Barclay, author of the "Apology," in a letter to Heer Adrian Paets, the Dutch Ambassador to Spain in 1676, amongst other features of Quakerism, gives some striking explanations of this internal sense. "This divine and supernatural operation in the mind of man is a true and most glorious miracle which, when it is perceived by the inner and supernatural sense, divinely raised up in the mind of man, doth so evidently and clearly persuade the understanding to assent to the thing revealed that there is no need of an outward miracle." He adds that the voice of God in the soul is as convincing as the truth of God's being, from whom it proceeds (Sewel, II, 252). "It is no less absurd to require of God, who is a most pure Spirit, to manifest His will to men by the outward senses, than to require us to see sounds and to hear light and colors. For as the objects of the outward senses are not to be confounded, but every object is to have its proper sense, so must one judge of inward and spiritual objects which have their proper sense whereby they are perceived. And tell me, how doth God manifest His will concerning matters of fact, when He sends His angels to men, since angels have no outward senses, or, at least, not so gross ones as ours are? Yea, when men die and appear before the tribunal of God, whether unto eternal life or death, how can they know this, having laid down their bodies and therewith their outward senses? Nevertheless, the truth of God is a truth of fact, as is the historical truth of Christ's birth in the flesh." (Ibid, p. 253.) From all this Barclay contended that the soul had its own senses, as distinct from the outward senses as the natural senses are distinguished from each other by their specific difference, and that it is through these senses that God, a spirit, directly addresses the human soul.

Robert Barclay had a prognostic of the murder of Archbishop Sharpe. It is thus recorded by his son, Robert Barclay, of Urie: "On the third day of May, as he was travelling home from Edinburgh in his coach, Archbishop Sharpe was murdered; it being very remarkable that, some days before the murder, Robert Barclay, being upon a journey to the yearly meetings at Edinburgh, in company with his wife's sister, and they being on horseback, at the East Ferry, as they passed by the kirk which belonged to the archbishop, close to the end of the town, they heard a most terrifying howling noise which was astonishing. Upon which, they sent the servant to look into the church through the windows, who could then perceive nothing, but no sooner returned to them than the noise began again, and continued till they rode out of hearing. This account both he and his sister gave immediately after, and she in my hearing repeated the same, but a few years ago, to a company visiting her at her own house in Newcastle, consisting of Quakers and others. This I mention as a fact without any other reflection."

The early Friends declare in many places that they heard internal voices as clear and distinct as outward voices. The wife of Miles Halhead, who had been greatly opposed to his leaving his home so much to travel in the ministry, at length wrote to him, "Truly, husband, I have something to tell thee. One night, being in bed mourning and lamenting with tears in my eyes, I heard a voice saying, "Why art thou so discontented concerning thy husband? I have called and chosen him to my work, and my right hand shall uphold him." It went on to say, that, if she became content, it would bless her and her children for her husband's sake; if not, it would bring a great cross upon her. This alarmed her, but did not cure her, and her only son was soon after taken from her by death. Then she saw the cross menaced, and submitted to God's will." (Ibid. I, 92.) Marmaduke Stevenson, one of the Friends hanged by the Pilgrim Fathers, says he heard a distinct voice saying, "I have ordained thee a prophet to the nations." Catherine Evans, who, with her companion, Sarah Cheevers, was thrown into the Inquisition at Malta, heard a voice saying, "Ye shall not die!" and on that voice they calmly relied, and, after many sufferings and threatenings, came out safe. When some English ships arrived, and endeavors were made for their liberation, the voice distinctly said they could not go yet; and then, spite of all efforts at that time, it proved so.

Visions were as frequent amongst them as voices. George Fox says that, going up to the top of Pendle Hill, in Yorkshire, "the Lord opened to him and let him see a great people to be gathered in those parts, and especially about Wensleydale and Sedberg. He saw them in white raiment coming along a river side to serve the Lord."

Catherine Evans, already mentioned, whilst in the Inquisition at Malta, and threatened with being burnt alive with her companion, and being kept in suspense for several days on this subject, saw "in a dream a large room, and a great wood fire in the chimney; and she beheld one sitting in the chair by the fire in the form of a servant, whom she took to be the Eternal Son of God. Likewise she saw a very amiable, well-favored man-child sitting in a hollow chair over the fire, not appearing to be above three-quarters of a year old, and having no clothes on but a little fine linen about the upper parts, and the fire flamed above it, yet the child played and was merry; she would then have taken it up for fear it should have been burnt, but He that sat in the chair bade her let it alone. Then turning about, she saw an angel, and he that sat in the chair bade her take up the child, which she did, and found it had no harm; and then awakening, she told her dream to Sarah, and desired her not to fear, since the heavenly host thus followed them." (Sewel, I, 406.)

Daniel Baker, a minister who went to Malta to obtain the release of these ladies, had a mountain shown to him in a dream where he had to deliver a testimony; on coming to Gibraltar he saw that this was the very mountain, and, though the captain of the vessel would not consent to his going on shore, the ships were detained there wind-bound till he was allowed to go and deliver his message, and on the next day a fair wind sprang up and the fleet set sail.

When the Turks were making great progress against Austria, George Fox saw a vision of the Turk turned back, and told his friends that this would be the case; and in a few months, contrary to general expectation, it took place. James Nayler, warned by what befell him, cautioned Friends to try their visions, etc., by the inward test of the Divine Spirit. "If there appear to thee voices, visions, and revelations, feed not thereon, but abide in the light and feel the body of Christ, and therewith thou shalt receive faith and power to judge of every appearance and spirits, the good to hold fast and obey, and the false to resist." Sound advice, and that of St. John.

Another gift of the Church, the spirit of prophesy, was liberally conferred on Fox and the Friends. At Gainsborough a man having uttered a very false accusation against Fox he called him a Judas, and announced that Judas' end would be his. The fellow soon after hanged himself, and a stake was driven into his grave. At Swarthmore he announced to Sawtrey, the persecuting magistrate, that God had shortened his days, and that he could not escape his doom. The man drowned himself. A similar doom he announced to another persecutor, Colonel Needham, whose son desired him to cut him off, and who sent him prisoner to Cromwell. Needham was hanged as one of the judges of Charles I. Thomas Aldam, a minister among Friends who had in vain protested against the persecutions under Cromwell, took off his cap, tore it to pieces in his presence, and told him so should the government be rent from him and his house. George Bishop, a minister, in a letter dated September 25, 1664, to the king and two houses of Parliament, distinctly predicted the plague of London, which broke out in December of the same year, and swept away one hundred thousand people. As it is short and decided, we may as well quote it entire: "To the King and both Houses of Parliament, thus saith the Lord: 'Meddle not with my people because of their conscience to me, and banish them not out of the nation because of their conscience; for if ye do, I will send my plagues upon you, and ye shall know that I am the Lord!' Written in obedience to the Lord by his servant, George Bishop; Bristol, the twenty-fifth of the ninth month, 1664."

George Fox predicted the desolation of London some years before the fire took place; but two of his disciples again predicted it more distinctly still. Thomas Briggs went through Cheapside and other streets, preaching repentance to the inhabitants, and declaring, like Jonah at Nineveh, that unless they repented London should be destroyed.

The system of the Friends was entirely so spiritual a system, that they could not make a single religious movement without spiritual guidance. It compelled them to refrain from all outward manufacture of ministers; God alone could make and qualify such. They were compelled to refrain from all forms, formulas, rituals and ceremonies. They could only sit down together, and receive the ministrations of the Divine Spirit. As that Spirit is promised to all who sincerely seek it, there could be no exceptions from its operations and endowments. As God is no respecter of persons, so there could be no difference of ranks and titles in the Church except such as He individually put on His members. The Friends could neither pray nor preach without immediate influence from the Spirit of Christ. However much the Society has since changed, however much it has since lost, however much it has cooled in its zeal and conformed to the spirit of the world; however much the growth of wealth has corrupted it, it has never abandoned its faith in the purely spiritual nature of its jurisdiction. Those who of late have seen it relaxing certain strictnesses, abandoning certain forms of costume, opening itself up to more liberal views of art and science, and social life, and have imagined that the day of Quakerism was drawing to a close were never more mistaken. Quakerism, being simply and solely primitive Christianity, can never die out. As it never could be circumscribed within the bounds of a sect—George Fox never wished it to be so—so the sect of Quakers may perish, but its principles must eternally remain. Those proclaimed by Fox and his Friends have now gone out from them into all bodies of the Christian world. The doctrine of the immediate influence of the Spirit of God, of the anti-Christianity of war, of slavery, of the pride of life, of the emptiness and deadness of all mere ecclesiastical forms; the doctrines of the true baptism being the baptism of the Spirit, the true Lord's Supper the daily feeding on the bread of life, which, like the manna in the wilderness, is spread every day before every soul. These doctrines have gone forth, or are going forth from the Society of Fox, never to return till they reach the ends of all the earth.

Never did a Christian body hold so firmly to their standard of truth against the scorn and the scornings of the world. Firm in their faith, no terrors, not those of death, could daunt them for a moment. When all other sects complied, they stood immovable, even to the smallest iota of conscientious conviction; and they were the first to wring from the government the rights of marrying and burying, and exemptions from oaths, with other privileges. They gave to Christian testimony a more manly stamp. The very name of Quaker became the highest of burlesques; for they never *quaked* at whatever man or tyrant could inflict upon them. They who nicknamed them so were, in fact, the Quakers.

This high and entirely spiritual nature of Quakerism has exhibited itself in every period of its existence down to this hour. I could bring a whole volume of instances of the acting of the Friends under immediate spiritual guidance. William Penn, in founding Pennsylvania, showed his practical reliance on the doctrines of the New Testament. When all other settlers declared the American Indians not to be trusted; when Cotton Mather, a minister of the Pilgrim Fathers, declared them to be the children of the devil, and that, if he had a pen made of a porcupine's quill and dipped in aquafortis, he could not describe all their devilishness; when they were hunted down by so-called Christians with bloodhounds, and exterminated with fire and sword, Penn went to them unarmed, in Christian kindness, and made that just treaty with them which Voltaire says was the only treaty ever made without an oath, and the only one never broken. I must, however, refer the reader to the lives and works of Friends of all periods for plenty of spiritual manifestations. Instances of the ministers, in their preaching, having particular states suddenly communicated to them, and their preventing suicides and other crimes, are frequent. Extraordinary providences, and rescues from imminent peril are of common record amongst Friends. John Roberts, of Cirencester, used to be consulted by his neighbors on the loss of cattle, etc.; and after a short silence he would invariably tell them where to find them. See also the lives of John Woolman, Davis Sands, of Stephen Grellet, a minister whom I knew, and whose memoirs have been recently published; of Elizabeth Fry, or, indeed, the life of almost any one of the ministers and eminent men amongst them at all times. As no denomination of Christians has ever recurred so fully and firmly to the primitive practice and condition of the Christian Church, so none has received more brilliant and convincing proofs that the gospel in which they trusted is no cunningly devised fable. The promises, by Christ, of supernatural powers to his Church, have been believed and fully demonstrated amongst the Friends.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WESLEYS, WHITEFIELD AND FLETCHER OF MADELEY.

"All cannot fail to be reminded of the necessity of a farther outpouring of the Spirit of God."

The Bishop of London, 1859.

"My serious belief amounts to this—that preternatural impressions are sometimes communicated to us for wise purposes, and that departed spirits are sometimes permitted to manifest themselves."

Southey's Colloquies.

"And what is strangest upon this strange head
Is, that, whatever bar the reason rears
'Gainst such belief, there's something stranger still
In its behalf, let those deny who will."

Lord Byron.

The rapidity with which vital religion dies out, under a political machinery for perpetuating it, is most strikingly manifested in our own history since the Reformation. We have seen what was its condition a hundred years after Henry VIII., notwithstanding the hammerings and contrivings of those royal church masons and carpenters, the Tudors and the Stuarts. Fox and his friends, Baxter and Bunyan, revived its life for a while; but the religious temperature fell fast again till the time of Wesley and Whitefield; and what it was then, Watson, in his admirable criticism on Southey's "Life of Wesley," tells us. It had not only fallen from itself but had pulled down the dissenting *vis vitæ* with it. "The body of the clergy," he says, "neither knew nor cared about systems of any kind; in a vast number of instances they were immoral, often grossly so. The populace in large towns were ignorant and profligate; the inhabitants of villages added to ignorance and profligacy, brutish and barbarous manners. A more striking instance of the rapid deterioration of religious light and influence in a country scarcely occurs, than in ours from the Restoration till the rise of Methodism. It affected not only the Church but the dissenting sects in no ordinary degree. The Presbyterians had commenced their course through Arianism down to Socinianism; and those who held the doctrines of Calvin had, in too many instances, by a course of hot-house planting, luxuriated them into the fatal and disgusting errors of Antinomianism. There were exceptions; but this was the general state of religion and morals in the country when the Wesleys, Whitefield and a few kindred spirits went forth to sacrifice ease, reputation, and even life itself if necessary, to produce a reformation." (p. 129.)

Every successive attempt to break up this religious torpor, to renew Christian life in the public, has been violently opposed by the Established Church. We have seen how it treated Fox and his Friends, how it treated Baxter and Bunyan; we have now to see how it greeted the spiritual life-breathing of Wesley, Whitefield, and their contemporaries in the eighteenth century. That such men should be met by scorn, misrepresentation, and persecution, is the direct proof of the great need of their appearance. To say that a man is a religious reformer is to say that he is a Spiritualist. Nothing but a "new outpouring of the Divine Spirit" can awake life in the dry bones of defunct profession, in the freezing masses of materialism and worldly debasement. Wesley, Whitefield and their fellow-apostles, produced a wonderful change in the religious character of their age, and have left lasting and beneficent traces of their labors in the public mind. They aroused even the stagnant Church which abused and rejected them. A new and commendable activity has ever since been visible in the establishment. It has exercised a greater moral control over its clergy and has entered into a zealous competition with Dissenters for the education of the people; but again, this very activity had degenerated into a morbid condition, having no claims to a genuine spiritualistic character. It is running wildly into two extremes; the one of forms and rituals, tending to the outward; the other of infidel rationalism. Between these we look in vain for the ancient spirit of the gospel, which claims boldly the heritage of apostolic powers; and works in that overshadowing of the Holy Ghost which made the mighty preachers of all times and can alone cause the waters of eternal life to gush from the cold rocks of our daily calculating world. The formalism and the learnedness of the mere letter that killeth, which are the great features of our time, must perish in some new "outpouring of the Spirit," or Christianity must perish altogether. This hybrid state is, from the very laws of nature, a barren state and tends to death. But the plan of Providence cannot be impeded by the selfishness and grossness of men and their institutions; new and unlooked-for outbreaks of the invisible strength of the ages will take place; and, amid the clouds and hissing winds that accompany them, herald new spiritual springs. Let us encourage our faith by reviving the circumstances of the despised but triumphant advent of Methodism.

John Wesley was cradled in the very abode of the supernatural; haunting spirits surrounded his childhoods' pillow and walked beside him in his school-boy rounds. The extraordinary events which took place in the parsonage of his father at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, and which were attested not only by Mr. Wesley and Mrs. Wesley, but by every member of the family which was present at the time, have acquired a world-wide notoriety; and it were as easy to deny the existence of the Wesley family itself as to deny these manifestations. No case of spiritual disturbance was ever thoroughly proved and that by such a number of persons of education and of freedom from superstition. We have the written accounts in narratives and letters of Mr. Wesley himself, the father of John Wesley, and incumbent of Epworth, who kept a regular diary of the occurrences; of Mrs. Wesley in four letters to her sons, who were at the time at school at Westminster and the Charterhouse; in letters from six of the Miss Wesleys to their brothers. We have the written account of the Rev. Mr. Hoole, the vicar of Haxey, an adjoining parish, who was called in by Mr. Wesley to hear the noises; and the account of Robin Brown, the man-servant, in a letter to John Wesley. All these evidences will be found at length in the notes of the first volume of Southey's "Life of Wesley." I shall therefore content myself with copying John Wesley's narrative of these disturbances, based on these documents and on personal inquiries on the spot. This narrative was published by him in the *Armenian Magazine.*

"When I was very young I heard several letters read, wrote to my elder brother by my father, giving an account of strange disturbances which were in his house at Epworth, in Lincolnshire.

"When I went down thither in the year 1720, I carefully inquired into the particulars. I spoke to each of the persons who were then in the house, and I took down what each could testify of his or her own knowledge; the sum of which was this:

"On December 2, 1716, while Robert Brown, my father's servant, was sitting with one of the maids, a little before ten at night, in the dining-room, which opened into the garden, they both heard a knocking at the door. Robert rose and opened it but could see nobody. Quickly it knocked again and groaned. 'It is for Mr. Turpine,' said Robert, 'he has the stone and used to groan so.' He opened the door again, twice or thrice repeated. But still seeing nothing and being a little startled they rose and went up to bed. When Robert came to the top of the garret stairs he saw a hand-mill, which was at a little distance, whirled about very swiftly. When he related this, he said, 'Nought vexed me but that it was empty. I thought, if it had been full of malt, he might have ground his heart out for me.' When he was in bed he said he heard, as it were, a gobbling of a turkey-cock close to his bedside; and soon after the sound of one tumbling over his boots and shoes; but there were none there; he had left them below. The next day he and the maid related these things to the other maid who laughed heartily, and said, 'What a couple of fools you are! I defy the thing to frighten me.' After churning in the evening she put the butter in the tray and had no sooner carried it into the dairy than she heard a knocking on the shelf where several pancheons of milk stood, first above the shelf then below. She took the candle and searched both above and below; but being able to find nothing threw down butter, tray and all and ran away for life. The next evening between five and six o'clock, my sister Molly, then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining-room reading, heard as if it were the door that led into the hall open and a person walking in that seemed to have on a silk night-gown rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk round her then to the door then round again; but she could see nothing. She thought, 'It signifies nothing to run away; for whatever it is it can run faster than I.' So she rose put her book under her arm and walked slowly away. After supper she was sitting with my sister Sukey, about a year older than herself, in one of the chambers and telling her what had happened; she made quite light of it; telling her, 'I wonder you are so easily frightened: I would fain see what would frighten me.' Presently a knocking began under the table; she took the candle and looked but could see nothing. Then the iron casement began to clatter and the lid of a warming-pan. Next the latch of a door moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into bed without undressing, pulled the bed-clothes over her head, and never ventured to look up till morning. A night or two after, my sister Kitty, a year younger than my sister Molly, was waiting as usual, between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle when she heard some one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her, then going down the best stairs, then up the back stairs and up the garret stairs; and at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked; she went in, took his candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. In the morning she told this to my eldest sister who told her, 'You know I believe nothing of these things; pray let me take away the candle to-night and I will find out the trick.' She accordingly took my sister Kitty's place and had no sooner taken away the candle than she heard a noise below. She hastened down stairs to the hall where the noise was, but it was then in the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the screen. When she went round it was drumming on the outside and so always on the side opposite to her. Then she heard a knocking at the back kitchen door; she ran to it, unlocked it softly, and when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it the knocking began again; she opened it again but could see nothing. When she went to shut the door it was violently thrust against her; she let it fly open but nothing appeared. She went to shut it and it was thrust against her; but she set her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced it to, and turned the key. Then the knocking began again but she let it go on and went to bed. However, from that time, she was thoroughly convinced that there was no imposture in the affair.

"The next morning, my sister telling my mother what had happened, she said, 'If I hear anything myself I shall know how to judge.' Soon after, she (Emily) begged her to come into the nursery. She did, and heard in the corner of the room, as it were, the violent rocking of a cradle; but no cradle had been there for some years. She was convinced it was preternatural and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her own chamber at the hours of retirement and it never did. She now thought it was proper to tell my father; but he was extremely angry and said, 'Sukey, I am ashamed of you; these boys and girls frighten one another but you are a woman of sense and should know better. Let me hear of it no more.' At six in the evening he had family prayers as usual. When he began the prayers for the king a knocking began all around the room and a thundering knock attended the Amen. The same was heard from this time every morning and evening while the prayer for the king was repeated. As both my father and mother are now at rest, and incapable of being pained thereby, I think it my duty to furnish the serious reader with a key to this circumstance.

"The year before King William died my father observed my mother did not say Amen to the prayer for the king. She said she could not for she did not believe the Prince of Orange was king. He vowed he would never live with her till she did. He then took his horse and rode away, nor did she hear anything of him for a twelvemonth. He then came back and lived with her as before, but I fear his vow was not forgotten before God.

"Being informed that Mr. Hoole, the vicar of Haxey, an eminently pious and sensible man, could give me some further information I walked over to him. He said, 'Robert Brown came over to me and told me your father desired my company. When

I came he gave me an account of all which had happened particularly the knocking during family prayers. But that evening, to my great satisfaction, we had no knocking at all. But between nine and ten a servant came in and said 'Old Jeffery is coming'—that was the name of one that died in the house—'for I hear the signal.' This, they informed me, was heard every night about a quarter before ten. It was towards the top of the house on the outside, at the northeast corner, resembling the loud creaking of a saw, or rather, that of a windmill when the body of it is turned about in order to shift the sails to the wind. We then heard a knocking over our heads, and Mr. Wesley catching up a candle, said, 'Come, sir, now you shall hear for yourself.' We went up stairs; he with much hope, and I, to say the truth, with much fear. When we came into the nursery it was knocking in the next room; when we were there it was knocking in the nursery. And there it continued to knock, though we came in, particularly at the head of the bed, which was of wood, in which Miss Hetty and two of her younger sisters lay. Mr. Wesley, observing that they were much affected, though asleep, sweating and trembling exceedingly, was very angry, and, pulling out a pistol, was going to fire at the place from whence the sound came. But I caught him by the arm and said, 'Sir, you are convinced this is something preternatural. If so you cannot hurt it; but you give it power to hurt you.' He then went close to the place and said sternly, 'Thou deaf and dumb devil, why dost thou fright these children that cannot answer for themselves? Come to me in my study, that am a man.' Instantly it knocked his knock—the particular one which he always used at the gate—as if it would shiver the board in pieces, and we heard nothing more that night.

"Till this time my father had never heard the least disturbance in his study; but the next evening, as he attempted to go into his study, of which none had any key but himself, when he opened the door it was thrust back with such violence as had like to have thrown him down. However, he thrust the door open, and went in. Presently there was a knocking first on one side then on the other; and, after a time, in the next room wherein my sister Nancy was. He went into that room, and the noise continuing, adjured it to speak, but in vain. He then said, 'These spirits love darkness, put out the candle and perhaps it will speak.' She did so and he repeated his adjurgation; but still there was only knocking and no articulate sound. Upon this he said, 'Nancy, two Christians are an overmatch for the devil. Go all of you downstairs; it may be when I am alone it will have the courage to speak.' When she was gone a thought came in and he said, 'If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray thee knock three knocks and no more.' Immediately all was silence and there was no more knocking all that night. I asked my sister Nancy, then about fifteen years old, whether she was not afraid when my father used that adjuration? She answered she was sadly afraid it would speak when she put out the candle; but she was not at all afraid in the daytime, when it walked after her as she swept the chambers, as it constantly did, and seemed to sweep after her. Only she thought he might have done it for her and saved her the trouble. By this time all my family were so accustomed to these noises that they gave them little disturbance. A gentle tapping at their bed-head usually began between nine and ten at night. Then they commonly said to each other, 'Jeffery is coming it is time to go to sleep.' And if they heard a noise in the day and said to my youngest sister, 'Hark, Kezzy, Jeffery is knocking above,' she would run upstairs and pursue it from room to room, saying she desired no better diversion.

"A few nights after, my father and mother were just gone to bed, and the candle was not taken away, when they heard three blows, and a second and a third three, as it were, with a large oaken staff, struck upon a chest which stood by the bedside. My father immediately rose, and hearing great noises below, took the candle and went down; my mother walked by his side. As they went down the broad stairs, they heard as if a vessel full of silver was poured upon my mother's breast and ran jingling down to her feet. Quickly after there was a sound as if a large iron ball was thrown among many bottles under the stairs; but nothing was hurt. Soon after our large mastiff dog came and ran to shelter himself between them. When the disturbances continued, he used to bark and leap and snap on one side and on the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days he used to tremble and creep away before the noise began; and by this the family knew it was at hand, nor did the observation ever fail. A little before my father and mother came into the hall, it seemed as if a very large coal was violently thrown upon the floor, and dashed all in pieces; but nothing was seen. My father then cried out, 'Sukey, do you not hear that? All the pewter is thrown about the kitchen.' But when they looked all the pewter stood in its place. Then there was a loud knocking at the back door. My father opened it but saw nothing. It was then at the front door. He opened that but it still was lost labor. After opening first the one then the other several times, he turned and went up to bed. But the noises were so violent all over the house that he could not sleep till four in the morning.

"Several gentlemen and clergymen now earnestly advised my father to quit the house; but he constantly answered, 'No; lest the devil flee from me I will never flee from the devil.' But he wrote to my eldest brother at London to come down. He was preparing to do so, when another letter came, informing him that the disturbances were over, after they had continued the better part of the time, day and night, from the 2d of December to the end of January."

In this summary by John Wesley, a number of curious incidents are omitted which occur in the statements of the other members of the family. In the elder Wesley's account, the noise of smashing the bottles under the stairs had been heard before by Miss Emily Wesley; and in the same account is mentioned the sound of dancing in a matted chamber which was vacant and locked up. The vicar procured a stout mastiff to watch outside the house to make sure that the noises were no trick by any living person there. He says that when one of his daughters knocked the spirit answered in the same way. The noise of money thrown down, he says, three of his daughters also heard at a different time. . . . It seems not to have been a bad spirit; for it ceased to knock when Mr. Wesley, fearing his son Samuel was dead, asked it to knock three times if it were his spirit; and after Mrs. Wesley desired it never to disturb her at her devotions it never did. Mr. Wesley did not know, as is well known now, that it is very difficult for a spirit to speak audibly to those in the body, and that knocking is the easiest way by which spirits can communicate. Had he hit on the method of questioning it by the alphabet he might soon have learnt the object of his visits.

It may well be imagined what a sensation these strange occurrences made on the minds of the boys at school. There are letters from nearly all the family to John and also to the eldest brother Samuel at Westminster. Though his father wrote him out the whole account, he insisted that all his sisters should send him their own accounts. In fact, Samuel, who afterwards so stoutly opposed the religious reforms of his brothers, was perhaps the most curious of them all on the subject. And here it may be observed that, though his visitation continued only two months, we are assured by John Wesley that these knockings had been heard by his mother long before in the same house, and that they had never failed to come before any signal misfortune, or illness of any of the family. No particular calamity appeared to have followed this manifestation.

John Wesley, having had such unquestionable proof of supernatural agency in his own family in his youth, held fast his faith in it through his whole remarkable career, and has recorded numerous instances of such direct agency both in his Journals and in the *Armenian Magazine*. It is not necessary here to trace the grand progress of John and Charles Wesley and their contemporaries, in the wonderful revival of religion in the eighteenth century, not only in Great Britain, but in the most distant quarters of the globe. The whole of that great history stands recorded by the ablest pens, and in the millions of men and women who now walk in the pleasant light and in the happy feeling they spread abroad. I shall only remark that, like all other revivals, it met with the devil's tempest, which beats on the heads of God's emissaries only to drive them and their opinions farther and wider, and to fix them deeper in the battered and storm-drenched earth. From the Church to which these devoted men of God belonged, and within which they would fain have relit the sacred fire on the altar, they experienced the most savage and insulting treatment. The little knot of under-graduates who met in the University of Oxford for the purpose of religious improvement—

who lived by rule, and took the sacrament weekly—were speedily marked out for ridicule and persecution. They were dubbed Sacramentarians, Bible-bigots, Bible-moths, the Holy or the Godly Club. Amongst the leading members of this Godly Club, which began with two or three, and soon grew to seven, and then to fifteen, were John and Charles Wesley, George Whitefield and Hervey, afterwards author of the "Meditations." When Whitefield joined them he says he was set upon by all the students and treated as a very odd fellow. The lives and manners of the students at that time were such as Butler, in his "Analogy," had described them, gross and vicious. Such was the condition of the embryo prophets of the nation. That such sons of Belial should insult and abuse the Methodist revivalists was natural, but the authorities of the University were equally hostile to them. An appearance of real religion within the University was so odd and out of place that they held meetings to consult how it was to be put down. On Whitefield, after quitting the University, returning to Oxford to preach he found all the churches shut against him. The vice-chancellor came in person to the house where he was exhorting, and accosted him thus: "Have you, sir, a name in any book here?" "Yes, sir," said I; but I intend to take it out soon." He replied, "Yes, and you had better take yourself out, too, or otherwise I will lay you by the heels! What do you mean by going about and alienating the people's affections from their old pastors? Your works are full of vanity and nonsense! You pretend to inspiration! If ever you come again in this manner among these people, I will lay you first by the heels, and these shall follow." ("Life of Whitfield," by Philip.)

Both the Wesleys and Whitefield, though regularly ordained ministers of the church, soon found all pulpits shut against them; even that of his native place and parish, which his father had occupied so many years, was refused to John Wesley. The Bishop of Bristol desired Wesley to go out of his diocese where he was not commissioned to preach, and where, consequently, Southey says, "he had no business." But both the Wesleys and Whitefield held that they had a commission from the Head of the Church to preach anywhere in the world.

They asked, like the apostles, whether they were to obey God or man? When the Churches were closed against them, they were told that it was irregular to preach either in the open air or in a private house. The chancellor of the diocese of Bristol showed Whitefield the canons prohibiting it. Such irregularities were not becoming a minister of the Established Church; they were only fit for Christ and His apostles, who preached both in private houses and out of doors, anywhere they could save souls. Driven to follow the practice of the Founder of the Christian Church, and of Him who said, "Go into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in," the success was wonderful, and the fury of clergy, bishops, magistrates and mobs unbounded. The days of the Quakers came again. The leaders and the ministers of the Methodists were hooted, stoned, spit upon, cursed, and thrown into horse-ponds for endeavoring to rekindle religion again in the country. They were denounced as Papists, Jesuits, seducers, and bringers in of the Pretender. At Chelsea the mob threw wildfire and crackers into the meeting; at Long Lane they broke in the roof with large stones; John Nelson, one of the preachers, was forced to go for a soldier, and, refusing to comply, was thrown into prison; mobs were collected by the sounds of horn; windows were demolished; houses broken open; goods destroyed; men, women and children beaten, pelted, and dragged in the kennels. John Wesley had a narrow escape for his life at Birmingham; Charles in another place; and Whitefield at Oxminton Green in Ireland. Some of the preachers did not escape at all, but, like poor Thomas Beard, the fellow-prisoner of Nelson, they perished in prison or from their cruel treatment. But persecution only produced its usual effects. The success of the Methodists became stupendous. The fire of God seemed to accompany them, and people were converted by thousands and tens of thousands. There were wide differences in the natural geniuses of these men. Whitefield was all impulse and oratory; he took no pains, probably he possessed no talent, necessary to organize a great religious body. He preached as with energies of heaven, as with flashes of lightning; and the people rushed after him in millions and were struck down and converted by thousands. But what he lacked in constructive power was soon presented in the Countess of Huntingdon, who shaped into organic form the Whitefieldian or Calvinist Methodist Church, which still exists, and especially throughout Wales. As for John Wesley, who was of the same original stock as the Duke of Wellington (see Southey's " Life of Wesley ") he possessed many of the qualities of that great general. He was eminently calm, firm and full of constructive genius. He perfected a scheme of Church government most remarkable for comprehending all the qualities which can draw men to it, and keep them there when attracted. He seized upon material necessary for such an organization whenever he could find it; and one of his earliest connections was with the society of the Moravians, from whom he drew his Love-feasts and Class-meetings, and all those agencies which make every man and woman something in his system, in exact opposition to the system of the Church of England where the clergy are everything and the laity nothing. At the same time his brother Charles, who was not only an able preacher and a sound and good counsellor but an excellent poet, wrote many admirable hymns for the society. Thus arose Methodism, Armenian and Calvinistic, which have done such mighty service for religion in many regions of the world; and what concerns us to know is that they did it by Spiritualism of the most marked and avowed kind.

I have said that the Wesleys always retained the faith in spiritual apparitions which they learned under the paternal roof so startlingly. As to direct belief in miracles and interferences of Providence they found this in William Law, the great disciple of Jacob Bohme, with whom they entered into close communion, and in the Moravians, who were full of it. The " Life of Wesley," by Southey, in connection with this and other particulars, is one of the most amusing of books, at least in the third edition; for he had sent a copy of the work to Coleridge, who made marginal notes as he went along, and then left the volume at his death to Southey. These notes are introduced by Southey's son into the third edition. Coleridge, who is himself sometimes inclined to sneer at the supernatural, won't allow Southey to do it, but on all occasions, when the laureate's High-churchism breaks out, pulls him up, asking continually, "Does not Robert Southey know this?" In all such cases he becomes the staunchest champion of the truth of the views of Wesley. In the course of my reading I imagined that I had made a great discovery, namely, that Protestantism only, of all churches, Christian or pagan, rejected the supernatural; but Coleridge had made the discovery before me, and in a note to Southey's "Wesley" introduces it. "I cannot forget that this opinion of an essential difference, of the diversity of these (the miracles of the Gospels) from the miracles of the two or three first centuries, and that of the withdrawing of the miraculous power from the Church at the death of the apostles are confined to Protestants, and even among these are but modern." (Vol. I, 253.) Southey complains of certain words of Wesley's being fanatical; "and yet," asks Coleridge, "does not Robert Southey see that they are the very words of the apostles?" In another place, "Did Robert Southey remember that the words in italics are faithfully quoted from the Articles of the Church?" (Vol. I, 245.) When Wesley asserts the wonderful powers of real faith, Coleridge adds, "Faith is as real as life; as actual as force; as effectual as volition. It is the physics of the moral being no less than it is the physics or moral of the zoo-physical." (Vol. II, 82.) When Southey treats the physical phenomena of Methodism as proceeding from bodily disease (for he was very ignorant of mesmeric science), Coleridge exclaims, "Alas, what more or worse could a young infidel spitaller, fresh from the lectures of some factious anatomist or physiologist, wish than to have the "love of God and the strong desire for salvation" represented as so many symptoms and causes of a bodily disease? Oh, I am almost inclined to send this, my copy of his work, to R. Southey, with the notes, for my heart bears him witness that he offendeth not willingly." (Vol. II, 165.) And he did send it.

The preaching of both the Wesleys and Whitefield produced those symptoms of violent agitation, convulsion, and the like, which have appeared in the late revivals, and which, in fact, have been common to all great revivals in every age, since the people in the apostles' days cried out, "What shall we do to be saved?" and since the devils threw their victims on the earth and tore them before they would leave them, if we regard the convulsions and prostrations, the foaming and outcries, as the sufferings of nature under the operations of God's omnipotent Spirit, and the resistance of the devil, loth to relinquish his hold on the souls of men, there appears nothing anomalous or extraordinary in these phenomena which have so often been treated with ridicule or reprehension. Such were the effects of the preaching of the Friends of God in the Middle Ages, of the Lollards, the Puritans, the Covenanters, the Camisards, the first Friends and so on till our own day; and no doubt will recur again and again to the end of the world.

In Gillie's "Historical Collections" we find precisely such phenomena occurring at the same period, 1750, in Scotland, as have been so much wondered at amongst the early Methodists and since.

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On Whitefield's visit to Cambulsang, in 1742, amid the most numerous and rapid conversions, it is stated "the visible convulsive agitations which accompanied them exceeded everything of the kind which had yet been observed."

Wesley healed the sick by prayer and laying on of hands. He and some others joined in prayer over a man who was not expected to live till morning; he was speechless, senseless, and his pulse was gone. Before they ceased his senses and speech returned. He recovered; and Wesley says that they who choose to account for the fact by natural causes have his free leave: *he* says it was the power of God (Vol. II, p. 385). He believed in dreams and impressions of a vivid and peculiar character. John Nelson dreamed that Wesley came and sat down at his fireside and spake certain words. Four months after he did come, for the first time, sat down as he had seen him in his dream, and pronounced the very words. Nelson seems to have experienced the inner breathing described by Harris and Swedenborg. "His soul," he said, "seemed to breathe its life in God as naturally as his body breathed life in the common air." Wesley believed, with Luther, that the devils produced disease, bodily hurts, storms, earthquakes and nightmare. That epilepsy and insanity often proceeded from demon influence. He declared that if he gave up faith in witchcraft he must give up the Bible. When asked whether he had himself ever seen a ghost, he replied, "No; nor have I ever seen a murder; but unfortunately I am compelled to believe that murders are committed almost every day in one place or another." Warburton attacked Wesley's belief in miraculous cures and expulsion of evil spirits; but Wesley replied that what he had seen with his own eyes he was bound to believe; the bishop could believe or not as he pleased. Wesley records the instantaneous cure of a woman named Mary Special of a cancer in both breasts. Southey quotes the relations regarding Thomas Walsh, one of the Wesleyan preachers, which very much resemble those of Catholic saints. He was sometimes found in so deep a reverie that he appeared to have ceased to breathe; there was something resembling splendor on his countenance and other circumstances seemed to attest his communion with the spiritual world.

But the fact for which Southey decries Wesley most is his faith in apparitions. On this point Mr. Watson ably defends him; and with his remarks I may close mine on Wesley: "To Mr. Wesley's learning, and various and great talents, Mr. Southey is just; but an attack is made upon what he calls his "voracious credulity." He accredited and repeated stories of apparitions, and witchcraft, possession so silly as well as monstrous that they might have nauseated the coarsest appetite for wonder; this, too, when the belief on his part was purely gratuitous, and no motive can be assigned except the pleasure of believing.

On the general question of supernatural appearances it may be remarked that Mr. Wesley might at least have plead authorities for his faith as high, as numerous, and as learned as any of our modern skeptics for their doubts. It is in modern times only that this species of infidelity has appeared, with the exception of the sophists of the atheistical sects in Greece and Rome, and the Sadducees amongst the Jews. The unbelief is so common in the present day among free-thinkers and half-thinkers on such subjects, places itself, therefore, with only these exceptions, in opposition to the belief of the learned and unlearned of every age and every nation, polished, semi-civilized and savage in every quarter of the globe. It does more: it places itself in opposition to the Scriptures, from which all the criticism, bold, subtle, profane, or absurd which has been resorted to can never expunge either apparitions, possessions or witchcrafts. It opposes itself to testimony which, if feeble and unsatisfactory in many instances, is such in others that no man in any other case would refuse assent to it; or, so refusing, he would make himself the subject of a just ridicule. That there have been many impostures is allowed; that many have been deceived is certain; and that all such accounts should be subjected to rigorous scrutiny before they can have any title to our belief ought to be insisted upon. But even imposture and error presupposes a previous opinion in favor of what is pretended or mistaken; and if but one account in twenty, or a hundred, stands upon credible evidence, and is corroborated by circumstances in which, from their nature there can be no mistake, there is sufficient to disturb the quiet and confound the system of the whole body of infidels.

Every age has its dangers. In former times the danger lay in believing too much; in our own time the propensity is in believing too little. The only ground which a Christian can safely take on these questions is, that the *a priori* arguments of philosophic unbelievers as to the "absurdity" and "impossibility" of these things, go for nothing, since the Scriptures have settled the fact that they have occurred, and have afforded not the least intimation that they should at any time cease to occur. Such supernatural visitations are therefore possible; and where they are reported ought to be carefully examined, and neither too promptly admitted nor too harshly rejected. An acute and excellent philosopher of modern times has come to the same conclusion (Mr. Andrew Baxter, in his "Inquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul," in the Essay on the Philosophy of Dreaming). "Although a fear of spirits has been abused by vain or weak people, and carried to extremes, perhaps, by crafty and designing men, the most rigorous philosophy will not justify its being entirely rejected. That subordinate beings are never permitted or commissioned to be the ministers of the will of God is a hard point to be proved." (Watson's "Observations on Southey's Life of Wesley," p. 189-193.)

I have already introduced proofs of Whitefield's Spiritualism. He had a profound belief in the immediate and miraculous operation of the Divine Spirit. When Bishop Warburton ridiculed his belief in immediate inspiration, and declared "all influence exceeding the power of humanity miraculous, and, therefore, not now to be believed in, the Church being perfectly established," Whitefield referred him to the Catechism, where it tells the child that it is not able to do what is required of it except by God's special grace; and asked him whether, when he ordained ministers, he did not say, "Dost thou trust that thou art inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost? Then receive thou the Holy Ghost" Though these might, to the Bishop, as to essayists and reviewers now, have become a mere form of words, to Whitefield they were living and sacred truths. He saw wonderful effects produced by his preaching, and he attributed these to divine power. "He found," says his biographer, "that the divine presence might be calculated upon whenever the divine glory was consulted" ("Life," by G. Philips, p. 76). "How often have we been filled as with new wine; how often have I seen them overwhelmed with the divine presence!" (p. 78). "Vile teachers who say that we are not to receive the Holy Ghost!" (p. 85). "We do not mean that God's Spirit does not manifest itself to our senses, but that it may be perceived by the soul as really as any sensible impression made upon the body" (p. 88). "In my prayer the power of God came down and was greatly felt. In my two sermons there was yet more power" (p. 295). "I felt a divine life distinct from my animal life" (p. 321). This was when he was suffering agonies of bodily pain; and he declares that this divine life suspended all his pains, and enabled him to go out and preach. "A gale of divine influence everywhere attended his preaching" (p. 408). It was only such a power that could produce the effects which followed Whitefield.

In America Whitefield went with William Tennant, who had once lain in a trance for three days and was only saved from being buried alive by his physician. For the wonders of this trance see Howitt's Translation of "Ennemoser's History of Magic," II, p. 429. Tennant totally lost his memory for a long time after this trance. When the agitations attending his preaching were, like Spiritualism to-day, attributed by the clergy to the devil, Whitefield replied, "Is it not amazing rashness, without inquiry and trial to pronounce that a work of the devil which, for anything you know, may be the work of the Infinitely Good and Holy Spirit?" (p. 300.) For some time Whitefield says, he was constrained, whether he would or not, when praying for the king, to say, "Lord, cover thou his head in the day of battle!" He adds that he did not know that the king was gone to Germany till he heard of the battle of Dettingen, and the king being in it. He then saw why he had been forced to pray thus. In what light such doctrine of prayer must have been held by the Church at that time is evident from six students, in 1763, being expelled from St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, for praying and reading the Scriptures. They were, some of them, charged with the additional offense of having followed trades before they entered the University. They were taken into Lady Huntingdon's College at Trevecca, in Wales: Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon not having forgotten that "the carpenter's Son" was the head of *their* religion.

A noble fellow-worker with both Wesley and Whitefield was Fletcher of Madeley. Mr. Fletcher was a Swiss by birth, and his real name was Jean Guillaume de la Flechere; but, on coming to England, he anglicized it into plain John Fletcher. He was descended from a noble family in the Pays de Vaud, and was educated for the ministry; but, as he could not subscribe to the doctrine of predestination, he resolved to seek preferment as a soldier of fortune. Various circumstances prevented this, and he came to England, and became tutor in the family of Mr. Hill, of Fern Hall, in Shropshire. He there received ordination as a minister of the Church of England, and was presented with the living of Madeley, in Shropshire, through Mr. Hill's influence. The income was small, and the people, chiefly colliers and iron-workers, exceedingly rude and ignorant. For some time his attempts at religious reform met with much violence and persecution from them, as well as from the neighboring magistrates and clergy; but the mild and truly Christian spirit of Mr. Fletcher, and his warm benevolence, won for him the affection and veneration of the whole country. Never did the religion of Christ show itself in a more beautiful and amiable form than in the practice and teaching of John Fletcher of Madeley. He married Miss Bosanquet, a lady of a distinguished London family and who, having had similar religious and spiritual experiences to his own, went hand in hand with him in all his religious and benevolent exertions; so that their names have become household words not only in their own neighborhood but with the public at large. When the followers of Wesley and Whitefield separated on account of the great doctrines of Calvin and Arminius, as well as on some minor points, John Fletcher went of necessity, as he could not accept predestination, with Mr. Wesley; but he also entertained a warm friendship for Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon. As Wesley's Spiritualism was of a many-sided character, and Whitefield's more concentrated on the immediate power of the Holy Ghost in preaching, so Fletcher's combined the faith of Whitefield with a more marked reliance on divine Providences. His life records many striking instances of such. As I have said, he was bent on being a soldier in his youth. He went to Lisbon and became a captain of volunteers of his own countrymen bound for Brazil, contrary to the injunctions of his parents. But the morning that the ship sailed the maid let the kettle fall and so scalded his leg that he could not go. The ship sailed without him and was never heard of again. (" Life," p. 10.)

He was addicted, like too many, to reading in bed till very sleepy. One night he dreamed that his curtain, pillow and cap were all on fire but went out without doing him any harm. In the morning he found his curtain, pillow and part of his cap all destroyed by fire. His hymnbook, too, was partly burnt, and in this state was preserved by Mrs. Fletcher. Not a hair of his head was singed. He attributed the extinction of the flames to a messenger from God (p. 26). On another occasion he was intending one Sunday evening to proceed to Madeley

Wood to catechize, but he was suddenly called to bury a child, and the delay thus created prevented a villainous design of the colliers. They had brought a bull to the place of preaching, and had agreed to pull the parson off his horse when he came, and set the dogs on him, as they said, "to bait the parson"; but, owing to the long time before Fletcher appeared, the bull had broken loose and dispersed the drunken colliers, and the preaching went on in peace (p. 73). . . . .

He gave to John Wesley an account of his once bathing in the Rhine, and being carried away by the current and drawn under a mill. That he struck against one of the piles and lost all consciousness, and when he recovered it found himself on the shore five miles below the spot at which he had entered, but free from any soreness or weariness. A gentleman amongst others who had seen him disappear under the mill said that he was under the water twenty minutes. But some will say, "Why, this was a miracle!" "Undoubtedly," observes Mr. Wesley. "It was not a natural event, but a work wrought above the power of nature, probably by the ministry of angels" (p. 7).

Whilst Mr. Fletcher presided over the college at Trevecca he had many journeys to make. One day, as he was riding over a wooden bridge, just as he got to the middle of it it broke in. The mare's forelegs sank into the river, but the body was kept up by the bridge. In that position she lay as still as if she had been dead till he got over her neck and took off his bags, in which were several manuscripts, the spoiling of which would have occasioned him much trouble; he then endeavored to raise her up, but she would not stir till he went over to the other side of the bridge. But no sooner did he set his foot upon the ground than she began to plunge. Immediately the remaining part of the bridge broke down and sank with her into the river. But presently she rose up again, swam out, and came to him (p. 83).

Incidents like these the cold, logical professor of a traditionary Christianity, always struggling against the vitality of the Gospel, will reason quietly away as mere curious occurrences; but the early leaders of Methodism, in my opinion, more truly set them down as providential acts in the case of God's servants. There are many other passages in all the lives of the early Methodists which relate spiritual revelations and impressions which mere theoretic professors would smile at as fancies and enthusiasm. All vital Christians, however, of whatever Church, have found them as real as any other circumstances of their lives. The language of the early Methodists is strikingly like that of the early Quakers in many particulars. They continually say they are "impressed" so and so.

Mr. Fletcher says that on one occasion, when quite awake, he had a very clear and palpable vision of Christ on the Cross. On another occasion he heard a divine voice speaking to him "in an inexpressibly awful sound." At another time he had, like Moses, a supernatural discovery of the glory of God, and had an ineffable converse with Him; whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell. Many impressions of the presence of the Holy Spirit were felt by him in an extraordinary manner.

One dark and wet night, he being in the country on a preaching journey, Mrs. Fletcher had a sudden vision of her husband being thrown over the head of his horse which had fallen. The scene was clear to her eyes. She commended him to God, and immediately peace flowed into her soul. When he at length arrived he called for water to wash, proceeding to relate exactly what she had seen (p. 338).

One morning Mr. Fletcher had set out into the country to visit an eminently pious clergyman. When he had walked several miles he saw a great crowd collected at the door of a house, and found that a poor woman and child were dying. The woman had been only recently confined; she appeared very near death; and little better was the case of the infant, which was convulsed from head to foot. The room was filled with people. He spoke with them of the power of God to forgive sins and raise the dead; and he then prayed that He would save both the sufferers and the spectators. Whilst he prayed the child's convulsions ceased, and the mother became easy, then cheerful, then strong. The people were amazed, and stood speechless and almost senseless! Whilst they were in this state he silently withdrew. When they came to themselves he was gone. Many of them asked, "What could it be?" Some said, "Certainly it was an angel" (p. 290).

On one occasion Mr. Fletcher was seized with a strange confusion. As he ascended the pulpit his sermon and the very text vanished from his memory, and he thought he should have to descend without saying anything. But on reading the first lesson, the third chapter of Daniel, containing the account of the three worthies being cast into the fiery furnace, his mouth was opened, and he preached on the subject in a manner extraordinary to himself. He believed there was some cause for it; and desired that, if it applied in any way to any one present, they would let him know. One the following Wednesday he was informed that a butcher had threatened to cut his wife's throat if she persisted in going to Mr. Fletcher's church. That Sunday she had been in great terror but resolved, notwithstanding, to go. Her husband said that, if she did go, he would not cut her throat, but that he would heat the oven and throw her in the moment she came home. The sermon was singularly applicable to her case; she gathered courage and firmly believed that she, too, would be delivered from the savage wrath of her husband. When she opened the door, to her astonishment her husband was sitting in a remarkably subdued mood; and the very next Sunday he himself accompanied her to church and received the sacrament. Mr. Fletcher adds that the man's good impressions did not remain; but that he himself saw why his sermon had been taken from him (p. 336).

Like many good men this eminent servant of God had a clear announcement of his approaching death by impression. His wife writes: "About two months ago he came to me and said, 'My dear love, I know not how it is, but I have a strange impression that death is near us, as if it were in some sudden stroke upon one of us; and it draws all my soul in prayer that we may be ready.' The intimation was not long in being fulfilled. He was contemplating a journey to London, but during prayer, when seeking light upon the subject, the answer was, 'Not to London, but to the grave.' He was seized with a shivering in his pulpit, and remarked on returning home that he had taken cold. It was the commencement of his last illness."

Such were the first founders of Methodism. Men who restored religion in a most remarkable manner, and to a most splendid extent, by boldly asserting the present and eternal vitality of the power and divine gifts of the Church. Their success was a proof of the truth of their doctrine. Obeying that doctrine they became the witnesses of it to the modern world as the apostles had been to the ancient one. In this fact lies a great subject for reflection; a warning to the professors of all phases of Christianity to let its ancient spirit work.

CHAPTER XIV.

A CHAPTER OF POETS.

All genuine poetry is, of its own nature, spiritual: all genuine poets write under inspiration. With the ancients, vates and poet were synonymous. If it be replied that what poets have written under invocation to the Muses, or to other powers, has been to themselves most commonly consciously and avowedly fable and fiction; it may be responded that, in this form of fable, they have endeavored to lay down eternal truths, and in the very machinery of supernatural agencies adopted, have recognized the faith of their predecessors. Campbell defined poetry on this principle: "For song is but the eloquence of truth."

In their closets, and under their truest influences, all authors, prose or poetic, are Spiritualists. Nothing would be easier than to establish this position from the pages of every man and woman who have written with sufficient energy to seize on the spirit of their age. I have shown the genuine Spiritualism of the ancient classical poets; if we pass through the literature of any modern country we find the best authors asserting spiritual impressions on their minds in the hours of composition. I have noticed the confession of Schiller; and in the conversations of Eckermann with Goethe, and in Goethe's autobiography, we have repeated declarations of that author's belief in supernatural agency. He relates the constant prescience of his grandfather who knew long beforehand what would come to pass, and when current events ran apparently counter to his internal intimations. So we might go through the great writers of both Germany, Scandinavia, France and every other country. Rousseau was full of such convictions; and perhaps no man was ever more under direct spirit influence. My space allows me only to notice the Spiritualism of a few of the leading poets of Italy and our own country as examples; and when I say poets, the same applies to all prose writers and to artists. I have already quoted the "Confessions of Raphael," and to him might be added Michael Angelo and other great artists of Italy. There are most amazing facts of the kind in the life of Benvenuto Cellini. In our own country, and that even in our own time, the involuntary confessions of our novelists, even of those who profess to scoff at Spiritualism, are extraordinary. Amongst these Charles Dickens has played with Spiritualism as a cat with a mouse; it has a wonderful fascination for him. All his literary life through he has been introducing the marvellous and the ghostly into his novels; and has of late years in his periodicals been alternately attacking Spiritualism, and giving you most accredited instances of it. He has printed accounts of apparitions, assuring you that he knows the persons who have seen them, and that they are not only perfectly sane but thoroughly trustworthy. To him we owe the first publication of the extraordinary experiences of Mr. Heaphy, the artist. When he forgets the critical and skeptical world, the bugbear of literary men, in the power of his closest convictions, we hear him using this language: "It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those we loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may these patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten!" Miss Bronte is still more decided: "Besides this earth, and besides the race of men there is an invisible world and a kingdom of spirits. That world is round us, for it is everywhere; and those spirits watch us, for they are commissioned to guard us," etc. She makes a voice to be heard from an impossible distance according to natural acoustics, and asserts that, though strange, it is true. Miss Mulock describes her spiritualistic friends as people with good warm hearts, but with little head, and then she goes on and embellishes her volumes with all sorts of Spiritualism. Such are the inconsistencies of minds in a woful dilemma betwixt their education and the ineradicable force of nature. The deep interest which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has always taken in spiritual phenomena he has himself made familiar to every one. But, from these general remarks, I revert to my immediate object.

The great poets of Italy are, from their religion, necessarily Spiritualists. They are taught by the Catholic and Infallible Church full faith in the agency on earth of spiritual powers, sacred and infernal, and that exhibited in every form of divine interposition and of magic. Dante makes himself be conducted through hell, purgatory and paradise by departed spirits—by Virgil through the two former regions; by Beatrice through the latter. The whole frame and substance of his great poem, the "Divinia Commedia," are spiritual; and had we not other evidence of Dante's more poetical belief, we might safely have pronounced his knowledge of spiritual subjects spiritually communicated—the laws of spiritual life as communicated by him being so perfectly, for the most part, in accordance with still more modern revelations. It would be a good work of some one well acquainted with the poetry of Dante to give us an elaborate demonstration of this to which I can merely allude. He pronounces the great law of spirit intercourse, however, in his Paradise, most positively not as a poetical idea but as a philosophical truth.

High functions to pure substances were given,
When first created; these with powers were graced
To execute on earth the will of heaven.
To matter lowest station was assigned,
Compounded natures in the middle placed,
Subject to bonds which no one may unbind.
Wright's Translation, Paradise, c., xxix.

This is strikingly borne out by all the experiences of modern Spiritualism. The doctrine of guardian angels is not more fully confirmed than that direct communication betwixt embodied and disembodied spirits can only take place under fixed and jealously guarded laws. It is these laws that present spiritual experiences are rendering every day clearer, to the ignorance skeptical minds owe their constant self-exposures, and many well-meaning persons their disappointments. In the prose works of Dante, the " Convito " and the " Monarchia," are numerous avowals of his faith in, and knowledge of, Spiritualism. In the " Monarchia," he says, " To the first kind of happiness we arrive by means of philosophical studies, following them up by the practice of moral and intellectual virtue. The second we reach by means of spiritual writings which surpass human reason." And again, " God does, and will do many things by means of angels which the Vicar of God, the successor of St. Peter, cannot do " (Book III). In the " Convito," he says, " Oh, happy those few who sit at that table where the bread of angels is eaten " (Trat. i. c. 1). And again, " The life of my heart—*i.e.*, of my inner man—is wont to be a secret thought, a thought which ascends to God—*i.e.*, I contemplate in thought the kingdom of heaven " (Trat. c., II, 8).

But in the " Vita Nuova," we find Dante having visions illustrative of his coming life. This faculty he appears to have inherited from his mother. Boccaccio, in his life of him, says, " A little while before Dante's birth, his mother saw in a dream what her future child was to be, which was then unknown both to her and to others, but is now manifest to all from the result. The gentle lady, in her sleep, fancied she was under a very high laurel tree, which grew in a green meadow by the side of a copious fountain; and there she gave birth to a son, who, being maintained only by the berries that fell from the laurel tree and with the waters of the clear fountain, seemed in a very short time to grow up into a shepherd, who endeavored, with his utmost powers, to seize the leaves of the tree with whose fruit he had been fed. In the midst of these endeavors he seemed to fall down; and on arising up again he was no longer a man, but had become a peacock. At this change she was struck with so much wonder that she awoke; and little time elapsed before she gave birth to a son, who, with the consent of the father, was called Dante, and deservedly so; Dante being an abbreviation of Durante, which means lasting, enduring."

In the "Vita Nuova," he tells us that having received a pleasant salutation from Beatrice Portinari, the young lady of his love, "I quitted the company, as it were, in a state of intoxication; and retiring to my chamber, I sat down to meditate on this most courteous lady. During my meditation a sweet sleep came over me in which appeared a wonderful vision. I seemed to see in my chamber a cloud as red as fire, in the midst of which I discerned the figure of a man whose aspect struck fear into the beholder, whilst, wonderful to say, he appeared all joy. He spoke of many things, few of which I understood; but amongst them was this, "*Ego dominus tuus,*" "I am thy master." In his arms I seemed to see a sleeping figure, naked, except a slight covering of a blood-red colored drapery; but looking more attentively, I saw that it was my lady of happiness, who had condescended to address me on the day before. In one of his hands he seemed to hold something which was all in flames, and to say these words, "*Vide cor tuum,*" "Behold thy heart." And after a short time, he seemed to me to awaken her who slept and to exert his skill in such wise that he forced her to eat that which was burning in his hand—and this she did with hesitation and fear. He stayed but a short time after this, but his joy was changed into a most bitter lamentation. Weeping, he folded her in his arms, and with her, directed his course to heaven.

Dante asked his friends what could be the meaning of this life-like vision; and several of them wrote him explanations according to their several fancies—amongst them his dearest friend, Guido Cavalcanti, in a sonnet commencing, "*Videsti al mio parere ogni valore,*" but time was the only true interpreter, and that quickly, for Beatrice died at the age of twenty-four.

As Dante believed in spirit communication, so it seems that, after his death, he had to make one himself. Boccaccio relates the circumstance in his Life of Dante, and it has been reprinted in various memoirs of him; amongst others, in one prefixed to this edition of the "Divina Commedia," by Palma, of Naples, in 1827. The thirteen last cantos of the "Commedia" were missing and all efforts to discover them by the family and friends of Dante, who were themselves accustomed to write verses and were much importuned by their friends to do their best to finish their father's work in order that it might not remain in an imperfect state, were without any result, when Jacopo was surprised by an extraordinary vision, which not only took the presumptuous notion of finishing the great work of his father's out of his head, but showed him where the thirteen cantos were. A worthy citizen of Ravenna, named Pietro Giardino, who had long been a disciple of Dante, related that about eight months after the death of his master, one night a little before dawn, Jacopo, Dante's son, came to his house and told him that he had a little before that time seen Dante, his father, in a dream, clothed in shining garments, and with an unusual light shining in his countenance; and that when he inquired of the apparition if it yet lived, he was answered, "Yes, real life, not such as yours." Upon which, he further inquired if he had finished his poem before passing into real life, and if so, where was the remainder, which none of them had been able to find. In reply to which he received the following answer, "Yes, I did finish it;" and then it seemed to him that the spirit took him by the hand and led him to the chamber in which he generally slept when alive and touching one of the partitions, said, "What you have so much sought for is here," and with that Dante and his dream vanished. He then stated that he had not been able to rest any longer till he had come to tell him what he had seen, in order that they might go together and search the place pointed out, which was firmly imprinted on his mind, in order to see whether the information came from a genuine spirit or was a delusion. On this account, although the night was not yet spent, he arose and they both went to the place indicated and there found some hangings fixed on the wall, and having slightly raised them, they saw in the wall an opening which none of them had ever seen before, or known to be there, and in it they found some manuscripts, nearly moulded and corrupted by the dampness of the wall; and having gently cleansed them from the mould and read them, they found them to be the thirteen cantos so much sought for by them. They then placed them in the hands of Messer Cane della Scala, as the author himself was wont to do, who joined them to the rest of the work; and the work which had taken so many years to prepare was at length finished."

Boccaccio was himself a profound believer in Spiritualism. The stories of the Decameron abound with proofs of the love of the marvellous, and where that love exists there is sure to be more or less faith. He drew these stories, however, not from romance, but from the "Chronicle of Helinandus," published in 1212, as facts, only changing the names of persons and places. He could therefore believe and relate the apparition of Dante as a reality. The change of his own life had been occasioned by a prophetic message. In 1359, Boccaccio went to meet Petrarch in Milan, and on his return he stated that Petrarch had seriously advised him to abandon worldly pleasures and fix his affections on those above. In 1361 Petrarch wrote to him that he was commissioned by Pietro Petroni of Certosa—a man celebrated for his piety, and for the miracles done by him, who had died in May of that year—to tell him that amongst the things impressed on his mind on his death-bed were, that not many years of life remained to Boccaccio, and that he would do well to abandon poetry. This fact, more fully stated by Manni and by the Abbe de Sade, had such an effect on the mind of Boccaccio that he determined not only to abandon poetry, but to part with all his books, and to abandon every profane study. Petrarch wisely counseled him that it was by no means necessary to relinquish all polite literature, much less to strip himself of all his books but to make good use of them, as the holy fathers and doctors of the Church had done in all ages. Neither the life nor the writings of Boccaccio, up to this moment, had been very commendable as the Decameron is sufficient evidence; but he now adopted the clerical habit and commenced the study of sacred literature, in which, however, he made so little progress that he again relinquished the pursuit. In this passage we see a proof of Petrarch's spiritual faith as well as of Boccaccio's. In fact Petrarch was profoundly penetrated by faith in the spiritual powers of the Church.

In the great poems of both Aristo and Tasso, the elements of supernaturalism run to perfect riot. Angels and archangels, prophets, magicians, and devils, are the active agents of the events celebrated. These were all founded on history, both sacred and profane, and were not only used as machinery, but believed in by these master poets.

The very first words of Tasso, in the "Gerusalemnė Liberata," are spiritualistic "Manda a Tortosa Dio l'Angelo."

In the words of Wiffen's translation—"God of Torsa sends his angel down;" a fit opening to one of the most exuberant specimens of supernaturalism in any language. Scarcely in Milton—who was an ardent admirer of Tasso, and the friend of Tasso's best friend, the Marquis Manso—are the conflicts of Diety and demonism, of archangels and arch-fiends, more largely, boldly and vigorously introduced. As Jupiter from Olympus looks down to earth in Homer, so the Eternal Father in Tasso. As the one sends down Mercury, so the God of Christians sends down the archangel Gabriel to their aid. The Prince of Darkness musters his powers below to resist the hosts of the Cross; Beelzebub appears, like the ancient gods, in arms in the field; the fury, Alecto, fans the infernal flame of strife; and then the Archangel Michael is commissioned to rout the diabolic powers. But these powers reappear in the shape of magic. The enchanted gardens of Armida, the spectral forest where demon serpents and fierce beasts prowl, and where every tree is animated by its spirit, are familiar to the reader. Let us pass this as fable and view the poet in his own life and experience. What he sung, he there acts and believes. He saw and conversed with spirits and the world pronounced him mad. He was mad in the same fashion as millions are mad now, as the prophets and apostles were mad.

It is now fully admitted, by all who have carefully examined the matter, that Tasso was as sane, and more so, than those who condemned him to the hospital of Santa Anna at Ferrara. It was the policy of that most vindictive and implacable of tyrants, Alphonso, the petty Duke of Ferrara, to brand Tasso as mad, because he had presumed to fall in love with his sister Leonora D'Este. That sister might have married some wealthy duke or prince the dull and gilded grub of the place and the hour and have been no more heard of. But for a man to love her whose princedom was to extend over all time and was to cast a blazon on even the meanest thing of state that came near it, was an offense only to be expiated by the most shameful and detestable treatment that ever genius suffered from the hands of pampered insignificance. Those men of intelligence who gained admittance to the great poet—where, amid howling maniacs, and in the vilest squalor and contemptuous neglect, he passed his days, whilst publishers far and near were enriching themselves by his plundered copyrights, and torturing him with barbarous issues of his noblest poem—declared unanimously that he was perfectly sane; but that, though he was not mad, he had suffered enough to have driven him so. Manso, his most generous and faithful of friends, who knew him intimately at this and after this time, declares him perfectly sound of intellect; and during the short remaining time which he lived after his seven years detention in the madhouse, and which he spent in honor amid popes, cardinals, princes, nobles and men of genius of all kinds, no man showed himself more sane. That he was restless and nervous was the consequence of his long cruel treatment from many causes and many men, acting on such a finely-strung temperament as could only have produced the "Jerusalem Delivered." It was the business of the venal Serrasi—the tool of the Estes, and who, as has been pointed out by my old school-fellow, Jeremiah Wiffen, the elegant translator of the "Jerusalem," dedicated his work to that Maria Beatrice D'Este who would not even permit the name of Tasso to remain attached to an opera of his performed before her, but obliged the manager to substitute for it that of Lope de Vega!—it was his business to endeavor to perpetuate the stigma of insanity which the little despot of Ferrara had stamped on him. Manso, and later Italian biographers—in England, Milman and Wiffen—have sufficiently exposed the base endeavor.

In his "Ambassador," Tasso introduces a dialogue betwixt himself and a spirit, which, however, he represents as merely imagined; but in his cell at Santa Anna he assures us that he was visited, pestered and plundered by mischievous spirits and especially by one that he calls Folletto or Sprite. That he was robbed by his keepers, in his absence from his room, he also tells us; but he makes as positive statement that he was robbed by the spirits when he was present. Flames, he says, wreathed and twined themselves across the walls of his prison; sparks of fire seemed to flash from his own eyes; shadowy forms of rats and other obscure animals glided over the vault of his room where they could not possibly be. Strange noises, whistlings, ringing and tolling of bells and striking of clocks, beset him. Horses trampled on him, monsters butted him in his bed. All these things were, of course, set down to his frenzy, but were no doubt, the result of his having, by his tortures of mind from his scandalous treatment, been raised into the condition in which the spirit puts forth its powers energumenically, and takes hold on the spiritual world, and comes into startling rapport with it. His letters and gloves and money were drawn out of locked boxes when no one was there but himself and flung about the place. To secure his money he sent it out of the prison to a friend. His books were flung down from the shelves, a loaf was snatched out of his own hands, and a plate of fruit, which he was offering to a Polish youth. " God knows," he says, that I am neither a magician nor a Lutheran, that I never read heretical books, nor those which treat of necromancy, nor any prohibited art; yet I can neither defend myself from thievish men when I am absent, nor the devil when I am present. To comfort him, however, he says that he had a vision of the Blessed Virgin; and that when he was so reduced by illness that he could not bear medicine any longer, he prayed most fervently to her, and was instantly cured. He has recorded this miraculous cure in a sonnet, commencing, " Egro lo, languina, e d'alto avinta."

After his release from the madhouse, and when living with Manso at his country estate near Bisaccio, he joined in all the sports and pursuits of those around him. Manso, in a letter, says: " The Signior Torquato is become a mighty hunter, and triumphs over all the asperity of the season and of the country. When the days are bad, we spend them and the long hours of evening, in hearing music and songs; for one of his principal enjoyments is to listen to the improvvissatori, whose facility for versification he envies. Sometimes, too, we dance with the girls here, a thing which affords him much pleasure; but we chiefly sit conversing by the fire and often we have fallen into discourse of that spirit which, he says, appears to him."

Whether grave or gay this spirit often came to him and he often held long discourses with it. Manso endeavored to persuade him that it was a fancy; but Tasso maintained that it was as real as themselves, a Christian spirit, and which Manso admits gave him great comfort and consolation. Tasso, to convince Manso of the reality of this spirit, begged him to be present at an interview. Manso says that he saw Tasso address himself to some invisible object, listen in return, and then reply to what it appeared to have said. He says that the discourses of Tasso "were so lofty and marvellous, both by the sublimity of their topics and a certain unwonted manner of talking, that, exalted above myself into a certain kind of ecstacy, I did not dare to interrupt them." Tasso was disappointed, however, that Manso did not see or hear the spirit—which he ought not to have been, after what he himself tells us, that to see spirits the human eye must be purified, or the spirits must array themselves in matter. This is the present acknowledged law in such cases of apparitions. They who see them must be mediums—that is, have their spiritual eyes open—or the spirits must envelop themselves in matter obvious to the outer eye. Tasso did not recollect that Manso might not be in the clairvoyant condition in which he himself was; and Manso, wholly ignorant of these psychological laws, could only suppose Tasso dealing with a subjective idea. Yet Manso evidently felt the presence of the spirit, for he was raised by it "into a kind of ecstasy," and he confesses that Tasso's spiritual interviews "were more likely to affect his own mind than that he should dissipate Tasso's true or imaginary opinion."

To the tens of thousands of to-day who have practically studied these phases of psychology, the whole of Tasso's experience is simple and agreeable to familiar fact, and places the great poet in the numerous class of those who have been treated as visionaries, because they really were more clear-sighted and more matter-of-fact than their horny-eyed neighbors. Perhaps Tasso himself did not comprehend the real condition of those improvvissatori, at whose facility of poetic declamation he so much wondered. Improvisation is but one mode of mediumship. This class of extempore poets, who at a moment break forth into very sublime and wonderful strains, are frequently noted in their ordinary moods for their dull and commonplace minds. They are but the flutes and trumpets through which spiritual poets pour the music and eloquence of other spheres for the occasion.

Turning to our own poets, we might collect evidences from Chaucer to Shakespeare; but in Milton we come on an avowal that has been a thousand times quoted, of the millions of spiritual beings that walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep. In his "Paradise Lost," he teaches doctrines since taught by Swedenborg, and now accepted by thousands—of the soul growing so gross in the indulgence of sensual tastes in this life that it cannot well rise from it. He thinks that a period may arrive when men, by growing spiritual purity, may refine the body almost wholly away. Raphael speaks:

"Time may come when man
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;
And from these corporal nutriments, perhaps,
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improved by tract of time, and winged, ascend
Ethereal as we; or may, at choice,
Here or in heavenly paradises dwell."

Through long ages, however, a different condition was to follow the fall:

"But when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
That soul grows clotted by contagion;
Imbodies and imbrutes till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
Or seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres:
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it loved,
And linked itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state."

In his prose Milton holds the same language. They are not the Muses, he says, but the "Eternal Spirit, which assists with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

I must leave to some other hand to collect from the long line of our religious poets, Quarles, Herrick, Herbert, Cowper, Keble, as well as from Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Philip Bailey and others the numerous Spiritualisms that are scattered through their works. There are abundance of such in Young's "Night Thoughts." We may take one:

"Smitten friends
Are angels sent as messengers of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address—
Their posthumous advice and pious prayer?"

From the many like admissions in Mrs. Hemans take also one:

"Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne
The dark way never hath allowed return?
That all which tears can move with life is fled—
That earthly love is powerless on the dead?
Believe it not."

I have already quoted the candid avowal of Southey, of his belief in ghosts; the evidences of the Spiritualism of Byron and Shelley; and as to Coleridge, though in one place he says he has seen too many ghosts to believe in them, in another we find him gravely telling a ghost story in his "Table Talk," which is given in the second volume of the *Spiritual Magazine*, p. 229. As for their contemporary, Rogers, he pronounces Spiritualism "a new mode of sense," "that mysterious guide,"

"That oracle to man in mercy given,
Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from heaven."
Roger's Poems, "The Voyage of Columbus."

Sir Walter Scott, independent of his large use of apparition lore in both his prose and poetry, condemns the narrow prejudice which cannot accept it. He says, "We talk of a credulous vulgar without recollecting that there is a vulgar incredulity, which, in historical matters as well as in those of religion, finds it easier to doubt than to examine; and endeavors to assume the credit of an *esprit fort* by decrying whatever happens to be beyond the very limited comprehension of the skeptic." (Introduction to "The Fair Maid of Perth.")

In the opening chapter of this work I gave some specimens of the Spiritualism of Wordsworth; and as his inculcations of it are both bold and extraordinary, I close this chapter with him.

He opens the third part of "Peter Bell" with these remarkable stanzas:

"I've heard of one, a gentle soul,
Though given to sadness and to gloom,
And for the fact will vouch. One night
It chanced that by a taper's light
This man was reading in his room:

Bending as you or I might bend
At night o'er any pious book,
When sudden blackness overspread
The snow-white page on which he read,
And made the good man round him look.

The chamber walls were dark all round,
And to his book he turned again;
The light had left the good man's taper,
And formed itself upon the paper
Into large letters, bright and plain!

The godly book was in his hand,
And on the page, more black than coal,
Appeared, set forth in strange array,

A *word*—which to his dying day
Perplexed the good man's gentle soul.

The ghostly word, full plainly seen,
Did never from his lips depart;
But he hath said, poor gentle wight!
It brought full many a sin to light
Out of the bottom of his heart.

Dread spirits! To torment the good
Why wander from your course so far,
Disordering color, form and stature!
Let good men feel the soul of nature,
And see things as they are.

I know you, potent spirits, well,
How, with the feeling and the sense
Playing, ye govern foes and friends,
Yoked to your will for fearful ends—
And this I speak in reverence!

But might I give advice to you,
Whom in my fear I love so well,
From men of pensive virtue go,
Dread beings; and your empire show
On hearts like that of Peter Bell.

Your presence I have often felt
In darkness and the stormy night;
And well I know, if need there be,
Ye can put forth your agency
When earth is calm and heaven is bright.

Then coming from the wayward world,
That powerful world in which ye dwell,
Come spirits of the mind! and try
To-night, beneath the moonlight sky,
What may be done with Peter Bell."

He adds:

> "There was a time when all mankind
> Did listen with a faith sincere
> To tuneful tongues in mystery versed."

In his "Ecclesiastical Sketches," Sonnet xviii, he says:

> "Death, darkness, danger are our natural lot,
> And evil spirits may our walk attend
> For aught the wisest know, or comprehend.
> Then be *good* spirits, free to breathe a note
> Of elevation; let their odors float
> Around these converts: and their glories blend,
> Outshining nightly tapers, or the blaze
> Of the noonday. Nor doubt that golden cords
> Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
> The soul to purer worlds."

What Wordsworth taught in song he asserted also in actual life. Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, returning once from Cambridge where they had been paying a visit to the poet's brother, Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, related to us this occurrence. A young man having just come to enter himself a student at Trinity, brought a letter of introduction to Dr. Wordsworth, and on presenting it, asked if the master could recommend to him comfortable chambers. Dr. Wordsworth mentioned to him some then vacant and the young man took them. In a few days, seeing him, Dr. Wordsworth asked him how he liked them. He replied that the chambers themselves were very convenient, but that he should be obliged to leave them. Dr. Wordsworth asking for what reason, the young man replied that he might think him fanciful, but the rooms were haunted. That he had been awakened each night by a child that wandered about the rooms moaning, and strange to say, with the palms of its hands turned outwards. That he had searched his rooms, found them on each occasion securely locked, and that nothing but an apparition could thus traverse them. Dr. Wordsworth said, he would now be candid with him; that these rooms had been repeatedly abandoned by students who asserted the same thing, but having perfect reliance on his veracity and judgment from what he had heard of him, he was desirous to see whether he would confirm the story, having had no intimation of it beforehand. I relate the account from memory after the lapse of a good many years, but I believe it to be substantially correct. Whether the young man thanked the doctor for his recommendation of such lodgings does not appear.

CHAPTER XV.

SWEDENBORG'S SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Swedenborg was born at Stockholm, in Sweden, being the second son of Dr. Jasper Swedberg, Bishop of Skara, who was a voluminous author on various subjects, and a man of great talent and influence, descending from a mining family of the Stora Kopparberg, or great copper mountain. His mother was also the daughter of Albrecht Behm, the Assessor of the Royal Board of Mines. Thus he was born and brought up amongst mining affairs, and he himself in after years became also Royal Assessor of Mines. He altered his name from Swedberg to Swedenborg, as Burns, the poet, altered his name from Burness. He was very completely educated at the Great University at Upsala; and he became so intimate with the Latin language that he wrote all his works in it. He accomplished himself by extensive travel, and everywhere made acquaintances with celebrated men, especially those distinguished in mathematics, astronomy and mechanics. Charles XII appointed him Extraordinary Assessor of Mines. He went on writing numerous works on science and the arts. On "Algebra," the "Decimal System"; on the "Motion and Position of the Earth and Planets"; on "Docks, Sluices and Salt Works"; on the "Principles of Natural Philosophy"; "The Principia, First Principles of Natural Things," which, in fact, had no less design than to trace out a true system of the world. Next followed "Outlines of a Philosophical Argument on the Infinite"; "Dissertations on the Nervous Fibre and the Nervous Fluid," then a great work on the "Economy of the Animal Kingdom." He then set about to study anatomy and the whole system of the human frame.

But this was only as an introduction and qualification for the object of investigating the soul. Having done this, he wrote a work on the "Worship and Love of God," as the result of his studies, and the completion of his other works. The second part of this included an inquiry into the nature of the soul and the intellect; but, here, when he seemed to think this portion of his work concluded, he found that he was only beginning. All his labors and inquiries had been tending to a development of which he had no intimation. Suddenly, whilst he was in London engaged in the publication of this work he had a vision of the Lord, and his eyes were opened to see into the spiritual world. This he says occurred in 1743; consequently, when he was fifty-five years of age. He had devoted himself to writing on the natural sciences, he says, about thirty years; and from this time he gave them all up, and devoted himself to supernatural inquiry, and the explanation of the Scriptures, through these, for nearly thirty years more, or until the age of eighty-four. He says at this time "God opened my sight to the view of the spiritual world, and granted me the privilege of conversing with spirits and angels." The Lord, he was informed, had prepared him for elucidating the spiritual sense of the word. For many years before his mind was thus opened, and he was enabled to speak with spirits, he had dreams informing him of the subjects on which he was writing, and a peculiar light in the writings. Afterwards, many visions when his eyes were shut; light miraculously given, spirits influencing him sensibly as if they appealed to the bodily sense, temptations from evil spirits almost overwhelming him with horror, fiery lights, words spoken in early morning, and many similar events ("Diary," 2951). He says that an inward spiritual breathing was opened up to him, and his spirit breathed the divine atmosphere directly from the Holy Spirit. This he considers as essential to a perfectly spiritual state, and to occur in all apostles and holy persons who live and act under immediate inspiration. We have seen that persons in the old pagan world occasionally entered the spirit-world, as Epimenides and Hermotimus, who, returning, related what they had seen; but Swedenborg's condition was different and superior to theirs. During the absence of their spirits, their bodies lay as dead, but Swedenborg could enter the spirit-world, yet appear to be present and acting in this. He did not, however, arrive at the perfect enjoyment of these two states, and the power of voluntarily passing from one to the other for some time. He now poured forth rapidly, considering the colossal nature of the works themselves, his spiritual productions. First came his "Arcana Coelestia," or exposition of the spiritual sense of the books of Genesis and Exodus. This consisted of eight volumes quarto. Then followed a whole library of volumes, the chief among which are the "Last Judgment and Destruction of Babylon"; "Heaven and Hell"; the "White Horse of the Apocalypse"; the "Planets of the Solar System and their Inhabitants"; the "New Jerusalem and its Heavenly Doctrine"; several other volumes on the "New Jerusalem"; on the "Divine Love and Divine Wisdom"; "Concerning Conjugal Love," etc., on the "Intercourse between the Soul and the Body"; the "Apocalypse Revealed, and the Apocalypse Explained"; the "True Christian Religion," etc. In these spiritual works he frequently announces great scientific truths which are now, from time to time, proving themselves such. It is now regarded as a surprising discovery of Professors Kirchoff and Bunsen, that they have found iron to exist in the body of the sun, by tracing its effects to the solar rays. That this was a fact Swedenborg asserted a century ago. The scientific men are continually asking for the Spiritualists to announce beforehand unknown natural facts. This is one instance out of many in which Swedenborg, Anaxagoras announced that the sun was a great mass of mineral.

Many of these works have been translated into French and German, as well as into English, which latter are published by the Swedenborgian Society. They may be read and they are now extensively read, and their truths taught, as I have said, by men who are little suspected of it. The pulpits of both Church and Dissent are invaded by Swedenborg. There are also excellent and concise lives of him in English by Dr. Wilkinson and Mr. William White. I shall conclude by quoting a passage or two from the former. "A visitant of the spiritual world, Swedenborg has described it in lively colors, and it would appear it is not at all like what modern ages would have deemed. According to some, it is a speck of abstraction, intense with saving faith and other things of terms. Only a few of the oldest poets—always excepting the Bible—have shadowed it forth with any degree of reality, as spacious of mankind. There Swedenborg is at one with them, only that he is more sublimely homely regarding our future dwelling place. The spiritual world is the same old world of God in a higher sphere. Hill and valley, plain and mountain, are as apparent there as here. The evident difference lies in the multiplicity and perfection of objects. The spiritual world is essential nature and spirit besides. Its inhabitants are men and women, and their circumstances are societies, houses and lands, and whatever belongs thereto. The commonplace foundation needs no moving to support the things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man conceived. . . . Stone and wood, bird and animal, sea and sky, are acquaintances which we meet with in the spiritual sphere, in our latest manhood or angelhood, equally, as in the dawn of the senses, before the grave is gained" (p. 96).

Again, "Our crotchet of the abstract nobleness of spirits receives there a rude shock. Our fathers' souls are no better than ourselves; no less mean and no less bodily, and their occupations are often more unworthy than our own. A large part of their doings read like police reports. Even the angels are but good men in a favoring sphere; we may not worship them, for they do not deserve it; at best they are of our brethren the prophets. It is very matter-of-fact; death is no change of substantials. The same problems occur after it, and man is left to solve them. Nothing but goodness and truth are thriving. There is no rest beyond the tomb, but in the peace of God which was rest before it."

Spiritualism uniformly confirms these views, especially of the intermediate regions. And also that "the earthly soul clings to the ground and gravitated earthward dragging the chain of impure affections contracted in the world; spirits haunt their old remembered places attached by undying ideas. Hatred and revenge, pride and lust, persist in their cancerous spreading, and wear away incurable heart-strings. Infidelity denies God most in spirit and the spiritual world; nay, staked on death, it ignores eternity in the eternal state with gnashing teeth and hideous clenches, and the proof of spirit and immortal life is farther off than ever." An awful lesson! On the other hand, in the better regions, "noble offices are a sign to finite things, as of attending the birth of the newly dead into the spiritual state, of educated departed infants and simple spirits, of governing sleep and infusing dreams and of indefinite other things besides, which constitute a department of the duties of the human race translated into the sphere of spiritual industry. For heaven is the grand workman; the moments of the eternal Sabbath are strokes of deeds, and the more of these can be given to be done by men and angels, the more is the creation real, because coöperating with God.

A serious truth is stated by Swedenborg in his "Diary"; namely, that "all confirmations in matters pertaining to theology are, as it were, glued fast into the brains and can with difficulty be removed; and, while they remain, genuine truths can find no place. This is what I have so often noticed in this work—the difficulty of erasing educational dogmas and modes of thinking, however erroneous. He also states the great fact so constantly shown by Spiritualism, that in spiritual intercourse like seeks like and the spiritual condition of a man may be known by the spirits which seek through him—that is, habitually; for bad spirits will seek to deceive and confound the good, too, and more especially in their first entrance into spiritual conditions, in order to drive them out of them. These are repelled by faith and prayer. As to the seeing and communing with spirits, Swedenborg says it is a natural condition of man which has been lost only by his gross and degraded state. The review of the history of Swedenborg draws from his biographer remarks which thousands are now making:

"Nothing is more evident to-day than that men of facts are afraid of a large number of important facts. All the spiritual facts, of which there are plenty in every age, are renounced as superstitions. The best attested spirit stories are not well received by that scientific courtesy which takes off its grey cap to a new beetle or fresh vegetable alkaloid. Large-wigged science behaves worse to our ancestors than to our vermin. Evidence on spiritual subjects is regarded as impertinence by the learned; so timorous are they, and so morbidly fearful of ghosts. If they were not afraid they would investigate; but nature is to them a churchyard in which they must whistle their dry tunes to keep up their courage. They should come to Swedenborg who has made ghosts themselves a science. As the matter stands, we are bold to say that there is no class that so little follows its own rules of uncaring experiment and induction, or has so little respect for facts as the hard-headed scientific men. They are attentive enough to a class of facts that nobody values—beetles, spiders and fossils; but to those clear facts that common men and women, in all times and places, have found full of interest, wonder or importance they show them a deaf ear and a callous heart. Science in this neglects its mission, which is to give us in knowledge a transcript of the world, and primarily of that in the world which is nearest and dearest to the soul."

CHAPTER XVI.

A MESSAGE FROM LORD BACON.

The following extract is taken from *Spiritualism,* by Judge John W. Edmonds and Geo. T. Dexter, M.D.:

MONDAY, *May* 9, 1853.

This evening, at my library, I read over to Dr. Dexter the minutes of last evening's interview, and it was written:

"There is no state of existence, Judge, but has its better spirits above it. There is no mind so advanced and enlightened but there is a mind more developed, more progressed, to which the other will look with deference and respect. If this obtains on earth, how much more should this law exert its full influence among spirits? It is a singular fact, in the progress of all things on earth, that the most inferior plant can, by cultivation, be made to manifest properties entirely distinct from the original, yet retain all the characteristic features of the germ. Now you take a peach, and in its original form it is almost worthless, yet by cultivation you develop the fruit to that degree of perfection that of all the fruits of the earth it is most sought for and admired. These simple facts are pertinent illustrations of the great law which had its beginning with God, and will end only when the Creator is unable to execute the laws he has established.

"Thus all progressed spirits have above them other spirits, who have passed through the death of the spheres, and therefore have become so much more ethereal and refined that those in the sphere below necessarily cannot see them. And though I pretend to a certain degree of advancement, yet there are conditions above my sphere where reside spirits whose bodies I cannot behold, only when my mind, like your own, is in such a state that they act upon it, as certain spirits did on yours by visions and imagery.

"Your learned men ascribe the nucleus of all worlds to what they call gaseous bodies, or nuclei. Supposing this to be true, through what processes of growth and development they must have passed to have arrived at that stage or state where they have become fit habitations for men!

"All species of the apple, it is said, are derived from the simple crab apple. And what variety, without number, you find in size, shape, coloring, taste and flavor! Now, this is eminently true with regard to man; and though I cannot say he was derived from one source or one being, yet your knowledge of the various races, species, genera, and orders must satisfy you that in every age of the world some new property has been developed in him, and this in proportion to his situation and connection, until at the present day, the race of men now moving and controlling the affairs of life have further advanced, and manifest more of the true characteristics of his proper nature, than all classes or nations who have preceded it.

"There is a necessity for an advance toward perfection in everything created by God. Of what purpose was it that he created worlds, and filled them with intelligent beings, capable of understanding and learning from every manifestation of His power around them the effects which certain laws He has established have produced? Of what purpose was it that He should have created them if He had intended that they—man or men—should have remained in a state of abeyance? Of what use that the sprig should have been lopped off from the oak itself?

"God could just as well have created man without a soul as with an intelligent one; and certainly it appears to me reasonable that in planting within his body a spirit susceptible, comprehensive, and intelligent, he intended that spirit should not be satisfied till it had grasped everything within the scope of its faculties. There is one idea which has often occurred to me since I left the earth, and that is, that if it were not intended that both spirit and matter should progress, God would probably have created man with all the powers and faculties of his nature, ready developed at his creation. For were it denied that the intention of his creation was his steady advancement, the mind, when it had mastered one position, would still have remained the same as before it recognized a new idea. There could not have been any appreciation of anything before it, and instead of knowledge enlarging its range of desire and thought, it would have left it in the same condition as it found it. What think you? On this great principle is based, as before stated, all the law and the spirits.

"Now about ourselves. And though I talk to you, my friend, I want you to understand that I include the Doctor, in everything I say. Writing through him as a medium, I sometimes do not realize that he is present; but enough of that, too.

"I feel that your thoughts have been occupied in digesting the great truths taught last night by Swedenborg. I am writing through the hand of Dr. Dexter; and to many persons, looking on and beholding the use of the same expressions as you adopt on earth, they would remark on its foolishness and absurdity as a spirit manifestation. But look at the ideas we inculcate, regard the thoughts we express; and if in the whole history of written human thought there is anything that can approach it, either in the magnitude of the ideas or the profundity of the thoughts, then I am heartily willing it should be said to be a farce.

"But when man, as have you, my friend, shall have looked into nature with eyes that do not blink at the dazzling gems she holds up before them; when man, like you, has from his inmost heart yearned for some rational explanation of the longing desire to understand your own immortality; and from the dark abyss beyond this life he shall have presented to his understanding the radiance, the glory, the unsurpassing loveliness of truth, and is willing to receive and adopt it, then shall old things indeed pass away, then shall shallow doubts give way to confirmation strong as the eternal principles of his own nature and in the ecstatic joy of a developed mind, he will find, as you have found, how great the joy of believing.

BACON."

I remarked, that I was yesterday reading some of his essays written when in life, and I came across some which denounced the love between the sexes; which said that no man could be great who had such love, and that great things had been done only by those men who had no wife or children. Now, I wanted to know if he entertained the same sentiments now? He wrote in answer:

"Oh! how little I understood the true character of the heart's affection! What a confined idea I had of the soul's capacity! But I am sure there is no man, no matter what his abilities—no matter how great the power of his mind—who can arrive at any eminence in the world you inhabit, excepting his heart is filled with love to all and everything created by God, and who is not capable of appreciating affection's response in every human heart.

"The law of God's creation in all its workings is love; and had it not been for your affection, your devoted love, you would have burrowed in the mire of your own natural desires, and never have arrived at the position you occupy.

"Don't refer me to my earthly absurdities."

I remarked that there was another question I wished to ask: It was evident that he was a progressed spirit and from all the teachings it appeared that he could roam at pleasure amid scenes where all was joy and happiness. Yet it seemed that much of the time he was near me, and of course on this earth, and affected by its sorrows and sufferings. Now what I wanted to know was, what good it did him to be near this earth? He answered in these words:

"Judge Edmonds, that I am with you much, I have before told you. Why I am with you I have partially stated. I am as much interested in the advancement of your race, both on earth and in the spirit-land, as you are and have been in ameliorating the condition of one class of your unfortunate fellow-creatures. I am not exclusively reading your mind all the time I am with you; and being with you, is a comparative expression. To wish to be with you is to be there. To wish to be thousands of miles away, is to be there immediately the wish is formed. While with you I sometimes converse with spirits who accompany me, and who have, under my direction, charge of certain duties. At times, even in your library, I teach the high destinies of their nature to certain unprogressed spirits, whom I persuade to attend me there. At other times, I read and reflect, at others witnessing the working of your mind.

"Then, again, I listen to your conversation with your friends or visitors; but the advanced spirits never witness any act of man which is improper to be noticed by any other person, that is, any necessary or proper act of life. When you suffer we try to assuage. When you are tired we study to suggest a remedy; and when you are ill we call around you those in whom you have confidence, and they endeavor to relieve you by controlling your nervous system. The great object of progression is not confined to a locality or sphere, to a neighborhood or person. You are as much interested as we are; and when an idea is generated on earth which advances your material or spiritual condition in the least, we feel the influence of that progressive step, and are attracted to the source from which it emanates, and endeavor to make you feel the full effect of the influence, as we know you ought to appreciate it. I think your question is answered."

I said, no, not entirely, and I was apprehensive that I had not worded it so as to convey the precise idea I intended. My object had been, not to inquire so much whether it afforded him pleasure, as it was to ascertain what good it did him, or what advantage it was to him thus to be near the earth. Thus, it had been said that my wife's progression had been advanced by her dealings with me, so what I wanted to know was, whether his progression was in like manner advanced by his connection with earth?

"In brief, yes. Every act that man or spirit accomplishes for good, is just so far a step forward in the development of his nature. Your wife, in accomplishing what she has done, found her reward in the increased flow of all those affections which contribute to the elevation of her character.

"Besides, in directing your mind to the anxious inquiry after the truth of spirit-intercourse, she developed traits in your mind which had slumbered there since first it was exercised by thought; and as this was generating an idea for good, she, as the instrument, felt the revivifying effect of that act. No man does a good act but his nature is bettered; and it is the property of goodness that it never loses anything by cultivation. It has a reciprocal effect. She has had her reward. I, too, shall have my reward; but my labors are not yet done.

BACON."

CHAPTER XVII.

GLEANINGS FROM LIFE AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. St. Matthew, Chap. VII, 7.

So spoke Jesus in His sermon on the Mount and how true. So many of the people ask me, "why do *I* not get some message from those who have passed away?" Dear reader, let me answer you. Give your dear ones who have passed to the higher life an opportunity to come to you and see how gladly they will grasp it. "For when two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." St. Matthew XVIII, 20. Do you understand the meaning of the above chapter, dear reader? If not, just let us explain it in our way. "When two or three are gathered together in My name," means a seance, a spiritual communication, speaking with the angels—opening up the avenues between the two worlds—the mortal and the immortal. Every family in the universe, if they only knew it, have a medium in their own homes. "For I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist." St. Luke XXI, 15. When you begin to investigate this, you will find that God intended that every man and woman should be a temple in their own homes. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" 1 Corinthians III, 17. Take an hour every day, only one hour out of twenty-four, and let your soul speak with God and the angels, your loved ones, offering up a prayer for the "Holiest of the Holy" to come to you. "And all things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." St. Matthew XXI, 22. Praying from the soul, not from the lips; praying for strength to do your duty, in whatever vocation or position you may be, asking for power to be sent you to make you better, and to bring you and your loved ones health and happiness; asking to take the selfishness out of you; giving power to help those in need; by doing so you will lessen your body and enlarge your soul. You know there comes a time in every man and woman's life, when they will sum up the past and see what good they have done, and if they are leaving the world better because they lived in it. If you do this, then you will realize the power of God. "For if a man thinks himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself." Galatians VI, 3. "But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another." Galatians VI, 4. "For every man shall bear his own burden." Galatians VI, 5.

Go into your closet and meet with your family for an hour in this spirit, for one, two, or three months, and it would not be long before you would know of this life and the life hereafter. In asking the angels to come into our homes, it is best always to keep in mind that the purer and better you keep your thoughts, bodies and homes, the more pleased the "God Power" and your loved ones will be to come to you. How much more in this life we enjoy being invited to a friend's home, if we find it in readiness, showing that they appreciated our coming. How much more particular we should be when we ask the Holy Power and our angel loved ones to descend from their pure homes to come to us. We would feel, I know, that not only our homes and bodies should be clean, but our souls also. Now in making preparation for our loved ones, the room you would invite them into should be kept in total darkness. "What I tell you in darkness, *that* speak ye in light; and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetop." St. Matthew X, 27.

Now comes the inquiry, why do you have to sit in the dark? Because everything in nature is developed in the dark, before it is permitted by the God Power to come into light. The coal, all minerals, gold and silver, all vegetation, our trees that bear such luscious fruit are in the earth to develop. There is nothing in nature but must be in darkness a certain length of time before it comes into light. We ourselves are in darkness nine months before we are permitted to see the light. Then why should it be questioned when we are asked by the angels to darken a room, so they can come and develop our spiritual gifts?

"But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man, to profit withal." 1 Cor. 12, 7. "For to one is given the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit." 1 Cor. XII, 8. "To another faith by the same Spirit, to another the gift of healing by the same Spirit." 1 Cor. XII, 9. "To another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of Spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues." 1 Cor. XII, 10. So, dear reader, if you will read the New Testament understandingly, you will find Christ's teachings all spiritual laws. "The same came to Jesus by night and said unto Him, 'Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.'" St. John III, 2.

So many people whom I have associated with in my work of healing the sick have ridiculed our methods; that is, not they, but their friends have criticized it to such an extent that the patient would be ready to discontinue treatment. Had the friends read their Bibles right, they would have found that was one of the principal laws laid down by Christ. All the ridicule and all disagreeable things only drew me that much closer to the beloved God Power. "Ye shall be hated by all men for my name's sake." St. Luke XXI, 17. "But there shall not a hair of your head perish." St. Luke XXI, 18.

But when you come into the light, the spiritual laws, and hear the divine messages from your loved ones who have passed on to the higher life; when your eyes shall receive the power to discern your loved ones; when your ears shall be opened to hear their dear voices, then you will realize that the kingdom of God has indeed come. "But blessed are your eyes for they see: and your ears for they hear." St. Matthew XIII, 16.

Hold sacred all signs from the higher life, whether it comes in a tiny rap or vision. It all comes from the living God. "For we can do nothing against the truth but for the truth." 2 Cor. XIII, 8. So, dear readers, if your relatives or friends ridicule you for opening up new avenues to the higher life, remember, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house." St. Matthew XIII, 57. Dear friends, I have passed through all the scorn and ridicule; I have been in the fiery furnace ("Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." 1 Cor. III, 13.) but to-day I thank God and my holy loved ones in the life beyond that I was selected as one of the disciples to heal the sick and preach the kingdom of God; and if any of you are chosen to do God's bidding, do it to the best of your ability, and the angels will walk by your side. I know it is ignorance that makes any one doubt the God Power, but look at nature and we all must admit that there is a Master that leadeth us all, and we cannot ignore it.

Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. St. Luke XII, 27.

A NEW BIRTH.

Except a man be born again. John III, 3.

Of course we can be born again and there is no mystery about it. Christ did not use any figure of speech but stated a literal fact. A man is not responsible for his first birth, but his second birth is under his personal control, and during the process he can make himself what he most desires to be.

We are, when we come into the world, a good deal like a section of aboriginal forest. There are noble and stately trees but they are smothered in underbrush which keeps the sun from their roots and steals their nourishment. This underbrush must all be cut away, for it is a positive injury and disfigurement, and some of the trees which interfere with the general growth must be relentlessly felled. If the owner wants the best possible timber he will use the knife and the axe very freely, for nature has a weak side and is apt to produce more than is necessary, and some things that are not needed at all.

After his first birth, a man resembles that forest in its original state. He is conscious of underbrush, qualities of character, which choke his higher ambitions. There is too much of him, and he therefore, needs to get rid of some things in order that other things may have a chance to grow. There are tendencies, impulses, passions, envyings, which require a sharp knife, or, better still, to be wholly uprooted.

In a word a man ought to be able to look at himself critically, find out what he has to do in this short life and what tools he has to work with in order to accomplish that work. That he can throw a good part of himself away as worthless—the more the better sometimes—and he can apply a stimulant to his finer qualities and so change that he will hardly know himself. He will alter the whole complexion of his nature and become as different from his former self as though he had returned to his mother's womb and been born again under more favoring circumstances.

When Christ announced the need of a second birth, to be accomplished in partnership with God, He gave us a hint of the grandeur of human nature. Under the inspiration of that command to achieve a new birth, He announced our ability to make ourselves little lower than the angels. It was as though he had said, " Fashion the highest possible ideal, an ideal which is ' perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect,' " then prune, cut, trim, tear up whatever elements of character impede your progress toward that ideal. The Father and all the angels, your loved ones in the higher life, will assist you in the task. By perseverance you shall outgrow your old self and at last become all you ever dreamed of being and more.

There is no conception of our nature nobler, wider, or more encouraging than that you are master of your fate. You control your destiny. No king ever ruled his realm with a sway as undisputed as you can rule yourself. You may not control outward circumstances, but you can bend them to the development of character. See things in the right light and your life will be gladdened. It is your mind that makes you small or large. It is your mind, your soul, that conquers even the body. If you are petulant or ill-tempered the physical lines in your face will show it. A dissipated life shows in the eyes and in the general expression. In the last analysis, holiness and beauty are cause and effect. A sweet life, a kindly and charitable life, is just like a sculptor at work on a block of marble. It chisels the muscles, the furrows, into such a shape that all the world can look into your face and get a glimpse of the character behind it.

Here is a whole domain of natural law as yet unexplored. Get your heart in the right place, open the door wide, not to let in the devils of impatience and worry across the threshold, but the angels of peace and repose, and faith, and you will find that you are going from one new birth to another; that the sad problems of affliction are slowly solving themselves; that your years and your experiences are lifting you into a higher and healthier atmosphere, and that God is a real, a friendly, an intimate and an omnipotent factor in your life.

I say, therefore, be brave. You shall not be overcome but you shall be victor. With the treasury of the Government to draw upon, you can never be poor, and with the love and power of God within reach, you shall smile amid tears and see heaven when you stand on a grave. Take yourself in hand boldly. You know your weaknesses. Go into the forest with an axe and knife. Clear out the underbrush of unworthy motive. It can be done for you and God and the angel loved ones can do anything.

You shall be a new man with a new earth under your feet and a new heaven overhead. There is no limit to the capacity of your nature to enlarge and ennoble itself.

"When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of Himself: but whatsoever He shall hear *that* shall He speak: and He will show you things to come." St. John XVI, 13.

TRIBULATIONS.

And He said unto them, "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk and are sad?" St. Luke XXIV, 17.

Perhaps the most serious question in connection with the spiritual life is this: Why are there so many troubles and sorrows on the road to heaven? No thoughtful soul ever bowed under an affliction without wondering why the Lord thought it best to make suffering so large a part of our experience. He could have arranged matters very differently if He had wished to do so, but He chose to have them as they are. There must therefore be a very important significance in our burden bearing, but what is it? We may be perfectly resigned to His will, and may believe without the shadow of a doubt, that wrenching griefs and heart struggles are all right, but we cannot suppress the query, " Why are they all right? "

To the mere on-looker from another planet the situation would be interesting and painful. He would see man wrestling with the most perverse circumstances and apparently conquered by them, and women weeping over sorrows too deep for sympathy to reach. To him this would be the oddest of all worlds administered on a plan he might find it difficult to understand. But it seems to me possible to get a glimpse of the meaning of it all, to so far comprehend it that we are able to say, perhaps in feeble accents, " Thy will, not mine, be done." If it is possible to do that we shall be greatly comforted and our power of endurance will be largely increased.

The golden key to the mystery is found in the apparently cruel statement made in the Book of Revelations: " As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." God is our Father, and if you are a parent you will readily see what is meant. If you are indifferent to the welfare of your children, caring more for your own pleasure than for their good, you will allow them a very large license, let them go their own way, even though it be the wrong way.

But if you have the true parental heart and wish to insure for the dear ones that integrity and sturdiness which are necessary to a noble character you will not only watch over them with solicitude during the formative period, but you will rebuke them, and even sternly deny them certain undesirable gratifications. You chasten them in order to make them chaste or pure, for that is the meaning of the word. To chasten is to purify by discipline. If it be true that to be pure or perfect is the chief end to be sought, and if it be true that if left to our impulses or passions we should never become pure, but by discipline we may become so, then God would either cease to love us or else cease to be good unless He allotted such pains and griefs as would make the soul stronger by its endurance of them: It may seem a strange thing to say, but it is true, that God would not be a father if He failed in that sharp discipline which in this life causes regret, but will sometime prove itself to have been a blessing in disguise.

I suppose that a bar of gold which is placed in the smelting pot may be very unhappy for a time. It does not know very much about the worthless and debasing alloy which is mingled with its very substance, and it therefore cries out against the cruelty of the fire which heats it to the melting point. But the goldsmith loves his gold too much to heed its cries. The fire is the chastening element, and he plies the bellows with a rugged strength. But when the end comes and the pure metal has been separated from the alloy, will it not be seen that a hot fire, a consuming flame, is proof of the goldsmith's skill and wisdom and love?

If the ingot of gold, not quite understanding the process of purification, could have had perfect faith in the goldsmith, it would have suffered less during the ordeal of fire.

In like manner, if we could believe that our sufferings have a grand mission to achieve, that they are under the guiding hand of the Master of our souls, it would largely alter our attitude toward them and also toward Him who has ordained them. To weep without hope or trust is to break your heart. Even though you cannot see the meaning of a grief, if you believe there is one and that He and our dear ones see it, you can summon your best strength and you can be brave. But what of that man who neither sees any light in the darkness nor believes that there is any?

A tempest with home in sight is one thing; a tempest with no resting place to look forward to—could any fate be harder than that, or any condition more pitiful?

Whatever else may be said of *our* religion this one thing at least is true—that it gives good cheer when good cheer is needed. "Not my will, but thine, be done." He went from under the overhanging clouds to the better land, and if we will only open up our souls to God and our angel loved ones, we may be able to hear Him say, " Let not your heart be troubled. I go to prepare a place for you." St. John XIV, 2.

THE MAN WITHIN.

Thy soul shall be required of thee. St. Luke XII, 20.

It is the man *within* the man who excites our wonder. He is there, but you cannot see him. He is not discovered by the scalpel of the surgeon, who lays bare every hiding-place in the body, but still he is there. I have loved my friend these many years, have walked by his side summer and winter, have wept and laughed with him, but I shall never see him until he and I move out of our bodies, and spirit looks into the face of spirit. This inner man may be closely related to the body, but the two are not the same. They are at once independent and interdependent. I have noticed that when the outer man is out of order the inner man is hampered in consequence—when the strings of a violin are not properly tuned, the player produces only discord. The player and the violin are dependent on each other, and neither can make music without the other, but the player and the violin are not one and the same.

When the man within the man is displeased or angered, the blood of the body rushes to the face or retreats from the face. It is not necessary for the lips to tell me what is happening in the inner depths where feeling resides, for it is all seen in the countenance, just as the landscape is painted on the canvas by the artist. But the canvas and the artist are not one and the same. That mysterious something which we call " expression " is simply an outward advertisement of the internal emotion; it is the spirit shining through the body, as a light inside the lantern shines through a red glass; but the face that wears the expression and the soul that makes it are not one and the same. This action of the body and soul on each other has led some to the conclusion that they can never part company, but at death suffer the same fate. I cannot see, however, why it is impossible for a man who lives in a house until it is so old that it crumbles, to walk out of it when the time is ripe, with all his belongings, and enter and occupy another house. He or she may love the home which they enjoyed and in which they suffered, and it may, indeed, seem to be a part of himself. His life under its roof is crowned with so many associations that he weeps at the thought of leaving it, and feels that he may never find another abode as congenial and convenient, but when the necessity arises, he can step across the threshold and go where destiny leads.

Now this soul—what is it? I wonder if I shall be misunderstood if I say that it is a detached portion of Him whom I worship as God the Creator, that for some cause it is a long distance from Him, and that through the struggles of life it is slowly making its way back, with the hope of finding itself at home with Him and our dear angel friends in heaven at last? God made me, therefore His thought, His power and His love express themselves in my whole being. What I call my religion is nothing more than His revelation of the way in which I can approach Him more closely, and maintain more intimate relations with Him and the dear loved ones who have gone to their eternal home.

" But because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world." St. John XV, 19.

WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN.

And there shall be no night there. Revelations XXII, 5.

There is not a whole household on the face of the earth! Not one in which there is no grief for the departed! The air is full of joyful greetings for those who have just come, and of sad farewells for those who are just going. We know by experience what awaits the newcomers into this short and beautiful life, but what have we to say of those who have whispered their " good night," and are about to fall asleep? Are we left in the dark concerning them, and must we weep until forgetfulness dries our tears, or can we look serenely into the future and think of them as in some foreign clime, where they are sojourning at their larger opportunities and awaiting our coming?

This is the great problem, and until it is solved to the soul's satisfaction, we really have no God to worship, for a God who has made love the mightiest element of our nature, but breaks our relationship to others at death, as a giant snaps a thread, is a being to be feared but not one in whom to repose a cheerful confidence; and unless our religion has as much to say about the future as about the present, it neither fits our needs nor responds to our cravings. It is weakest where it should be strongest, and it suffers defeat where it should win the victory. Unless you can tell me something about to-morrow, I do not care to ask any questions about to-day. If the journey ends at sunset, it makes very little difference to me where I wander or what happens to me. The time is too short for the accomplishment of any high purpose, for while I am engaged in my work, and just as I get accustomed to myself and learn to use myself *to* the best advantage, I drop out of sight (*Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.* James IV, 14), leaving nothing behind except the memory of an unfinished task, and become a mere nothing in the midst of nowhere. My moral sense is destroyed, and instead of that self-sacrifice for the good of others, which is at once the most heroic and admirable quality of my nature, I eat, and drink, and am merry because to-morrow I shall die. How can I care for a God who cares so little for me that He makes me thirsty, leads me to the fountain and then refuses to let me drink? I may be convinced of His power, but I am suspicious of His wisdom, and I stoutly deny His goodness. An earthly father who should act thus toward his family would neither receive nor deserve the affection of his children. The denial of immortality, therefore, by those who are constituted as we are, and who are as dependent as we on that affection which develops all that is highest and noblest in our natures, is a preposterous libel against Him who taught us the Lord's prayer. It chills every warm motive that leads to holiness, and so dwarfs the soul that it becomes hardly visible. No man can attain his full stature except under the influence of a faith which once in a while catches a glimpse of heaven, any more than a rosebush will blossom in the damp darkness of a cellar. Men and plants need light—the plant the light of the sun, and man the light of immortality.

But once convince a man that, as he has fallen asleep so often in this life that he looks forward to it after the hard day's work, sure that he will wake again at sunrise refreshed and ready for additional toil, so will he close his eyes at last only to open them in a brighter world, and you will make a new creature of him. He is transformed and transfigured. The whole current of his thoughts is changed; his incentives lead him to a higher level of action; he is no longer like the musician who plays out of tune, for he keys his instrument to the concert pitch which the leader gives, and produces the best music of which he and his instrument are capable.

Our lives are based on thoughts, and the loftiest thoughts make the holiest lives. There is no conception which equals that of immortality in its benign, invigorating and inspiring influence on the character of a man. It concentrates all his energies and sanctifies all his affections. It brings him into harmony with the universe and gives him the right to call on God in time of need. He lives for eternity; makes plans which reach far beyond the confines of our earthly life; bears with resignation the burdens which Providence places on his shoulders, and tearfully says "Good-night," with the glad certainty of saying "Good-morning" later on.

But whither do they go who are summoned hence? Do the bonds by which they and we are united in life break at death? Does memory die when the body is worn out? Is memory a physical function, or does it belong to the soul to live as long as the soul lives? Will they be so enraptured by the glories of the future that their interest in us will cease? This cannot be true. Neither reason nor revelation gives utterance to such a preposterous statement. True love, the love that has grown sweeter and more tender with the passing years, the love on which two souls have leaned for support and comfort in the various vicissitudes of this lower world, is as much stronger than death as a giant is stronger than a child. The change from one life to another can produce no change in love, except, indeed, to make it purer than ever. Love will not, cannot die. And they who go, go not so far but they can return. It is not a long journey from here to heaven. In Jacob's time it was only a ladder's length, and it is the same now. Our loved ones are close to us, bringing help and good cheer. The angels ministered to Christ, and the law has not been repealed. They minister also to us, and when we die our opening eyes will see familiar faces, and in our weariness we shall find rest in the embrace of those who have gone before. " And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." St. John XIV, 4.

THE SOUL.

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? St. Matthew XVI, 26.

It is a sound principle which leads us to take a jealous care of that which is worth the most, and allow unimportant matters to take care of themselves. If a man were presented with a jewel and a penny he would hardly set a guard over the penny and leave the jewel within reach of robbers. And if we discovered that he did so, under the conviction that the penny was worth more than the jewel, we might be excused if we regarded him as a man of unbalanced mind, suffering from some curious hallucination.

Since we have souls, and since these souls are to survive that odd incident in our career which we call death, then it must needs follow, as logically as the night follows the day, that the soul's health and well-being should be the chief end of our actions. Other things may be valuable and quite worth working for, but when these other things block the way to the soul's progress, we cannot reasonably hesitate as to which should be sacrificed. It is only the child who wants what we know will injure him, and we excuse him on the ground that he is undeveloped, has not yet grasped the true philosophy of life. We feel sure that when his mind is broadened by experience he will put aside childish things and take the view of a full-grown man.

Now religion is nothing more than the result of a large outlook. Its requirements are based on the fact that you are to step out of this world into some other world, and for that reason you ought not to do in this world what will interfere with your happiness in that other world. The basis of religion, therefore, is both philosophic and scientific. Its commands are not arbitrary, but draw their authority from the eternal order of things. It is the religion of a watch to keep correct time, because that is the purpose for which is was made; and it is the religion of the soul to be honest, faithful and true, because these are the ends which God had in view when He made it, and because those ends can be achieved by obedience to constituted law, and in no other possible way. But our difficulty is that, like the man who prizes the penny more than the jewel, we are very largely under a hallucination. We think some things valuable which are worthless, and we fail to estimate other things at their proper worth, though, in fact, they are priceless. We are under a spell; we are glamoured, and the object of true religion is to set us right in our judgment, and thus influence our lives for our own benefit. It seems to me that the Father had just that in His eternal mind when He sent Jesus to tell us what road to take in order to get to heaven.

For example, how marvellously we over-estimate the value of money. It is the panacea of all our ills, and we not only sacrifice our bodily comfort for it, but shorten our lives and open the door to various ills. I have nothing to say against a just appreciation of money, for I know that it can contribute to human happiness. I am not sorry when a young man or a young woman is fired with ambition, dreaming grand dreams and toiling to realize them. But when I see them worship a pocketbook as though it were the god of all the worlds, forgetting the pleasures of life in this one pursuit, acquiring habits which unfit them for any enjoyments except what is found in adding dollars to dollars, I am sure that they do not look at life from Christ's standpoint, and that they are paying too large a price for what yields them an inadequate return. And when, again, I see that a man's eagerness to acquire wealth has dethroned his moral principle; that he is exchanging character for "thirty pieces of silver"; that he is betraying his own manhood; that he can no longer respect himself, and has only a bank account in place of a conscience, I know that that man has a false standard of values and is the victim of a false view of life. Or, once more, when I see a man surrender himself to the physical stimulus of pleasures under the impression that the law which demands its price for over-indulgence can be evaded, drowning his moral sense in excitement, ignoring the soul and depending on his body for all that life has to offer, I know that the time must come when regrets, like hornets, will sting him. He is out of tune with the universe. He might as well try to play a concerto on a violin with loosened strings. His estimate of comparative values is all wrong. He is worshiping the penny and throwing the jewel away. He seeks for happiness, but seeks it where it is not to be found. He cheats himself out of his own fortune. The only lasting satisfaction is in being an honest and a true man. You will never work on the highest level until your circumference includes another world as well as this one, and you will never know the full meaning of the present life until the other life gives it its holiest interpretation.

It is not your money but your manhood and womanhood which fixes your value. True religion, the religion which Christ taught, is broad and generous. It tells you that the soul is the jewel and the body is the penny, and that if you live in accordance with that fact you are a Christian worthy of immortality.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit." St. John III, 8.

"Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." Galatians VI, 7.

LOVE.

Love, therefore, is the fulfilment of the law. Romans XIII, 10.

The only creed which will stand the test of time has for its beginning and end the command to do well by yourself by doing good to others. The man who seeks to absorb everything for his own comfort and convenience bases his life on a wrong principle. His purpose flies wide of the mark, like a bullet which never touches the target. There is a subtle something in unselfishness which brings us richer gifts than greed ever hoped for. Our philosophy that teaches us how to get good things by giving good things is the profoundest in the world. It contradicts our preconceived notions but vindicates itself by the result produced.

The essence of Christianity is not to be found in its dogmas, but in the every-day life of Christ. It does not help you to appreciate music to know how many vibrations make the notes of the octave. You may be quite ignorant of the science of music and yet be thrilled by it; and you may know nothing about the science of our religion and yet be spiritual to the heart's core. Place yourself in a position to understand Christ's spiritual laws, and you have all that is needful for this life and the life to come. And so to tell it all in one breath, our religion teaches us love ("These things I command you, that ye love one another." St. John XV, 17.), that kind of love which pities sin, heals the wounded, and helps bereavement to wear the smile of hope. If you look into the life of Christ you will find there love as wide as the firmament and as deep as the sea; love as exhaustless as the river which flows eternally into the ocean but never wholly spends itself.

I beseech you, therefore, to love along the line of the perpendicular until you reach the home of God, and to love along the line of the horizontal until you touch the farthest sorrowing soul on the planet. Then you will have all that is needful —spiritual riches beyond compare—a heart like that of Christ, and a life with all the poetry and peace of heaven in it. There is too much of self in the world. Our hands are stretched out to take, not to give. We plan for personal gain, are forgetful of the wants of others, build a moat about ourselves and keep the drawbridge up, lest some one may cross to ask for help. All that is like poison to the soul. It causes us to wilt like a flower that is not fed with water. We become like a field of grain after a long drought, for the very life is parched, and but for the mercy of God we should be scarcely worth the reaping. It is hard to look over the world and feel that though there is plenty and to spare, some are starving; that though there are churches at every corner, vice is not checked by love, but simply cast into prison; that though we have the New Testament for our guide we are as heedless of its injunctions as if it had never been written. Just think, after eighteen centuries we are not yet Christians, and if Christ our Teacher were to revisit the earth in the body, He would rebuke us as He did the Pharisees of old. He might even use so strong a word as "hypocrites," for do we not openly declare that all men are our brothers, while in private we get from them what we can and give as little as possible? The *so-called* Christianity is not practical; it is a mere theory, a pleasant dream.

The whole domain in which character is formed and happiness is found by the duties which grow out of love for mankind is still unexplored. No day should pass without a kind word to some one, nor without some act which will bring good cheer. There are men who can be turned from evil by a handshake, and women who can be saved by a smile of encouragement. Here is your duty, and when your duty becomes a pleasure, then you are close to your ideal; that is true religion, spiritual law—Spiritualism—and there is no other kind that is worth a second thought.

It is always well to keep in mind that you are here, not for the purpose of getting all you can, but of giving whenever there is need of it. When we get into the other world we shall know that a good deed is worth more than anything else; that kindly words are like the handful of seed which the farmer scatters about his field and which produces a large harvest in the autumn. I do not ask you to spend all your time in this manner, but I believe you should not avoid the opportunity which offers, for there is no happiness in what is purely selfish. It is a hard lesson to learn, but it is the secret of spiritual success.

No man can sit in the silence and rejoice unless the echo of a good deed fills his ears. What you greedily save you will lose; what you freely give you will save.

" If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or *whether* I speak of myself." St. John VII, 17.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. St. Luke VI, 31.

There is a curious bit of satire in calling this the Golden Rule. As we consider gold the most important of all earthly possessions, we christen this rule of action by the name of what we most desire. But, oddly enough, while we spend our energies and lay the most careful plans for the acquisition of gold, we are equally shrewd and painstaking to find ways in which to avoid following the rule. The two things are equally necessary to human happiness; so we think and so we declare, and yet we take delight in gathering a harvest of gold; but, as for the rule, its practice is a great hardship. I do not say that the Golden Rule is obsolete, for the word implies that what was once common has fallen into disuse. In fact there is hardly a passage of Scripture which has ever been put to as little practical use as this. The world knows almost nothing of the Golden Rule as an experience. It is one of our ideals, a theory which presents many aspects of attractive beauty, but so far as its realization is concerned, we have no personal knowledge of its spiritual value and results. It is a dream, a vision, but nothing more. Nevertheless, it is doubtless true that in unselfishness and self-sacrifice is to be found the secret of spiritual development and happiness. The philosophy of getting has been carefully studied, but the philosophy of giving is quite unknown to us. To win the greatest good by giving all we have seems so nearly impossible, and involves so much apparent discomfort, that we hesitate to try the experiment.

Can you conceive what this world would be if we were to do unto others what we would like them to do unto us? I confess that my imagination staggers at the effort. It would seem as though a thousand magicians had been set at work. No selfishness? Brotherly love everywhere? Nothing of this wild ambition which reaches out its strong hand to grasp everything, but a universal desire to extend help wherever it was needed? The *only* rivalry to do more good than our neighbors? No wars, no international conflicts, no swords, but only ploughshares? What a world that would be, a very Christ world, where our angel loved ones could come at any time and be welcomed! One trembles at the divine condition of affairs that would be realized. I have a conviction that in such a world all men and women would be physically as well as morally healthy; that we should not die of disease but of old age, like a clock which keeps perfect time until the last tick, when it runs down. But we can make a personal application of this rule and be thereby transformed. I know of nothing that is more beneficial to body and soul than doing a kind act at some sacrifice to yourself. Living for yourself and your own comfort only is a mean and narrow existence. To have plenty and to ignore the fact that others are starving is a subtle cruelty to your better nature. To love your neighbor with such a love as will compel you to contribute in some way to his welfare is to have a soul gladness which he alone appreciates who possesses it. I think Christ was really happier on His way to Calvary than many a rich man is in spending his wealth in pleasure and dissipation.

You can find more satisfaction in taking some trouble to save a reckless boy or girl than in the most costly self-indulgence, and if we would devote a part of each day to deeds of this kind a very millennium would come into our hearts and homes. There are undiscoverable possibilities in the Golden Rule which are waiting to reveal themselves, just as there are stars in the sky which are anxious to be discovered by the astronomer. Then let us all in the future, with the aid of God and the angels, try to follow the "Golden Rule." "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, peace be to this house." St. Luke X, 5.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUR YESTERDAYS AND OUR TO-MORROWS.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. St. Matthew VI, 34.

Here is a bit of philosophy too profound to be appreciated without careful and continuous study. It also contains a stern injunction not to worry over what cannot be helped, but, on the other hand, to make the best of circumstances. You are commanded to let the past go its way into the land of forgetfulness, and not to borrow from the future the trouble which you fear it may contain, but to live in the present as far as possible. It is a command very difficult to obey, and yet obedience is absolutely necessary if you would get out of life all that God has put into it.

The man who has a vivid remembrance of his past troubles and who cherishes that memory, deliberately throws a gloom over his present. If he will confine himself to the duty of the moment, he will generally find that he is quite equal to it, but if he collects all the miseries of yesterday and of the day before and adds more to the burdens of to-day, he becomes disheartened, and his discouragement saps his moral strength and produces moral weakness. You have enough to do to face what is immediately before you, and if you conjure up the ghosts of misdeeds and of trials which have been outlived, you do yourself a serious injury and interfere with your spiritual or business success.

In like manner, if you think you can master to-day's work, but dampen your ardor by wondering how you are going to get through to-morrow, you produce a nervous tension which debilitates and brings about the very failure that you dread. No man can carry more than one day at a time. When Jesus asks you not to attempt to do so He gives you wise counsel, and you had better follow the advice.

Life is not so smooth that you can afford to make it rougher by recalling the bad roads over which you have already passed, or anticipating the bad roads over which you will have to pass before the end of the journey is reached. You may be cheerful and therefore strong; if you will forget the things that are behind and let the future take care of itself; but if you propose to add yesterday and to-morrow to to-day, you will do what God warns you against doing, and you will certainly make a great mistake.

If the sun shines now, be grateful and contented. Suppose it did rain yesterday, or suppose we are to have a blizzard to-morrow. You have gotten beyond the rain on the one hand, and, on the other, the time has not come to meet the blizzard. It is foolish to make yourself miserable now because you were miserable a few days ago, or because you may be miserable a few days hence. One duty, one labor at a time is quite enough. If there be any enjoyment to be had, take it with an eager grasp; for if you sit in the warm sunshine for only five minutes it helps you to bear the cold of the next five minutes. It is poor policy to spoil those first five minutes by worrying about those other five minutes.

Let me illustrate. There is nothing in connection with death more wearing than the regret that you did not do more for the one who has gone. This is a universal experience with those who have any heart. The fact of separation seems to have a magic in it, for it is suddenly revealed to you that there were many little attentions which you failed to render, and the remembrance pierces like a knife. No one ever parted with a loved one without self-blame of that kind. But as a general thing it is an illusion, conjured up from overwrought nerves. In very truth you did whatever the circumstances suggested, you did as much as human nature is capable of doing, but in the presence of death you accuse yourself of things of which you are quite innocent, and in doing so you make the parting harder to bear. It may be well for the dear one that he has gone. He has sweet sleep for the first time in many months. He is glad that the bonds of mortality are broken and that he is at last released, and in the lower depths of your own heart you are also glad for his sake. But there comes this thorny thought that you may have been remiss and your soul is wrung by it. You do yourself a wrong. You did what you could. You were tender, loving, gentle, more than kind. You have real burdens enough without adding imaginary ones. Your tears must not be embittered by an accusation which has no basis in fact. Life is too precious and too short to be wasted in regrets of that kind. The duties of the future demand your close attention, and you have no right to think of the dead except to recall a sweet relationship and to dream of a reunion.

Live your life as quietly and as peacefully as possible. Live in each day as it comes. Other days, whether past or future, must not be allowed to press on your heart. This is the noblest policy you can adopt, the policy that comes to you as a divine injunction. Let neither regret nor anticipation intrude upon you to make you weak. It is evident that there is a plan according to which your life is arranging itself, and equally evident that if you are reposeful and trustful, and doing the duty of the present hour, and not fretting over the duty of the next hour, you are in a mental condition which keeps all your powers at their best.

It is the grandest privilege to feel there is a God, a guardian of human destiny, and you are in His hands. If that conviction is one of your possessions, your pearl of great price, you can be quiet even in the midst of tumult and cheerful in the midst of sorrows, for your very tears will serve as a background for the rainbow of hope and promise.

"For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels; and then He shall reward every man according to his works." St. Matthew XVI, 27.

OUR HURRYING YEARS.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past. Psalms XC, 4.

If the soul grows not old, what care we for the passage of time? Even though we rapidly approach the hour when our bodies will crumble like a building whose stones refuse to hold themselves together longer, is it occasion for mourning and regret, or shall we congratulate ourselves and peer into the future with a curiosity so mingled with faith that all fear is dispelled? If there is better music to be heard, if there are larger opportunities to be embraced, may we not be grateful to the hurrying years which will not let us loiter, but bear us swiftly on to the next chapter in our soul's biography? Time reckoning is simply a convenience, nothing more. It enables us to fix the relation of events in which we are interested. The seasons change from fruitage to winter, and are early made into landmarks which assist the memory. The earth plunges through space, is now dark and now light, and we speak of yesterday or yesterday night. It keeps its even course about the sun, and when it reaches a certain station in its journey we speak of the New Year, and with a hand-clasp for neighbor and friend, wish each other a happy transit to the close at hand spring, and the still slumbering summer, and the ripening autumn, with its wheat fields and orchards, and the far-away winter, when in some parts of the earth the hills and valleys will sleep again under their coverlid of snow.

Time is only a fractional part of the eternity which is the soul's heritage. So if we use it well we need give no thought to its passage. Let it come, let it go—why should we give it a thought? Not even age can be counted by years. We are not so many years old, but so much experience old. Age is not discovered by wrinkles on the face, for one may be young in heart and old in body. I have seen a tottering man of eighty who was still a mere child so far as the deep things of the spiritual are concerned, and I have seen a youth of twenty who had passed through most of the experiences which a long life affords. Time, therefore, has nothing to do with the soul, and though you reckon a man's summers and winters, you cannot guess his age, for that is a secret with him and God. It is, however, a beautiful and inspiring custom to cease from our work during this pulse-beat of the universe which we call New Year's Day, and touch hearts and hands with gratitude for the past and hope for the future. With regret we look on the months that have slipped away and been lost in the crowd of events, because we are somehow under the illusion that there are only so many years allotted to us, just as there is so much money in our treasury. When we spend our money we have nothing left, but when we spend our years we have Eternity left. Our natural inclination is to view life from the standpoint of the body, and we therefore get a very limited view of ourselves. We cling to the days and weeks with the tenacity of a miser who hoards his dollars. But there is a higher and nobler standpoint, and from that we get a prospect which charms, dazzles, and even oppresses us to the verge of grateful tears. I mean the standpoint of the immortal soul—that mysterious something whose wings are hidden in the flesh, but which, when the chiming bells of death ring out its release, will soar into upper air and never rest in its flight until, like a hovering pigeon, it has found the heaven from which it was taken at birth.

The boy longs to be a man full grown. He spends his ambitious nights in dreaming of the deeds he will do when he has attained his stature, his vigor, his maturity. He even wishes the joyous days away in his ardent desire for the future. So might it be with us if our faith could grasp the truth; if our eyes could get a glimpse of the beyond; if the shining hill-tops of the other world were not sometimes shrouded in mist. We should be glad that time hurries us from one year to another; that the way to be trod is shortening, and that in a few more summers or winters we shall be invited to a banquet where the loved and lost will bid us a hearty welcome. But haste and thoughtfulness must go together. The haste is inevitable and the thoughtfulness is a duty. There is no harm in running if one knows what object he is pursuing.

The skeptic who runs toward a precipice from which he will be hurled into eternal oblivion, who chases the mad ambitions of his little day and then suddenly evaporates, body and soul, and finds the only rest from his labors in annihilation, leads a useless life and ends with a broken heart. The prospect so depresses him that he knows not which way to turn. But just stop and look at nature and everything in it and then you will realize that it is all a plan of Eternal law, and as Henry Drummond says, "This earth is a great big schoolhouse and we are all scholars," and so it is. The better scholar of nature, the larger our souls become, and the more ready we are to meet our loved ones in the life beyond.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Psalms XC, 12.

"Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we may be justified by faith." Galatians III, 24.

"But after that faith is come (the communication between the two worlds) we are no longer under a schoolmaster." Galatians III, 25.

SOMETHING ELSE.

There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. 1 Cor. XV, 44.

I am always a little confused when metaphysicians tell me that I have a body, a mind, a spirit, and a soul. It may be true, but I cannot make it plain to myself that these four entities are all separate and independent of each other. It is an intricate problem and I only waste valuable time in trying to understand it. So I make myself satisfied by saying that I consist of a body, which is evidently a short-lived piece of mechanism, and a Something Else, which I feel sure will outlast the ravages of this earthly experience. The subdivisions of that Something Else I may know very little about, and, if truth be told, I care less. But of one thing I have never had any doubt—namely, that this Something Else is my controlling influence and that the body is its servitor. What goes on in the inner man decides, at least to a large extent, what shall happen to the body of man. Health depends to a greater extent than we have ever imagined, though physicians noted the fact and acted upon it ages ago, on our state of mind. Our thoughts are practically chemical agents which force the functions of the body to reflect them. They can either transform and transfigure the face or they can deform and disfigure it.

A devilish thought cannot evade the development of a devilish face; it would be an anomaly and a miracle.

If a man surrenders himself to dissipation and passion there will be furrows and lines which advertise that fact. The laws of nature work in that way and they are inexorable. If one were skilled he could at once read the character of a man in his physical appearance. The story is all there, but our knowledge is imperfect and we are frequently deceived. Can a man be avaricious, contemptible and mean for many years, make these qualities the keynote of his life, and still wear an expression which indicates benevolence and a high sense of honor? (I would advise all my readers to read Mary O. Stanton's scientific work on " Physiognomy, and How to Read Faces." Every family and every business man should have one of her books; her writings fully explain all this.) As you look at a beggar's face and see that he has been pinched with hunger, so can you look into the miser's face and see that his soul has been stunted in its growth. The opposite holds good also. A good life, a life of kindliness and integrity, a life that is wholly above board, shows itself in the facial expression, in the clear and honest look of the eyes; in lines about the mouth, and in the general beaming. No one was ever yet conscious of sin without being a coward, and cowardice produces certain physical results which are palpable; no one ever went triumphantly through terrible temptation or bowed with quiet resignation under the burden of a great affliction without unconsciously betraying these facts to every careful observer.

Your body depends on the state of your soul. This is a truth which we have just begun to recognize, but its recognition, when it becomes full, will change the whole complexion of our lives. The evils from which we suffer and the health which we so thoroughly enjoy are the consequences of what is going on within the laboratory where thoughts originate. In that secret laboratory, the forces which make or unmake are generated, and I have no doubt that in the distant future, when spiritual research has accomplished its perfect work, we shall have different bodies, more healthy and more vigorous, because we shall put this Something Else on the throne and obey its royal commands.

What, then, is religion and what is its purpose? Is it merely speculation or is it practical? Is it something up in the air, to be used as a sedative when you are about to die, or as a disagreeable but remedial drug when we yield to sin? Or is it a sun bath, a draught of the water of life, a northwest wind that supplies the lungs with oxygen? If the latter, then it is not for the last hours of life, but for the whole life; it is not a luxury which only the few can have, but a necessity which everybody must have.

The ideas on which religion is based and from which its demands are drawn are the most inspiring and elevating which the human mind can entertain. To believe firmly that there is above you a God whom you may address in prayer and from whom you have a right to expect help and advice; whose kindly Providence over you never slumbers nor sleeps; a God whose laws do not represent irresistible power, but paternal solicitude and love, and who requires obedience not for His own sake but solely for yours; how can a man accept such thoughts and not be ennobled, uplifted and strengthened by them? Add to this a belief that the angels—some of them the departed members of your own household, cannot lose their interest in those who remain to finish their day's work; have learned that the journey from heaven to earth is a short one and are glad to take it when their presence is needed here. How can a man be fed on that kind of food and not develop health and vigor? Add once more the faith that when shadows fall we shall sleep a pleasant sleep and be roused by the loving touch of dear ones who will be glad to welcome us to the new and everlasting home—well, then you have builded the arch and put the keystone in its place.

The glorious Christ taught all that; He lived all that, and He died on the cross in attestation of all that.

The Something Else in you is better than your body.

" But he answered and said, it is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." St. Matthew IV, 4.

CHAPTER XIX.

FAITH AND POWER.

And Stephen full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people. Acts VI, 8.

When we look out on this strange but beautiful world, in which our tents are pitched for a day and a night, we see, first a manifestation of power which is inexorable and irresistible; and, second, a tendency on the part of everything to go in a straight line toward some definite end. Things seem to know why they exist, and they keep themselves busy in the accomplishment of their destiny.

I sometimes think of the universe as a countless multitude of profound thoughts which I cannot quite grasp or understand. Every tree, cloud, mountain or valley appeals to me as a conscious entity like the several members of an orchestra, watching the baton of the leader and helping to produce "the music of the spheres."

There is boundless and joyous life everywhere and anywhere—a distinct and well-defined plan as when some vast structure is being builded, and the multitude of workmen, apparently in confusion but really in perfect order, are slowly giving material shape to the dream of the architect.

The tiniest seed produces only the plant whose name is written in invisible characters on its heart, and is happy in its task. The rosebush sends its roots into the sympathetic soil, makes demands for those chemical elements out of which only a rose can be constructed, and such is the harmony between bush and soil that no other ingredients except those asked for are ever supplied.

If it were possible for a handful of wheat to produce a crop of thistles, we should regard creation as an experiment whose manager was not quite sure of himself, and the issue of which was somewhat in doubt. But it is clear that boundless power is operating in accord with boundless wisdom, and the general outcome shows that behind the wisdom and the power is the intention to make a happy universe. There is no chance anywhere, any more than in a manufactory, where each machine does its individual part of the work by which the raw material is changed into a commercial fabric. Seeming confusion is simply misunderstood order, and apparent evil is evolving ultimate and infinite good.

Now what is the relation of man to this condition of affairs, and in what does his religion consist? That is the main point in which we are interested, because our comfort and usefulness depend on our interpretation. Spiritual laws must be the result of knowledge, and it must be based on the eternal and unchangeable facts which make up our environment. Our religion (Spiritualism) is another word for science in its highest and broadest definition, and it must be of such a nature that no man's mind can brush aside its demands; that everyone can see that it is reasonable; that it is imperative; and that without it we cannot reach the highest spiritual elevation of which the soul is capable.

The Christ's teachings open the door for our entrance into the Temple of the Creator. He was acquainted with the great secret. He lived in accordance with a profound philosophy. His death on the cross showed that he was mentally superior to the physical suffering imposed by an ignorant and bigoted people. "The thieves, also, which were crucified with him, cast the same in his teeth." St. Matthew XXVII, 44. If we possess his thought we can live on so lofty a level that hardship and tears and bereavement will be stepping stones in our ascent to another world.

If the universe is a great reservoir of ever active power used by wisdom, and if there is a plan which is being worked out, then we can never be at peace until we are willingly a part of that plan and are doing our share toward its completion. To be in harmony with eternal laws, to see the end from the beginning, and to keep it in sight throughout the journey, as the mariner keeps his eye on the compass in storm and calm—that is to be at one with God and to have all the omnipotence of the Almighty at command. There is no limit to Spiritualism, because we can draw from the reservoir as we draw electricity from the clouds or water from the ocean. He prayed that we might be one with Him. There is no reason why a command over the forces of nature should not be ours as well as His. This may seem to be a strange truth, but it is truth nevertheless. God will come to our rescue provided we do not shut Him out, and religion consists in keeping the door open between the two worlds. All heaven belongs to us—God—Christ—and the angels—if we are in harmony with the universe.

If the Eternal laws are our laws, we not only have a religion which will stand the test of sickness, sorrow and death, but one which will brighten every experience, lighten every burden, make us healthy in body because we are healthy in mind, and render the great change which we now dread so much a welcome transit to a world in which we shall be greeted by those whom we have mourned as lost.

" These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world." St. John XVI, 33.

REJOICE ALWAYS.

But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another. Galatians VI, 4.

It is just as much our duty to enjoy life as it is to work or sleep. It is therefore very important that we should so arrange our lives that they will furnish the largest amount of enjoyment. I do not say that you can be perfectly happy all the time, for no part of our discipline is more needed by the soul than that which comes from the trials and disappointments, and even the profound sorrows through which we are forced to pass. One may even say that he who has never wept does not know the value of laughter, and that he who has not toiled along the hot and dreary road does not appreciate the bliss of sitting under the friendly branches of a tree, with a cool spring bubbling at his feet for a short period of rest. It is only when we are deprived of a blessing that we discover its worth, and he alone is grateful in its possession who knows what it is to get along without it. ("For every man shall bear his own burden." Galatians VI, 5). I have heard a saint (a dear woman who has lived a saintly life and who is daily surrounded by the angels) say that neither man nor woman can rightly define heaven until they stand by a new-made grave. One may sometimes see more through his tears than when looking through the largest telescope that was ever made.

I do not ignore the serious or solemn side of life, but I assure you that if you add to the gloom by gloomy thoughts, you not only make a mistake so far as your own comfort is concerned, but you are to that extent irreligious. On the other hand, when you preserve a cheerful attitude; when you brighten your life by dwelling on the good things you have rather than on those you wish you had; when you make yourself as happy as your circumstances will allow, you are in the proper frame of mind to receive religious truth—you are in accord with the eternal plan and have taken the first step in the direction of true religion. You open your doors and home for the angels to enter and comfort you, but so long as you regard your environments as all wrong and unfitted to you; so long as you find fault because you think you are not where you ought to be; just so long do you bar the way to a higher level and chain yourself to a dungeon floor. The angels, with their soothing and encouraging influence, can no more reach you than the sunshine can get through a window which you have deliberately bricked up. I can almost say that a human soul can so surround itself with an atmosphere of discontent and doubt that the Lord Himself cannot effect an entrance, while what is injurious (because it is evil) is as much at home as a poisonous plant that thrives on miasma. If you are longing for the light you will go to a spot where the light can reach you, but it is foolish to declare that there is no light when you sit in a dark corner where only shadows dwell. There are very few lives in which a degree of happiness may not be found if it is sought for. But we must not forget that we must work to be happy just as we work to be rich. If we want wealth we fix our minds upon it. We know if we discover its hiding-place our dreams will be realized. We plan to get it, and have sufficient confidence in ourselves to keep us on the alert. No opportunity escapes us, and we make the most of every one that presents itself. I cannot see why the principle should not be applied to religion, neither can I see why it should not be successful. We go to get riches, but we expect happiness and contentment to come to us. We work for fame, for social influence, for all worldly good things; but it seldom occurs to us that we must also work for that mental and spiritual condition in which life is experienced at its best. And yet a man —that is the law as I understand it—should be as keen in his search for peace of mind, for resignation, for self-control, as he is for dollars; and he should begin the task in the conviction that God wants him to be happy rather than miserable, and has so made the universe and arranged our environments that we may spend contented years in this lower sphere and be joyfully raised to a higher life after death.

If you look at life from your own standpoint then you will say that I am a mere visionary; that I have dreamed dreams that can never come true. But if you look at it from God's standpoint, you will admit that you are wrong and that I am stating startling facts. I cannot conceive of a religion which does not lighten human burdens.

I do not believe that God ever spoke a word in the way of revelation which was not intended to make the soul serene and happy. If we do not interpret the Bible after this fashion, then we misinterpret it. It is a closed book to us, and we have not learned to read it. Never look on the dark side with dark feelings in your heart, for you thereby make the darkness darker still. Look at it from the conviction that God is overhead; a conviction which is like the lantern carried by the traveller in the night time, and you will find reason to rejoice, even when the clouds are heavy and the path is steep. If Christ could walk with unfaltering steps to the place of crucifixion because He knew that it was the road to Heaven, surely we can lay aside this unworthy habit of magnifying the petty ills of life, and, by faith in the Providence which has never yet deserted us, and in the watchful care of the angels who attend us, can find occasion to rejoice every day until the setting sun ushers us into a world to which this is as the portico of the cathedral is to the cathedral itself.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Galatians VI, 7.

THE HIGHER TRUTH.

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us. Hebrews XII, 1.

Dear reader, let you and me review this together, and think that everybody has a religious side to his nature. It may be hidden as gold is frequently hidden in a pocket many feet under the ground, but it is there and it is worth all the pains required to get at it. No man is soaked in depravity as a sponge is soaked in water, with every cell and pore full of it. Even the "Satan of Milton" had moments of regret, and, though they were quickly followed by the desperation engendered by defeat, he not only excites our pity but forces the conviction that the longing for higher things was not wholly suppressed. As for you and me, we have a constant desire to be true-hearted, virtuous and high-minded, and this desire is like the lamp in some Catholic churches whose flame is dim, but is never allowed to go out. At the same time we lack some special soul-ingredient which would make us firm of purpose and enable us to attain our ideal. We are not so wicked as we are weak. We are so contradictory that we honestly want to do right and forthwith do the wrong. The most surprising fact in our lives is that we are no better than we are. We are thus a disappointment to ourselves, and we wonder why we have allowed ourselves to be cajoled by pleasures which have not been profitable and by excitement and indulgences which have been harmful. In these respects we are a mystery and a puzzle to ourselves.

As we look back it seems as though a heap of precious stones were within easy reach, but for some unaccountable reason we are satisfied with a handful of pebbles. Our most serious difficulty is that while we intellectually assent to certain truths we do not make them a part of our spiritual life. We do not really believe the half of what we say we believe. We are not hypocrites, and there is no intention to deceive either ourselves or anyone else, but our creed is a theory and not a practice. When a hungry man eats, the food nourishes his body and becomes a part of muscles and nerves, but when we say that God is present in our lives it is a hollow statement which has no personal relation to us. It is because we feel Him to be far away that our experience is so hard. He and the dear angels, our loved ones, are really near, but we cannot convince ourselves that it is so, and as a consequence we miss the helpfulness of the greatest truths ever revealed to man.

Try to imagine the condition, mental and spiritual, in which we would find ourselves if we had followed St. Paul's advice years ago and were now the product of the higher life to which he points. I think our creed would be shorter and our faith stronger. We should have that kind of religion which is to the soul what health is to the body. For that matter, since a man can be depressed physically by gloomy thoughts and exhilarated by cheerfulness, he would have a perfect body and a sane mind. This world, in spite of its many cares and troubles, its tears and bereavements, would be the beautiful antechamber of the palace to which we shall be summoned by that suave messenger of the most high whom we call death. So far from dreading his coming, as we do now, we would look forward to the time when the gate will be swung open for our entrance. And as to our present struggle, we would be like the traveller who is bearing a somewhat heavy burden, but who is cheered by the hope of reunion with dear ones in the larger home near at hand.

There is nothing we could not do, or become, or endure if we were only sure that the " God Power " had set us our task and would help us to accomplish it. Some one dies, for example. How do we receive the sorrow? Do we think of the mother, the wife, the child, as having been benefited by the change? Have we the moral courage to utter a prayer of congratulation because the chains have dropped and the prisoner is free? On the contrary, the so-called religion fails us in the supreme moment, and instead of thinking of the transfiguration we think of the tomb.

Now we will look again. There are the supposed *lost* but still loved—the dear ones whose voices were long since hushed—and they long for reunion even as you do. In heaven, the spiritual world, you and they will once more embrace. With such a prospect does life pay? Is it worth while to struggle and be patient, to mourn and be resigned? What are these tears and smiles and struggles but stepping stones up which we climb with difficulty but with a heart of hope and faith and gladness? The storms may lower; they are nothing. We may even follow our loved ones to the grave: it is nothing. The spiritual world is close at hand, and this lower life is a glorious life, because, like the turbulent river, it flows into eternity.

" And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Galatians VI, 9.

FAITH—KNOWLEDGE.

He that believeth on Me, the works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do. St. John XIV, 12.

This text has long been a stumbling block because it contains a promise or prophecy of such astounding nature that a full appreciation of it is apparently impossible. We have tried to explain it in such a way that the incredible has not been involved, or we have quietly laid it aside as a mystery which our reverence will not allow us to examine closely. But the only way to interpret the Scriptures is to do it boldly. Hesitation is sometimes fatal. Christ was not dealing in hyperbole when He uttered these words, and in simple justice, therefore, we are bound to accept His statement in a literal sense. Because we have not received it in this way, but have measured it by our own standard of what is possible, we have lost sight of the truth which He was at such pains to emphasize. It is a tremendous truth, and above the reach of our comprehension in this age of greed and selfishness, but a truth which will be the chief jewel in the diadem of progress when advancing science shall have discovered the right relation between a soul and the world in which it sojourns or bivouacs. More knowledge in Christ means more power to control the forces of nature. When that knowledge shall become perfect in the centuries of the future, nature will cease to be our tyrant and terror, as now, and change to servant; and we shall find it was intended by Providence that men should be the masters of their environments, even as Christ was; and, as He promised, we also should be under certain conditions, and nothing but ignorance or lack of faith prevents us from reaching that consummation. When we shall live as He did, when God is manifest in us as He was manifest in Him, we shall have both the Christ spirit and the Christ power. If this seems to be a rash assertion, I fall back on the New Testament for my defense. I therefore open a vista to you, thoughts so radiant, so dazzling that the heart trembles and the eyes fill with tears of wonder. The truth, however, is always startling and always difficult to accept.

Let me illustrate the text by comparing small things with great: When the first steamboat ploughed its slow way up the Hudson the world felt that it stood on the threshold of a new and glorious era. Robert Fulton had wrought a miracle! That is to say, he had caught and harnessed certain laws hitherto unknown and unapplied. The law had always existed, but he drew it from its hiding-place and applied it to the welfare of mankind. Suppose some prophet or seer had come from the other world and explained that incident to the people. He would have told them that what they considered a marvel was the expression of a law which they would sometime understand, and which they would utilize for their convenience and comfort; that the marvel would cease to be a marvel when they were sufficiently educated to grasp the law which made it possible, and that it was only the beginning of a larger commercial and domestic life which future generations would enjoy.

Now let us ascend from the valley of material things to the lofty regions of spiritual concerns. The Christ had little to do with the bodies of men, except indirectly, but much to do with their souls. He was, in a certain sense, the soul's discoverer. He drew the line of life beyond the confines of the grave until it stretched into the unknown and mist-covered regions of eternity. God and we, He said, must act in harmony before the ideal can be reached. But with God ever at our right hand, and a heaven in which the several loves of earth shall be reunited, continuously in plain sight, there is no limit to our spiritual possibilities. The Father's power is our power. The laws of the Father, once recognized and appreciated, will not only transform our feebleness, but will make us masters of ourselves and masters of circumstances. If we can give up self and love as Christ loved; if we can live and move and have our being and our thought in God, then God will be our God, and the soul will be enthroned so securely that the word "impossible" can be eliminated from our vocabulary. Christ did that, and disease fled at His touch. He was on the threshold of our new spiritual life. His secret was His oneness with our Father; and when the shadows fell on His three years of revelation, and the heavens flung wide their doors to receive Him, He said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." A hard saying, but gloriously true or He would not have said it. Faith and knowledge bring omnipotence within our reach.

"Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." St. Matthew VII, 7.

A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

For whether we live, we live unto the Lord: and whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. Romans XIV, 8.

It may be a wicked world in which we live, as some people say it is, but it has a keen appreciation of honesty, self-sacrifice, integrity and all other noble qualities of human nature. For myself I think it a perfectly satisfactory world, physically beautiful and spiritually excellent. I am glad that I was born into it, and I shall be willing to leave it not because I am tired of, it, but because I firmly believe that the future has something better in store for me, and one always ought to be ready to part with a coin of copper if he can exchange it for a coin of gold.

Christ the Mediator instilled into the mind and heart new principles and faith in the same way that a baker pours yeast into the dough. The process of fermentation begins its work at once. Its action may be slow, and at certain stages you may declare with something like reason that the whole mass is worthless and that the experiment is a failure. But there is a persistency in yeast which is simply irresistible and at the end it will conquer, and the character of the mass will be changed for the better; that is the result of law, a very beneficent law, by which the unworthy is gotten rid of, and the good at last prevails. True there is wickedness in the world, plenty of it, and we are once in awhile on the verge of despair. We tremble for the future because we forget that God is in control of the universe. A convalescent may have pains and still be on the road to health. The pains are themselves a proof that he is getting well, an incident in his progress toward the desired end. In like manner there may be evils in the world, for we have not yet attained to moral perfection; but, as the earth is speeding on its way through space while we are unconscious of any motion, so speed mankind toward "the consummation so devoutedly to be wished," and our pessimism and cynicism cannot block the way. Christ was more truly in our midst to-day than He was in Judea nineteen centuries ago, and His influence has an ever-increasing circumference. The musician may gather only a small audience at first, and people may pass him by indifferently while some may even scorn him, but men love music if it is at its best, and the hour comes when all the weary and worn and tired and troubled stop to listen because their hearts are cheered and their drooping spirits are encouraged. Something within responds to the something without, and the notes that vibrate in the air are heard with the rapture of gratitude. The teachings of the God Power are not a luxury but a necessity. We may have our prejudices or we may revel in agnosticism, but down deep in the soul, hidden perhaps under the rubbish of wealth and passion and ambition, are longings which cannot be repressed and which only the spiritual law can satisfy. Some experience is sure to bring a consciousness of that fact, and in that hour we shall hasten to Him and the dear angels, or regret that we are wilful enough to stay away. The most pitiful man on the planet is he who is a stranger to the knowledge of the life hereafter. "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God—for they are foolishness unto Him; neither can He know them, because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. XI, 14. "He that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man." 1 Cor. XI, 15.

The world may still be running wild and spending itself for what is not worth having, but the good is stronger than ever, and evil is growing weaker. Christ's teachings, if lived rightly, can provide what we want most—faith in the fatherhood of God; a glimpse of the higher life which can never be forgotten; a quiet resignation that gives us pleasant dreams when we have said farewell; a heart of gladness when we think of the valley of shadows; and wherever we wander or whatever we do, however distant we may be from Him, we must come to Him, just as the hungry man searches for food or the thirsty man for the cool spring. The world is taking long strides in that direction now. Heretofore, Christ has been a creed, but He is becoming to us the secret of a higher life. The bell in the watch tower of human needs is calling us. "Greater things than these shall ye do"; then God is with us, and we can draw on His holy messengers whom He sends to us amid the struggles of life. We can conquer all things, bring the higher life to our very doors, live contentedly, nobly—because our angel loved ones are permitted to walk by our side. The philosophy of the God Power will make us spiritually hale and hearty, our pulse beating in accord with the laws of the universe, and our eyes filled with the light of another world.

"And so it is written, the first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit." I Cor. XV, 45.

PERFECT TRUST.

Thou hast made known to me the ways of life; Thou shalt make me full of joy with Thy countenance. The Acts II, 28.

Rake away the cold ashes of conceit; put your faith in the Holy God Power and love. Seek His will and do it. Then revelations will come to you. You will be happy, gentle, kindly, sunny—a child at heart and a giant to do your work. The Christ was filled with God's presence. He knew nothing else; therefore He made the blind to see and the lame to walk, and raised the dead to life. He walked in light even when it was dark, for the light was within. The God Power was never farther off than arm's length, and was subject to his command. The Christ Medium was our brother, and shows us what we may become when we have a like faith; and that doctrine will be the salvation when you come to understand it. It belongs to a higher level of spiritual excellence that we have not yet reached, but we are slowly climbing in that direction.

Perfect trust places the God Power at our disposal. Do your duty and bend your shoulders to the grief of the present moment in the sweet consciousness that the angels of heaven are helping you; and when other sorrows come those helping hands will still be there.

The amount of useless worry in the world is enough to make the angels discouraged. To worry over little things which are of no account is to spend one's time with a dangerous fever. It is an entirely abnormal condition, and we ought to make a special effort to suppress it. It abolishes peace, contentment and hopefulness and produces a blind disorder which is very much like chaos. The best rule to follow is to make the best of things, and if they are wrong, to right them so far as lies in our power; but to meet them, if they cannot be righted, with a quiet resignation which gets all the good there is in life, and even forces the bad to yield some happy results.

These things are to be considered: if we can command our tempers; if we can kill the habit of fault finding; and if we can choke down the tendency to worry, we shall have taken a long stride toward heaven. We shall be in a frame of mind which induces physical as well as spiritual health, and we shall be in possession of that kind of religion which made the life of Christ the wonder of all generations.

There ought to be one room in each house set apart for meditation. Sit there for a short time each day. The angels will soon find you out and will keep you company. Your only outlook will be an upward one. You will soon find out that the world has been shut out with all its cares and troubles; and the quiet reflection which the place suggests will lead you to wisdom and strength. Nothing is better or more healthful than that kind of self-communion with God and with your larger self.

When the Christ was weary he retired to some lonely spot. The world pressed too heavily on his heart and he found relief in solitude. We may well follow such an example, and in sweet intercourse with heavenly things find strength to bear the ills which have fallen to our lot. To be alone is not to be lonely, for you have the best of company, even that of Christ and the holy angels—your own loved ones.

"And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening.

"And behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias; who appeared in glory." St. Luke IX, 29, 30, 31.

BE COURAGEOUS.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things: and I will be his God and he shall be My son. Revelations XXI, 7.

Everyone has a right to his own religion if he lives up to it. Yet I do not like some of the creeds which are professed in the churches because they contain such a poor opinion of human nature. After a long experience with my own human nature and that of my friends I find myself disinclined to be ashamed of it. On the contrary I am constantly astonished at the character of my own longings and aspirations, and at the heroic endurance of men and women whom I know to be battling with adverse circumstances. Moreover, I am sure that not a tithe of the heroism in the world is known to any one except God and the holy angels. When we get across the river and see the souls of our neighbors, with something more than the clearness which a Roentgen ray can afford, we shall be amazed at the discoveries that will thrust themselves upon us. We shall learn that there is a good deal more moral courage among our acquaintances than we have credited them with. That is one of the surprises that awaits us in heaven. I know that divine possibilities are hidden in the average man and woman, hidden now, and perhaps with some to remain in hiding until they reach the higher life.

If there is heroism on the battlefield, there is equal heroism in many a home which the world knows nothing about, and which only God and the angels see. There are fathers who grandly struggle against the tide of fate and never lisp the secret of their despair, whose young dreams have all faded, but who patiently bear their allotted burden with what tries to be resignation. There are noble women whose domestic afflictions of all sorts would crush them if they were not heroines, who silently suffer and make the best of their disappointed years. They sing in the minor key, but still they sing, and so the world thinks them happy when they are only brave. My soul goes out to them all, and there are many of them. I *know* there is a spark of the God-head in every one, and that it may be fanned into a flame that will fill the whole of life with general heat and enthusiasm. There are nobler elements in us than we have ever dreamed of. Whatever there is to do we can do it; whatever there is to bear we can bear it. Borrowing our strength from the Almighty we can conquer our circumstances. Trusting in Him we can also trust in ourselves. Life will be filled with good cheer when we know that we are in the hands of God and our dear angels—our loved ones—and that nothing can happen to us that we cannot use for the formation of a character which will be worthy of immortality.

"By this time all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." St. John XIII, 35.

HIGHER THOUGHTS.

But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest. Acts XXVIII, 22.

We sometimes speak of certain things as the "necessaries of life," and we pass laws to prevent their monopoly by any scheming financier. We universally recognize their relation to the welfare of society and try to keep them in abundance within reach of all. They insure health, strength and happiness. So carefully do we guard this public policy that any infringement of it is regarded as a crime. The world is young as yet and hardly recognizes the fact that there are "necessaries of life" for the soul as well as for the body. As food develops the physical system, so ideas develop the spirit of man. It is no more important that you should lay in a stock of one than of the other. Men live on their ideas quite as much as they do on their bread; as there is a difference in food, so there is a difference in thoughts. Some kinds of food are so easily assimilated that the result is physical cheerfulness and endurance; other kinds produce weakness and a tendency to disease; the normal action of the digestive organs is interfered with, and the result is depression and inability to cope with the difficulties which lie in every one's path, and must be removed if we are to pursue our way to success in life.

All this is equally true of ideas. Some are exhilarating, stimulating in their nature, uplifting, making us optimistic, hopeful, ready for any fortune that may befall. They nourish the soul, make it athletic, take away all dread of the future, give us what the racer has who feels sure that he is going to win the prize, and whose anticipation of victory adds to the speed of his feet. Tell me frankly what your controlling thought is, what kind of thinking you do every day, and I will tell you what kind of a man you are, whether you are making friends or enemies, how you will meet the emergencies which come into all human experiences, whether affliction will embitter you or mature, sweeten and ripen you. We *are* what we *think*. Your chief thought is as truly the master of your destiny as the captain is master of the vessel which he guides through storm and drifting currents. Your happiness depends not half as much on your surroundings as on yourself. Yet some natures, I know, depend on their surroundings. It is possible to have nothing and yet to have all, and possible to have all and yet very little. A cheerful heart can lighten the heaviest burden and make it comparatively easy to bear. If you would discover what a man's life is worth, either to himself or to others, you need not look at his bank account, for that is no sure indication. If you can find out what thoughts he cherishes, you will learn the whole story.

It is also true that some ideas produce spiritual depression. There is a dyspepsia of the soul as well as of the body. Your thoughts may force you into a perfect purgatory and keep you there until you change your mental outlook. The apple seed never grows to become a pear tree, and the low thought never results in a high life. The level of your thinking decides the level of your living, because one is cause and the other effect. Love, and you will be loved; hate, and you will be hated. Your attitude toward others is the sure indication of their attitude toward you, and the way in which you bear yourself toward the world is the product of your conviction as to your duty to be kind and helpful, or your determination to selfishly get all you can, at whatever cost to others.

At this point I open the New Testament and find there a philosophy of life which startles and amazes me. We are told that the good God has a regard for our welfare; that a place has been provided for a continuance of our labors after this short life has ended; that Jacob's ladder still stands; and angels are constantly ascending and descending; that human experience of all sorts is spiritual education; that unseen hands are always stretched out for our protection and guidance, and that nothing can happen to us which may not be used as a stepping stone to higher things.

One trembles with gratitude in the presence of such elevating thoughts. A vista is opened which almost wearies the eyes by the radiance of the path we are called upon to tread. That path leads through showers of tears; through the storms and tempests of affliction; through loneliness and struggle; through tasks which will tax our strength to the utmost; and through bereavements which will wring the heart to the point of breaking. All these, for some mysterious reason, are the "necessaries of life," and every one who has lived in the mortal has tasted the bitter and the sweet.

"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things that are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." 2 Cor. IV, 18.

IN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

Let us make man after our likeness. Genesis I, 26.

In its essence the soul is like its Creator. The best part of us is what God has breathed into us, and the worst part is the result of our conceit, that we know better than He what to work for and how to work for it. It may be a bold figure of speech which declares that we are made in His image, and yet the maker is to be found in whatever he makes. By means of a focusing glass you can light your candle with the gathered rays of the sun. The burning candle is not the sun, and it would be foolish to compare the two, and yet the candle can fill a room with light even as the sun fills the universe.

The finite and the infinite, the bounded and the boundless, the soul and God are related to each other in a very mysterious way. If God is in me, then He and I must work together, and I must believe that thereby, and in no other way, the greatest good will come to me. When I analyze myself I learn that I am so made that all the varied experiences of life, ranging from the bliss of the upper register to the tears and struggles of the lower are part of a great plan by which I am to be educated, developed and changed from my present crudity into a possible perfection. If, then, I can place myself on the right point of view, I can no more help governing my life by the highest moral and spiritual principle than I can help drinking at a fountain when I am thirsty. To govern my life in this way is perfectly natural, and if, through any motive I govern it in any other way, I not only injure myself, but am acting along unnatural lines and using unnatural methods. I am out of harmony with God, and equally out of harmony with my best interests.

Spiritualism is not a mystery, it is simply common sense. I am not at all concerned with your dogmas; cherish them or reject them as you please. The Creator has no regard for such things. The member of an orchestra may have notions of his own about the strings of his instrument; he and I may agree or we may not; it is a matter of no sort of consequence. But when he takes his place on the platform it is all-important that his instrument should be in tune, and that he should correctly play the score that is set before him.

What, then, is evil, and how does it originate? Examine yourself critically and you will find an easy answer. We are told that men are totally depraved, but nobody believes it. We all know better than that. Not total depravity, but total misunderstanding, is the root of our difficulty. If we saw things as they are, if we had a full and complete appreciation of the inevitable effects of wrong-doing, we could never be persuaded to do wrong any more than we could be persuaded to thrust our hand into the fire. No man wants to hurt himself, and if he makes a mistake as to the proper means of getting the benefit he reaps a harvest of sorrow and disappointment. But, dear readers, look to the Creator and to the loved ones in the beyond—ask from your soul to be assisted. We all know that out of evil comes good, so let us all ask for guidance, not from the lips but from the soul.

"John answered and said, 'A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven.'" St. John III, 27.

WHAT WOULD YOU ASK?

Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men. 2 Cor. VIII, 21.

Suppose you were the happy possessor of an Aladdin Lamp and that by rubbing it, as did the son of the Chinese widow, you could command the services of a dozen genii who would use their power to gratify your wishes, what would you ask for? What do you think is the most desirable thing in life? For that, of course, is what you would like to have. Take a broad view of human possibilities, look far and wide, look high and deep; what is there in this strange and contradictory world with its symphonies and its jangles that seems most desirable as a personal possession? If you could not have all things, and so offset the evil of one with the good of another, but might choose a single gift, what would it be? Wealth, for instance? Its purchasing power is marvellous. The love of money is not merely the root of all evil; it is also the foundation of nearly all that is noble in society. People who have no desire to acquire a fortune are not far removed from barbarism. Money is the providential impulse of human progress. The scorn for money and money-making which is heard in some quarters seems to me to be not only unwise, but wholly thoughtless, for the world would hardly be worth living in were it not for what wealth will buy and what it can do. Our ships sail to every quarter of the globe, and furnish us with the products of every clime. Our railroads span the continents and bring distant provinces into our immediate neighborhood. The telephone and the telegraph make everybody accessible and dispense with worry and delay; our public schools are training places for our children; our public libraries are storehouses of intellectual food for the masses; sanitariums and asylums are retreats for the unfortunate. It is the struggle for wealth which rouses the activities of the community and develops that inventive genius which surrounds us with increasing comforts and conveniences. What I am just now interested in, however, is not money getting in its commercial, but in its individual aspect. What it does for the whole is one thing; what it does for the unit is quite another. When it is a healthy exercise it is a blessing, but when it becomes a disease it is a curse, because it is fatal to the noble qualities of character. To get money simply to live on is very different from getting it in order to satisfy our greed, for greed is close to animalism. I know nothing that is so hurtful to a young man as a large inheritance. It does not tend to make him great and generous, but to make him small. I have noticed that when a man is determined to be rich at any cost he is a very poor and uncompanionable sort of creature. If a man has enough to live on he has no need for more, and if he wants more it narrows and shrinks his soul. There are so many things that no amount of money can buy. I want fidelity in friendship; I want purity in love; I want happiness and harmony in the home. These things I must not seek in a gold mine, for they are not there. When death comes, even the monarch is only a common man. His jeweled crown, his stately palaces, his sovereignty which runs to the limit of his kingdom, count for absolutely nothing, and at the bedside of his beloved he is no better than a peasant. Golconda cannot purchase resignation or contentment for any living soul. Tears are tears and sobs are sobs both in the palace and the hovel. I love money, but if I can choose only one blessing I will not choose that. It is desirable, beyond doubt, but not most desirable. I must leave it behind when my friends close my eyes in sleep, and I am not foolish enough to spend my life in getting what will slip from my grasp at the last moment. I am going to heaven, and as there is no money there I must try to get something which I can take with me. I say, therefore, that a man's character, his qualities, are the real if not the only foundation of happiness. It is better to be strong in your heart than in your purse. An upright man can walk through the darkness of the churchyard without fear or trembling. Just before I slumber at the last I would rather hear an angel's voice bidding me welcome than be told that I should die a millionaire. In the last analysis, if you sift the matter to the bottom, the only man of worth is the man of good deeds and lofty faith. You can exaggerate the value of your bank account, but not the value of your trust in God.

If I saw one standing on the threshold of life and eager for the struggle, I should say to him, money is good, but God is better. Work hardest for what is noblest. Not greed, but faith, will stand you in good stead by and by. Make your life sweet with good deeds and pure thoughts. Set your days to the music of righteousness. Be a man, and when you reach the home beyond you can look up and say, "I did my very best."

"For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His temporal power and God-head: so that they are without excuse." Romans I, 20.

CHAPTER XX.

WHO ARE THE CHRISTIANS?

Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. St. John XV, 14.

There have been many definitions of the word "Christian." Some of them have puzzled us, and some have seemed to verge on the ludicrous; others have been purely theological—as, for instance, that one must take his belief from this, that, or the other church formula—whilst still others have been so narrow and lean and meagre that one felt as though he were parting with his self-respect in accepting them. When in doubt on a subject of this kind, the safest course is to listen to no one but the Master. The New Testament is a very much broader book than the average man thinks it. The Christ is a totally different personality from the general conception of Him, so much larger—more human, more divine, more everything—that the attempt to confine Him within the limits of any theological statements reminds us of a babe in swaddling clothes trying to wrestle with a giant. Neither the word "God" nor the word "Christ" has ever yet been defined without misrepresenting both the one and the other. But if we sit at the feet of Jesus, and, shutting out all else, listen simply to that one marvellous voice, we can hardly help being strangely startled. Intellectually, He not merely puzzles us but convinces us that He had a profounder knowledge of spiritual laws than we ever dreamed of. I know of nothing more stimulating, more exhilarating, more encouraging than to ponder, either separately or in groups, the statements that fell from His lips. You open your eyes in absolute wonder; and though at first you are overwhelmed with incredulity, you come in good time to feel that your poor little philosophy is so remote from His grand and uplifting revelations that you are like one who twangs a single string of an untuned harp while He sways the whole magnificent orchestra that plays the symphony of human life.

Too much theology spoils our spiritual digestion, for Christianity is a spirit, an attitude toward God—a mysterious and glorious something which is omnipotent but beyond the reach of exact expression. Let me take a single example out of a possible thousand. We think of Christ as the Redeemer of our souls. That is true; but He was also the Redeemer of our bodies. He evidently believed in sturdy health as well as in sturdy morality. He did not approve of a sick world, and enunciated principles which, if strictly followed, would make the whole world well. We all long for health, but seek it blindly. He intimated that strong faith will ultimately result in producing a strong physical system; that if we were what God intended us to be in soul we should be what we would like to be in body.

When He put His fingers on the blind man's eyes and restored their sight; when He cured one stricken with the palsy; when by a word of command He raised the dead; the audience were wonder-struck. They were ignorant of a whole domain of law with which He was well acquainted. They were school children listening to a teacher, who spoke not to them only but to the farthest generation after their time. When His disciples expressed something like alarm, He told them that "greater things than these shall ye do," and it is fair to say that He included among His disciples those of all ages and climes who followed Him. I know I am making marvellous statements, and you may shrink from accepting them, but the everlasting truth is that the whole world is slowly, only too slowly, approaching Him, and only too slowly absorbing the science of moral and physical health as one and inseparable.

Belief in God; love of God; faith in God, covers the body and spirit alike. If the world were wholly good it would be wholly well. The machinery of muscles and nerves is secondary while the soul is primary, and a man's religion, if it is genuine, vigorous, simple and unchangeable, will tend to drive disease into the background.

The true Christian, then, is the man who is working along the lines which Christ laid down. No matter by what name he is called; no matter under what roof he worships; no matter to what organ peal he bows in humble penitence and gratitude; God is his God if his life is honest, truthful, loving, charitable; he is the friend of Christ and Christ is his friend. It seems a hard world and a cold world in which we live. There are pangs and tears and struggles; but the struggles shall be overcome, the tears shall cease to flow, the pangs shall disappear when man can come to adopt the philosophy of the Christ teachings and live according to its requirements.

You cannot make good music with an instrument until you tune it. Christ gives you the pitch, and if you take that for your keynote you will make music in your heart and in your life. Bitterness will die out, and resignation will gradually give way to the mastery of events. We do not yet know this Christ, but when we do we shall be transformed and transfigured, and it will be only a glad and welcome step from earth to heaven.

"Continue in prayer and watch in the same with thanksgiving." Colossians IV, 2.

"Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ." Colossians IV, 3.

THE BEYOND.

But it is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light. 2 Timothy I, 10.

I had a serious conversation the other day with a scientific man, a surgeon, and he had one statement which is so remarkable that I would like to speak of it at some length. He had, of course, seen many men in their last earthly moments, and he declared that what he called philosophy, which includes a doubt or denial of continued existence, would enable one to die as comfortably and serenely as religion—at least that was his experience and observation. He did not know anything about Spiritualism.

I can easily believe that under certain circumstances, not knowing the spiritual laws, a man may welcome an eternal sleep as preferable to the life which has furnished him nothing but disappointment, failure and suffering. Such a man, however, is in an abnormal state of mind and is not a fair representative of his fellows. I can also conceive of one who is utterly reckless, and who lacks a full appreciation of the value of a soul, meeting death with a grim kind of courage, without any kind of hope of waking up after he falls asleep. He, also, would be an exception to the general rule.

But that the average man, living an average life, is willing to surrender himself to utter obliteration, and does it cheerfully and without a pang, is to me quite beyond credibility. I am not, myself, made in any such mould, and there is no reason to suppose that I am, in this respect, different from others. That the thoughts of annihilation can exert a soothing influence on a dying man looks like a contradiction of terms; and that the religion which fills one with hope is no better than the so-called philosophy which denies all hope, is so wholly unreasonable that I open my eyes in wonder when the assertion is made.

It will be easily granted, even by atheism, that if there were another life the certainty of it would give us good cheer in the hour of our departure. I am sure, therefore, that a man who has faith in immortality, other things being equal, can meet his fate more calmly, can say farewell less regretfully than he who says good-night with the feeling that the night is to last forever.

The last thought is copper, the first is golden; and if it be true that men are just as satisfied with copper as with gold, then I have read the world wrong. Stand by a grave. Life is only a prologue and has ended. The love which you have given has snapped like an overstrained rope. No hope; nothing but darkness. Is it well with you, my brother and sister? Are you resigned? Can you be of good cheer? The last note of life's music has been heard, and the soul that uttered it has died with the body. That is one picture.

Listen once more. Love never dies. The dear one is in a better land and awaits your coming. Hearts need not break at separation, because the hope of reunion is ever present. Heaven is close at hand, and there will be other handclasps in other climes. Now it is indeed well with you, and there is no bitterness in your tears. This picture is better than the other, and it is a true picture.

Some of us are getting well along toward the autumn of life. The first frosts have already come, and there is that in the air presaging the approach of winter. Some of our heart's best treasures have taken their journey before us, but our love for them grows warmer and kindlier, as the swift days, like the flight of birds, go by. We face the inevitable and ask ourselves when shall we go on our journey. We must be very thoughtless if we have not done this a thousand times and received some sort of answer. I have yet to find the man who wouldn't be happier and better if he had more of Christ's spirit in his life and heart. I have perfect faith that men and women can reach to God's higher life by doing "unto others as you would have them do unto you." Until that consummation is reached, my observation shows me, and my experience with my own soul proves it, that an estrangement from God cannot produce as grand results as a secure confidence in Him. If I am sure that I am travelling along an upward road, and as my outward eye grows dim my inward eye will see the home which is my ultimate destination, a home in which I shall once more see my beloved ones and old friends, I can think of Death with a smile, and even hold out my hands to Him in welcome.

But "if the end is the end," if they are all gone forever and I am going the same way, I face events in a different state of mind and wonder sadly why I have lived at all. The brightest, holiest and most inspiring thing under the sun is a belief, a knowledge, that we shall wake up after what we call death. It gives us courage, broadens our shoulders, and makes us rich in anticipation. The other life is better than this, and when there we shall complete the work which we leave unfinished, as the shadows fall on our short and troubled earthly career.

"But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory." I Cor. II, 7.

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WE BELONG TO TWO WORLDS.

The world passeth away and the lust thereof. He that doeth the will of God abideth forever. 1 John II, 17.

"I am a man of the world;" that is your boast but it is really nothing to boast of. You have dissipated one-half of your heritage, or perhaps you have never known anything but the lost half. The ideal man is not simply a man of the world, but a man of two worlds. Until he recognizes that fact and governs himself accordingly, he cannot sing his song with a clear voice or do his own soul justice. A genuine life must have two worlds in view all the time. This lower world is man's field of action, in which he shows his mettle, and in which he not only forms his character, just as a boy learns his lesson at school, but adds to the aggregate strength or weakness of his fellows. If he is a blaze, others will light their candles at his fire. If he is merely cold ashes, they will blow into people's eyes and so blind them that they cannot see the truth.

The other world is a reservoir from which he draws his daily inspiration, patience with which to achieve under difficulties, hope, cheerfulness, spiritual repose and resignation, and which sweetens the soul which otherwise would be embittered.

When a man is only half himself he is satisfied with to-day, its ambitions and pleasures. When he is his whole self this world is too narrow for his soul and he finds happiness in the contemplation of another sphere, which will furnish him the opportunity to attain his manifest destiny.

It seems very odd to hear a man argue that he is under no obligation to obey a God whom he has never publicly confessed. He is a man of the world, neither knows nor cares anything about religion or the higher existence; therefore he claims the right to do as he pleases.

Now it is a man's business to know something about the laws of the world he lives in, and it will not help him in the least to shrug his shoulders and declare he does not believe in those laws. The stern fact is, that the laws will act whether he believes in them or not. They are quite independent of anything he may or may not believe, and after awhile he will learn that it is very much more to his interest to know what they are and give strict heed to them than to ignore them or deny their existence. He sees this in regard to physical law and is very careful about breaking it. When standing on the edge of a precipice, he may deny the existence of gravitation, but he will not take the leap and thus show the courage of his convictions. The law does not care a jot or tittle about his personal theories. It will do its work in spite of his arguments and he will certainly suffer the consequences of his rashness.

The spiritual law is equally rigid, though it acts more slowly. For that reason some men are deceived. You may not believe in purity of body but still the revenges of time are awful. You may ignore all moral principles; you may even succeed so far as to make a fortune based on evil practices; but when you investigate your own character, if you ever dare to do so, you will be forced to acknowledge that you know little about the sweetest and most reposeful and joyous part of life, and " that you have been feeding on " the husks which the swine did eat."

I know of no spectacle more painful to contemplate than that of a man who has persistently used the world for purposes of self-gain, ignoring all obligations of honesty, charity, generosity, and then in his old age sees himself just as he is—dwarfed, twisted, incapable of holy emotions or high inspiration; a poor miserable creature, who has lived a mistake and reached a period beyond which recovery is impossible, so far as this life is concerned. For such a man to see himself just as he is, to measure his own exact weight, to know vividly how he is regarded by his fellow-men, to be conscious that his example, as bad as it is brilliant, has led scores astray, that must be a doom too dreadful for words to express. I have heard a great deal about hell, but that man could tell me of more horrors than I have ever conceived.

To have your soul take you in hand and show you how you have abused it, to have some angel paint the picture of what you might have been and then force you by divine compulsion to compare it with what you really are, that would be simply awful. If you answer the charges of the angel by saying that you are a man of the world, the reply would be forthcoming, like a peal of thunder, "You were not born to be a man of the world, but a man of God." If you know enough to use this world, you should know enough to use it in such a way that if there is any other world, you will be fitted to enter it without shame. No: there is but one way to live and that is to live justly. This world is large and wide, but there is not a spot where a man can hide from the moral consequences of dishonesty, "But there is nothing covered up that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be known." St. Luke XII, 2.

A noble character is not born; it is made. Even on the low plane of pure expediency it is better to be true to yourself than to be false. You cannot ignore a tornado, you must protect yourself against it. You cannot ignore God or His laws, for they refuse to be ignored. Spiritualism is only another word for common sense. It is not a mystery; is is a plain and simple fact. If you live grandly, nobly, justly; if you can look the world in the face without a blush, knowing that the world can see your soul and your motives as well as your actions, you have that kind of a religion which is contained in the Sermon on the Mount, and it will suffice for here and hereafter.

"And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and of power." 1 Cor. II, 4.

A NEW FAITH.

My son, attend to my words: for they are life unto those that find them and health to all their flesh. Proverbs IV, 20-22.

There is one thing which impresses me more and more, namely, the relations between our frame of mind and our bodily health. Our usefulness in the world, our success in life, and the degree of happiness we enjoy depend very much more on what is going on within us than our surroundings. Not how much money you have, but what you habitually think about, is the decisive factor in your career.

The history of the Church furnishes us with a startling illustration. Theological evolution from the low level of discouraging dogma, to the higher level of inspiring doctrine, means the development of a larger faith. We never give up a thought unless we have something better to take its place.

The world is not moving in the direction of agnosticism, but of wider and more wholesome truth. A backward step is as impossible as for a flood tide to check its upward flow. Men love the truth and truth they must and will have. If what we were taught will not stand the test of our great knowledge we reverently lay it aside, as having fulfilled its mission. In doing this we simply prove that a child of God can never rest until he has reached God Himself. There are many doctrines in which our fathers believed, and in which they found comfort, but we can no more accept them than we can wear their quaint garments. We crave something different and better. We have more light than they and see some things more clearly. They were right then, but not right in our day.

Would we be true to ourselves if we insisted on continuing the social customs of the last century? The telephone and telegraph, the modern modes of locomotion, the printing press, which rains literature on every corner of the globe, have given us a new outlook. We call that progress and any attempt to revive the past by reviling the present would meet with universal protest. What we have is a thousand times better than anything our forefathers enjoyed.

Into our new life have come many conveniences, and we have a divine right to make use of them, even though their use involves a surrender of old methods. The world is larger for us than it was for our fathers. We believe more, and our belief is stronger, but it is different. So in *our* theology the final truth has not yet been fully reached. And it is a thrilling fact that our larger vision results in a general cheerfulness and hopefulness, which effect not only the mind but the body. To think of God, for example, as a stern and relentless law-giver who, " for his own pleasure," as the old phrase runs, elects some to endless happiness and others to endless misery, is to make it very difficult to worship him with love instead of fear.

There is no exuberance of joy in such a thought and no grateful spontaneity of action. It presents a religion of gloom and spiritual despondency is the natural result. When we read the words of the Christ in the light of a more advanced scholarship, however, and discover that, while He is a law-maker and a law-giver, He is, more than all and above all, a Father who searches for the lost sheep after the ninety and nine have been folded, there is a reaction which makes Spiritualism the most desirable thing in the world. The whole outlook is changed, the sky brightens, living is a delight, and even dying is a privilege. Such a discovery sets our blood tingling, and every heart beat in peace, confidence and love. The state of mind in which we know that all is well, since the Light is with us, is a physical as truly as it is a spiritual remedy. It is ozone, it is oxygen, invigorating and health-providing.

The old ideas of the other world have also been invaded and conquered by the new revelation. Death was once a monster of such frightful mien that we clung to life in utter despair, and heaven was such an artificial and unnatural place of abode that no amount of faith could make us glad to go. St. Paul's words were ringing in the air, "To die is to live," but they were never heard, or if heard were not trusted. We parted with our dear ones and it seemed like an eternal farewell. Our hearts broke, and if with tearful eyes we cried, "Thy will be done," the fact that the heart was broken forced us to clothe ourselves in deepest black. Think of black as a symbol of a glorious resurrection! It is sacrilege; it is the emblem of a serious misunderstanding. But all that is of the past. The sun shines now as never before. We have climbed to the truth of the communication between the two worlds. Our whole attitude toward the future is changed. We still weep, for our temporary separation is sad, but there is a rainbow in the sky, which tells of fair weather on the morrow. The pilgrim who walked by our side has been suddenly ordered to a station, which we shall reach by and by, and when we arrive those loving arms will be about us once more, and the severed relations will be renewed. We have learned to be glad that the struggle for him is over, for he is now in the restful shadow of the immortal life, to which we also are hastening. Such thoughts as these make religion a boundless joy. There is no gloom, no fathomless grief, no depressing mystery in it. If we have hitherto lived in shadow, we should rejoice when the sun creeps above the hill-tops and dissipates the darkness.

That kind of religion has its effect on the body, also, and we learn to live healthfully, as well as happily. It is the religion of Christ, and we shall never be at our best until we accept it. "For ye may all prophesy, one by one, that all may learn, and all may be comforted." 1 Cor. XIV, 31.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

Be content with such things as ye have. Hebrews XIII, 5.

I do not suppose that any one is perfectly satisfied with his surroundings. There is no station in life which can furnish us with contentment. I have not yet seen a man who could truthfully say he would not in some respects change his environment if he could, under the conviction that if it were changed he would be a better developed, a stronger and happier soul. That is a very startling fact, and one which has attached itself to every generation since the first created being opened his eyes on this beautiful world, or listened to the music of the wind as it used the branches of the trees for harp strings. Moreover, I judge that the fact will remain one of the chief characteristics of human nature, until the last generation enters the shadow that keeps the other world from view. I sometimes wonder what kind of a creature he would be who had just what he wanted, and all he wanted. Would he be happy or would he be miserable? I confess I am unable to answer the question. The condition of affairs would be so different from anything we have experienced that it is impossible to say what the result would be.

Even when I think of heaven I cannot understand why there should not be longings and even anxieties, provided there is progress. A soul that has nothing more to attain, which has reached the end of its tether, is to me inconceivable. I like to think of the other life as the continuance of this life, and of myself as stepping from narrow to large opportunities when I die, and if this be so I must be brave and strong in heaven in order to make use of the gifts of God which the angels will lay at my feet.

I lay down this principle, therefore, that so far as in us lies we must influence our environment instead of allowing it to influence us, just as a bed of roses throws its perfume on the air.

I have known many a man to be crushed because his home was not all it should have been and many a woman broken-hearted because of inharmony in the household, and I have tried to discover the remedy. Is it possible to endure the ills of life in such a spirit that we shall not be harmed by them, that we shall even grow better and purer through their adverse influence?

If this is God's world and not the evil one's, and if there is no lack of wisdom in the structure of the soul, we ought to be able to hold our own against all odds, for otherwise our life is simply a cruelty, and our chief sorrow is that we were born into it. Now it is not probable that any change can be made in your environment, but it is certainly possible so to alter your attitude toward it, that you will learn how to make the best of it, and that is the most important of all secrets. If you worry over the inevitable and the unavoidable, you simply waste your time and your energy and you break your heart. The question is not how to get rid of the disagreeable, but how to become independent of it, and to live your own life in spite of it. The more you kick against the pricks the more you harm yourself. Sometimes you can climb over a wall when you cannot knock it down. If you neither climb over it nor knock it down, stay on the side where you are and see if you can make a garden spot of it. Enjoy what you can, and don't allow the grinding ills of life to disturb you any more than can be helped.

All this means that you are to depend on yourself and not on your surroundings for your happiness. If you can get any comfort from outside, enjoy it and be thankful, but you must find your chief joy in the consciousness that you are doing your duty as you understand it, and are helping others, whenever the chance is offered. You must manufacture your heaven in the workshop of your own heart. Take what comes in the spirit of one who feels that the " God Power " is with you and gives you not only a full measure of sympathy, but also the strength to endure calmly, patiently and bravely. That state of mind will induce spiritual and also physical health.

It is easy for me to tell you to rise above the jarring inharmonies in your environment and to live in your own thoughts and purposes, but the task is an extremely difficult one, I know. At the same time, it is what the spiritual laws teach us, and the angels who bring us good cheer till we reach the beyond. The secret of living well is to live in peace, and to live in peace we must have peace in our own hearts. It is what we give to others which makes us happy, rather than what we demand from them. In a word, life is not worth living, unless we ourselves make it so.

" Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." St. Matthew XXVI, 41.

GUARD YOUR THOUGHTS.

What thinkest thou, Simon? Matthew XVII, 25.

If thoughts are forces, then we must select them with great care. Our thoughts are to our lives what steam is to the engine. If the steam is under intelligent control, the hum of the manufactory will be like agreeable music and the machinery will accomplish a definite and desirable purpose. On the contrary, if the steam is not properly harnessed, there is sure to be a disaster sooner or later.

The way a man thinks decides the way he lives. It is as impossible for pure thoughts to produce an impure life, as for vinegar to resemble honey to the taste. A thief cannot enjoy a spiritual religion any more than an honest man can enjoy burglary. In the long run a man will live as he thinks. Give me the thoughts that you cherish most kindly and it is like giving me the minor and major premises of a proposition—the conclusion is logically inevitable. Those thoughts are as certain to make or unmake you before your sun goes down as an effect is certain to follow a cause. Give me the power to sow what thoughts I please in your mind and you put into my hands your destiny here and hereafter. Examine yourself critically and you will discover that your moral attitude exactly accords with the kind of thoughts you entertain. This is an appalling fact of psychological science, and the action of the law is as inexorable as the law of gravitation. No man can think high and live low, or think low and live high.

A strong emotion, sudden fear, for example, will send the blood through the body like water in a mill race. It controls the body as perfectly as a giant handles a child. Even the physical features take on a new expression, and the fact of inward terror is made visible in the face. The body is a mere puppet which the inner man governs at will and it is more obedient than a slave. If a man cherishes the vice of avarice or dissipation or selfishness, to such an extent that the habit becomes chronic, a chemical change takes place in his molecules and the expression of his countenance indicates what is going on within. I am told there are in the galleries of Florence two busts of Nero. The first is a sweet child and the face is beautiful; it bears the stamp of innocence. It is a pleasure to look at it. The second is that of a youth who had abandoned himself to his passions and the lines which indicate it are as plain to the observer as the furrows in a plowed field. The face is repulsive and you turn from it with something like disgust. Health and happiness are founded on wholesome thoughts. Think toward God and you become Godlike. Think evil, and every pore is a wide open door through which disease may enter, the kind of disease which contaminates all who come in contact with you. If the people of the world were really Christian, we should be strong, hale and hearty, and our very bodies would become ideal. Nothing can save us but by opening our souls to the God Power and the spiritual laws, the Christ teachings. He disclosed the secret to the universe. He must have been physically perfect, because He was spiritually perfect. The laws of nature were on His side because He was on their side. You can never be your best self, therefore, until you place your thoughts on the higher existence, and thus benefiting all with whom you come in contact, whether it be by words or deeds. This rule applies also to our environments; you can be happy and useful under any circumstances, if you will fill them with spiritual purposes. Greed and envy and selfishness are the bane of our human life. We long for what we have not and are thus unfitted to do the best with what we have. We live in a dream of what we hope to acquire, and are always restless, uncomfortable and discontented. If we can persuade ourselves that we can be happy with what surrounds us; that our mission is to get as much out of life as is possible, instead of worrying because others have more than we have; finding fault with Providence and our ill luck, and reaping the misery which such thoughts always bring, we would change all our life and be content to wait till our loved ones in the higher life would be ready to welcome us to the life eternal; teaching in this life, "Love ye one another." It was and is so with Christ the Mediator. Love was the burden of His speech; love for all; the poor, the oppressed, the criminal. A love which forces you to cease from quarrelling, from cherishing an unkind thought toward any one, even your enemy. You must love, not hate; first, for God's sake, then for the enemy's sake, and lastly, for your own sake; then:

"Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith." 2 Cor. XIII, 5.

"If we live in the spirit, let us walk in the spirit." Galatians V, 25.

A HAPPY RELIGION.

Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings. Psalms XVII, 8.

If I were to search the world for the secret of a useful and especially of a cheerful life, I should end my journey at Spiritualism. I might bivouac for a short sojourn in the lands of Mohammed, Zoroaster, Confucius and Buddha, but I would build my house for a permanent residence on the shore of Spiritualism.

I cannot get rid of the fact that between the time when the new-born child says, "Good morning," and the time when the decrepid old man says "Good night," there are many disagreeable experiences; many struggles which will tax all my resources; many disappointments which naturally make me resentful; many profound sorrows which throw a shadow, as when the sun creeps behind a cloud and leaves the landscape in gloom. It requires no second thought on my part to assure myself that what has happened to others will happen to me and that no skill or wisdom can change that fact. I may smile but I must weep; I may be rich, but I must go through a Gethsemane of some kind, I may be famous, but I must bear some heart-breaking burdens. In peasant's rags or royal robes my fate finds me. Its demands are inexorable.

The one great question for me to settle as soon as possible, therefore, is whether I shall be the servile, dogged and bitter slave of my fate, or whether, by some means to be discovered, my fate and I can come to such terms with each other that, instead of being soured by life, I shall be sweetened, mellowed and ripened. If I can do the latter the secret is mine, and having found it I would not part with it for all that may be offered in exchange.

In the Old World there were some philosophers who looked life in the face and set their teeth together in defiance. They had no higher law to guide them, but like true stoics bade destiny do its worst. To them it was a hateful thing to be born and the only good came when they fell into their last sleep. There ought to be a better view than that to live by or God must have deserted us. There is nothing high, broad, or noble in it. Then there were other philosophers who concluded to laugh at human experiences. Life was a sarcasm, a bit of ridicule, a painful sort of farce. No matter what came they shrugged their shoulders, lifted their eyebrows and tried to think the universe a practical joke. This may do for children but not for men. We must pass it on the wayside and move to a higher level. When we listen to the Spirit we hear strange things. We learn that we are golden but not pure gold. Trial and affliction are the fire under the crucible which cannot destroy the precious metal but will remove the dross. God wants us to be at our best, and true religion consists in recognizing that truth, and in being willing to go through whatever experience He thinks necessary in order to accomplish that end. In its ignorance the molten gold in the crucible may regard itself as cruelly tortured, may boil and bubble with angry and defiant protest, but when at last the master workman removes the dross and molds the purified metal into an ingot, it sees its mistake. The fire which seemed to be its worst enemy was in reality its best friend. The experience was hard to bear, but the result proved that the highest good could be attained in no other way. We shall all know in the by and by that what we suffer is as necessary as what we enjoy; that a life without suffering would be an imperfect and undeveloped life.

Now as I understand His mission, Christ's purpose was to tell us at once what by and by we shall know without the telling and if we accept this philosophy it will give a kind of good cheer to our struggles, our sorrows, and even our bereavements. He who knows why he weeps and believes that weeping will ultimate in a priceless good may still continue to weep, but there is no bitterness, no despair in his tears. It may be hard to do what must be done, but the gold that is conscious of being refined may even bless the fire which gives it pain. If there is a purpose in our agonies and we know what that purpose is, then even agony has a joy hidden behind it.

I go still further than this and dare to say that what the Scriptures call "the last enemy" is the crowning decree of a benevolent Providence. Death is nothing more than the dark passageway to another life. We dread it because we only half believe that there is light ahead. Once convince us that we close our eyes on to-day in order to open them on a to-morrow and we shall fall asleep as quietly as a child in its mother's arms. Our doubts are the ghosts which haunt us and make us clutch at life. If we were spiritually in a normal state of mind, death would not be death, but birth; not the death of all things, but the glorious beginning of better things.

When we go into a graveyard it is with bowed heads. We see the sod but not the heavens. We should look up and not down. The departed have not gone far and nothing harms them so much as our want of faith that they are near. That kind of religion is all sunshine. It is the only religion worth having. It is the religion which Christ taught. It will stand the test of human experience and give you an insight and an outlook that can be found nowhere else. We travel along a road that is sometimes rugged and steep; we grow weary, and even despondent, because our eyes are dull.

But we are on the way home and they who have gone await our coming. The stout heart is the heart of knowledge, and that kind of religion is peace, contentment, joy, and resignation. We go not alone, for our hand is in the Father's hand, and we are therefore safe. We know our loved ones are awaiting our coming and all shall be made ready for our reception *there*.

"For I have not spoken of Myself but the Father which sent Me; He gave Me a commandment, what I should say and what I should speak." St. John XII, 49.

"And I know that His commandment is life everlasting: whatsoever I speak, therefore, even as the Father said unto Me, so I speak." St. John XII, 50.

CHAPTER XXI.

A HIGHER LIFE.

He is not here, for He has arisen as He said. Matthew XXVIII, 6.

The most difficult thing in this lower life is to thoroughly appreciate the fact of a higher life and to act with constant reference to it. We are so saturated with the spirit of to-day, so entangled in the fascinating meshes of the present, so content with the pleasures and ambitions of time, that the future seems more like a romance than a reality. In a vague sort of way we believe in a continued existence but we are so concerned about the apparent impossibilities connected with it that our faith is more or less blurred and marred. We allow ourselves to dwell so continuously on the method by which immortality is to be achieved, that we sometimes doubt God's ability to keep His promise, and feel that He should have told us more about it. So we walk in a dense fog, once in a while catching a glimpse of the landscape when the fog lifts, and then groping about, not knowing which way to turn.

The action of Christ under circumstances more trying than any we can experience is a rebuke to us. He faced life with less calmness than he faced death. He grew in spiritual stature after entering Gethsemane. He was never more serene than when the shadow of the cross fell on Him. He was like a star at all other times, but when the nails were being driven into the cruel wood He was a blazing sun. One cry of human suffering escaped Him, but it was the cry of the body, not of the soul. I marvel at this. The picture attracts and awes me. In the most solemn of all hours He was as peaceful at heart as an unruffled sea, and as mighty. He welcomed the shock of death, which may terrify you; glad that His earthly mission had been accomplished, and buoyed by the actual sight—a privilege often granted to us also—of the home to which He was hastening.

Yes, it not infrequently happens that mortals in their last extremity, just as kindly death is loosening the bonds which unite soul and body, have visions of those who will meet them when their farewells to earth have been said. Almost every family can recite an incident of that kind and tell you how, under its influence, some dear one has passed away with a smile on his lips. And why should not these things be true if God is really our Father and we are really His children? Why should He not send His ministering angels to us at such a time, when timid souls touch a strange shore, to bid them a welcome into the world of which they have dreamed in their loftier moods? And if the eyes of the dying may be thus opened, why may not the time come when the eyes of the living shall all be equally blest? A great many are now. If heaven is close to us and only a thin partition divides the two homes, it must be possible when we become pure in heart to hear and see even as the Christ did. It will not be too much to ask when we shall so live as to merit the privilege. This world presses so heavily on our hearts just now, but by and by, when we comprehend the significance of the other world, it will be very different.

Your immortal life began before your cradled infancy. You are in the midst of it at the present moment. Mortality and immortality go hand in hand for a while up many a steep hill and into many a deep valley. It is God's will that they shall keep company, that which dies and that which cannot die. They are strange comrades, but they get on very well together. When the right moment arrives they take a tender farewell of each other, and then we discover their several peculiarities and the curious difference between the two. The mortal is weary and worn. It has lived here. It has accomplished its task, its work is done, and it has deserved the rest it seeks. But the soul is not tired. It has just begun to recognize itself. It has plumed its wings for many a short flight, and is ready to soar. It has learned the alphabet of life, nothing more, and is prepared to study its principles and its mysteries. A tired body, a fresh and vigorous soul; why should they not part company? Let them clasp hands in a tender farewell, the one to go to the earth elements, the other to go forward to achieve its great destiny. I do not know why they ever came together, this mortal and this immortal, but I can see a good reason for their parting and why the soul should lay aside its torn and shattered garment and be clothed upon with a spiritual body.

This night while writing I hear the whisperings of heaven—the soft, low voices of angels are sounding in my ears. Dear ones from on high are here in our earthly homes. They have not forgotten us, for true human love, like God's love, never dies, and to-night when all the earth is resting they stretch out invisible hands and cry, "We, too, have risen and you shall rise."

There is no death. They who have gone are more truly and more thoroughly alive than we are, and our best life will come when death does us a great service and sets us free.

"I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you." St. John XIV, 18.

A NEW YEAR.

Be ye therefore perfect. St. Matthew V, 48.

We are on the threshold of another year. There is no such thing as time to the soul, but our earthly limitations are such that it is convenient to speak of months and weeks and days, like grains of sand which slip through the fingers, no matter how closely we hold them. These weeks and months glide by us and refuse to stay, even at our most earnest entreaty. So pass our days, quite heedless of our wishes, as though they were anxious to bear us to the beyond; so pass our weeks and months and years, with ever-increasing haste, and one of our greatest surprises is, that youth has suddenly changed to manhood, and that maturity has given way to gray-haired age. No sooner do we begin to realize what it is to live when we find that already life has nearly ended. The past is little more than a dream, a faint reminiscence which leaves us in wonder as to what the future will be. The past is the echo of distant music now like a song and now like a dirge. We have suffered, toiled, struggled; and each experience has left its joyous impression on the face or its furrow on the brow. The pendulum swings, and swings, and swings. It is omnipotent; it is irresistible. Neither can a king, with all his resources, purchase a moment's hesitation, nor can a peasant's hand hold it during a single heart-beat. We are being borne on toward eternity, whether asleep or awake; whether asleep or awake; whether we be rich or poor; whether we weep or laugh. And why should it not be so? "Wherefore are we troubled?" The closer we get to the perfect man, the less we regard this life, which is the book itself. Other worlds await us; larger opportunities are in the near future. The soul now hampered by circumstances shall sometime be free. The burden of environment shall be dropped, and when we are emancipated we shall be larger, nobler, and more like Christ. What care we, then, for time? The years may come and go as they please, and their speed does not disturb us. We are on the road to our eternal home, and the nearer we get to it the higher our anticipations, the deeper are our longings. Earth is nothing when heaven is in sight. The perfect man; he is coming but not yet. He is afar off, with his face turned this way. We are simply spoiled children with a New Testament which we read but do not understand: with a ghostly sort of religion made up of dogmas, which no one can explain; with a church so-called formal that the Christ would hardly find a welcome there. The world is mostly made up of heretics who think themselves orthodox. They believe almost every thing except Christ. He has not yet been revealed to them; they know something about Him, but He Himself they do *not* know. In another century the race will have a real religion, of which the religion of to-day is the dry husk with scarcely a kernel of corn. The perfect man will be a Christ-man, with power over body and control of mind. He will live on a higher spiritual level; become acquainted with the laws by which miracles were worked in other days (and are sometimes now, only some are yet too ignorant to accept it), and will learn how to work miracles in himself. When man and the God Power are one, everything is possible. When man is in harmony with the spiritual laws he can exercise a power beyond the reach of reckoning. There will be no poverty in that prophetic time, for when the rich man loves the poor and all classes are woven together in the fabric of a perfect society, poverty will become an obsolete word and crime will be unknown. I know, too, that the day is coming when the other world will be an open secret. What the prophets and seers of Israel saw, many are now seeing, and the telephones between earth and heaven will be so numerous that each home will have one. Heaven and earth will be so close together that they cannot be told apart. The dead, but in the new religion no such word will be found: not dead, but born again; not dead, but living in the nearer presence of the Almighty; their love for us unbroken, their interest undisturbed, their power to help increased. Year by year we throw aside something of the worn out and old and take on something of the new and better. Year by year our sight grows clearer as we gaze upward with wonder. Year by year the Christ's spiritual laws come closer to our hearts ready to teach us how to live. And so we speed the parting guest, grateful for the precious memories it leaves behind and welcome the new-comer, bearing twelve months in his arms, and with a prayer that it may lead us a full day's march toward the Christ-manhood and the Christ-womanhood.

"Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." 1 Cor. XII, 1.

HELP FOR THE WEARY.

My God, my strength, in whom I will trust. Psalms XVIII, 2.

A word to those who have found life very hard, who bear a bitter disappointment in their hearts, and who wonder why such thorny paths loom up before them. There are many such and many dear readers will realize it. There are times in every man and woman's life when it appears to them that they are not being treated fairly. Possibly there may be a few exceptions to the general rule, but probably not. Some hide their grief and their grievances at such times and sternly refuse to take the world or even God into their confidence. They dissemble for pride's sake, and though they smile outwardly they groan inwardly. Perhaps these suffer most.

What we call ill fortune attacks us in our weakest place. It concentrates its forces on that part of the wall which is most likely to give away and in too many cases compels surrender and captures the fort. You may call it the devil, or you may call it by any other name that suits your prejudices or your convictions, but the plain fact is that when you are in trouble some subtle invisible and fiendish influence whispers in your ear that of course there can be no Providence or you would not be left thus in the lurch. You listen because you cannot help it, and if after listening you assent, you are practically lost, for the heart, the courage, has gone out of you and you fall by the wayside an imbittered soul.

So long as you maintain your faith in God and in the ability of his angels to help you, you are a warrior with a strong arm and a sharp sword. The odds may be against you, but God and you together can fight any fight and win. You can cut your way through a horde of evils for you are not alone. There is a kind of satisfaction in facing adverse circumstances and great honor to be obtained in conquering them. Let the conflict be as long and as sharp as it will, it must end at last, and it can only end one way, that is, in your favor. So you bravely meet your hardships, and though they bring tears from your eyes, as the clouds drop rain, and though you are worn and weary and poor and sick, you are still patient and even hopeful, for God will not desert you. Even if the struggle continues until the last gasp, you know that open arms are waiting to embrace and welcome you, and that the defeats of this life may be changed to victories in the next. If it is His will that you shall be poor and hungry, why, the fact that it is His will sustains you, and you need not and cannot succumb, for like the bees you are able to extract pure honey from worthless weeds and poisonous blossoms.

But if you are robbed of that faith, if you let it slip from your grasp, it is like losing the rope which binds you to your guide when climbing the icy Alps; or like tearing down the roof which shelters you from the pitiless storm, or like throwing into the sea the bread on which you must subsist until you reach the shore. You cannot fight with any hope of success unless you have the right kind of ammunition and plenty of it. This is true of the battle-field and of life.

If you have no God and no faith in the spiritual world you are very poorly prepared for what is before you. You need both before you can be properly equipped. A sailor can tie a knot which will slip when the line is strained, and he can also tie a knot which becomes tighter as the strain on the line grows greater. There are men and women whose religious faith gives way when there is hard work to be done. They are fair weather men and women, who believe in God and Jesus Christ as long as the sun shines, and deny Him after dark. And there are souls who cling closer to their faith when serious trouble is at hand. They may be robbed of everything else, but no enemy or plunderer can steal that. Poor, sick, friendless, there is an oasis in the desert to which they can retire for refreshment. Their thoughts buoy them up instead of pressing them down. Such a poor man, with all the forces of adversity entangling him, is better off than the rich man with despair in his heart. The man or woman who has God and the dear angels for friends can dispense with other companionship, but if God depart, not all the other friends in the world can fill His place. Yes, life is hard at times, but you are brave; it cannot conquer you, for you are foreordained to be the victor. There are elements of manhood or womanhood in you which make you resemble the sturdy and majestic ship in an Atlantic gale. The gale does its worst and the ship does its best. It is a terrible struggle, but the storm wears itself out and the patient ship, bruised it may be and somewhat injured, steams into port and comes to anchor. So will it be with the soul that crosses the ocean of life, if there is faith in the heart.

" Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice." Ephesians IV, 31.

IMITATING CHRIST.

Master I will follow Thee. Matthew VIII, 19.

We are told that it is practically impossible to imitate Christ, that any attempt to do so would render us liable to the charge of fanaticism and bring us into ridicule. The spirit of the age in which we live, it is said, is so opposed to some of the injunctions of the New Testament that if we literally took no thought for the morrow, or if we really loved our neighbors as ourselves, we should overturn the whole system of society. In a word, we are assured that while the gospels contain a very beautiful theory of life, it cannot be applied to existing affairs without producing disaster. I have no doubt that society as at present constituted is in many important respects structurally weak, and that we shall, though by slow degrees, adopt the principles of Christ and His spiritual teachings. This weakness is the despair of the philanthropist who sees the wrong but does not know how to right it.

The great aggregation of men and women which we call society is greedy and selfish. Those who have plenty give slender heed to those who have nothing, and though there is infinite suffering from cold and hunger, there is hardly a ripple of sympathy, and small effort to remedy the evil. We care so much for ourselves that we have no room for pity of others. The spirit of the age is not the spirit of brotherly love or of helpfulness. In the competition for wealth it matters little what happens to our neighbor if only we can have what we seek. Hearts are being crushed everywhere, lives are being ruined everywhere, and even religion takes no note of the fact, but preaches tamely as though we were on the highway to the millennium. If Christ were to come again he would meet with no better reception than was accorded Him in Jerusalem. We would also call Him a dreamer, an enthusiast, an unpractical theorist, and the Sermon on the Mount would be listened to with the wonder which changes to sarcasm. We are not yet ready for Him or His doctrines, because what we call society is based on principles which He denounced. But He planted the seed of the new life, the life of brotherhood and justice and mercy and love, and in due time we shall reap the crop. He is Master of the situation, and though we rebel we shall at last surrender.

In the meantime we can imitate Him in very many respects and find profit therein. Indeed there is already a multitude of Christ-like men and women scattered throughout all classes of society, and the sweetness and heroism of their lives, their charity of judgment, their self-sacrifice, their resignation in sorrow, and their hopefulness in bereavement give us a glimpse of what the world would be if such people were not the exception but the rule.

I have known martyrs in humble as well as in high life bowing their heads to the inevitable, bearing a heavy cross in saintly fashion, no one knowing their burden but God and themselves. They make all better by the subtle influence of a holy character. Christ was always conscious of the presence of God and of the angels, and we can imitate Him in that. He had the companionship of those who inhabit the unseen world and depended on them with supreme faith in time of desolation and sorrow. " I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." St. John I, 51.

This world has very little sympathy to offer us, but if we have a Jacob's ladder, our dear ones, their interest in us as vital as ever, will come down with help and go up bearing our prayers.

It is a mistake to think that Christ's work was finished when He went to heaven. On the contrary, it was just begun. " I will be with you always " were not words lightly spoken; but their full import is seldom understood.

The Christ of Jerusalem is the Christ of to-day. He is on the earth now just as much as we are. The angels who ministered to Him then are ministering to us at the present moment. His power is our power if we are in the right relation to Him. And what He did, yes, " greater things than these shall ye do," when He and we are on terms of divine intimacy. Burdens may be heavy, but nevertheless they will be light; sorrows may be hard to bear, and yet they will be easy to bear; death may be dreaded, and yet it will be gladly welcomed; bereavement may be heart-breaking, and yet our hearts will not be broken—these are the paradoxes of a true religion. Christ in the soul, loved as the bride is loved by the bridegroom, dear ones waiting on the earthward shore of eternity to greet us at our coming. Beautiful life, calm, serene death, and "There shall be no night there." That is the religion of the future: why not make it the religion of to-day?

"Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I might take it again." St. John X, 17.

"No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father." St. John X, 18.

WHEN SHALL WE WALK BY SIGHT?

I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. St. John XVI, 12.

The world has had in any given age as much truth as it was able to bear. A truth misunderstood is the equivalent of an untruth, just as firearms in the hands of a child are dangerous. When a person has acquired the due amount of intelligence he may be safely intrusted with a gun, but ignorance will not escape injury from it. When men have reached that period of evolution which demands new truths, these truths have somehow come as lightning came out of the clouds at the bidding of Franklin. New truths seem to be concealed from us until we have special use for them, and then inspired lips are unsealed and the revelation is made. We have never been able to bear any larger knowledge of the immortal life than we have possessed, and it has therefore been denied to us. We have not been sufficiently developed, either intellectually or spiritually, to endure the blazing light, and so the curtains have been drawn down; the full sunshine has been shut out, and we have seen "through a glass darkly." Our conception of the future has been heretofore of the vaguest character. We have believed in another life, and our belief has lightened the burden and set a rainbow against our tears, and filled us with a yearning after the departed which has robbed death of its terrors, but our ideas have been indefinite and confused, and we have been unable to discuss the subject even with ourselves. Why is this so? It has given us great pain at times, and we have sighed as though immortality might, after all, prove to be a dream; beautiful, uplifting, but still a dream.

Why have we had so little knowledge, and incorrect knowledge, of that life to which we are all hastening? In my poor judgment it is an added evidence of the wise plan on which all things are conducted. Christ's words recur to me, and I feel sure that we have heretofore known all that we could bear, all that we were fitted to make use of. We get what we need at the time we need it and are prepared for it. If this is true along the historic path of material progress, it is equally true in the realm of religion. To the untutored or undisciplined mind, a perfect revelation of what heaven is and of the environments of the soul in that other world would be incalculably unwise, and in a great majority of cases a positive and alarming injury. This life has a divine purpose, but that purpose would be wholly defeated if our knowledge of the future were suddenly enlarged. The heavy burdens we bear; the struggles in which we are engaged; the bitter tears we are forced to shed; the disappointments of our fondest hopes, which we are compelled to endure are all blows of the hammer and chisel which shape the rough block of marble into a priceless statue. Life as at present constituted would be incomplete without hardships and sorrow. It may not always be so, but it is so now. To those who find it especially difficult to use their troubles for a high end and who at times sink in despair, a perfect knowledge of the other world might prove the irresistible temptation to commit a crime. The universal dread of death and this uncertainty concerning the future is one of the strongest safeguards of the present life. We bear the ills we have and gain a sweeter character by our patience and endurance, whereas, if we knew all, we might cross the border line through sheer desperation, and so lose the very object for which we were placed in this lower world. But the time is coming when we shall know more because we can bear more. I can see the first streaks of light above the hill-tops, and am sure that by and by the fogs and mists in which we now dwell will be swept away by the light of a brighter, if not perfect day. God's revelations come no faster than they are called for. Christ meant a great deal when He declared, "I have yet many things to say unto you," and I think He has been saying them, one by one, through the ages, giving in proportion to our ability to bear, and adding nothing more when the limit of our ability to use was reached. Many things have been told to our fathers. More has been told to us, and much more will be told to our children's children.

Are we prepared for an actual demonstration of the immortal life? I know we long for it, hunger for it, and thirst for it, and pray for it, but would it be safe to answer that prayer? Are we in a condition of mind and soul to bear the truth, or would it prove too much for us? "How that by revelation he made known unto me the mystery, as I wrote afore in a few words, whereby, when ye read, ye may understand my knowledge in the mystery of Christ." Ephesians III, 3-4.

"Which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men, as it is now revealed unto His holy apostles and prophets by the spirit." Ephesians III, 5.

Can you look at the sun? Can you absorb the absolute certainty of another life? If immortality were no longer a matter of faith, but a fact so clearly proved that denial would be impossible, just as it would be impossible to deny the law of gravitation, could you stand the strain? The longing is a hint that you are in process of preparation, but the change in our outlook, in our motives, would be so great that we should not become accustomed to the new order of things in many years. I know that Christ did not walk by faith alone, but by knowledge. He lived in the future and drew strength from it. The to-morrow of heaven lifted the burden of each sorrowful to-day. At some period in our development, how far distant I know not, we shall have a new heaven, and that will give us a new earth; when the voices of our loved ones from the angel world shall be heard by all earth's children, and our sight will not be dim, but clear. We shall not *hope* that our loved ones are near, for we shall *know* it to be true. This life of simple faith is beautiful, and we have trod many a difficult path under its benign influence, but when you will have the full knowledge, then you will know. But at last, aye, ere long perhaps, heaven and earth will touch each other. We shall be prepared for the greater truth, and the dear Christ power will send more messengers to announce it. God is always present in His world, and He will tell us more when we are able to endure it. Until then keep your faith pure and watch the coming of the morning.

"These things have I spoken unto you in proverbs; for the time cometh when I shall no more speak unto you in proverbs, but I shall show you plainly of the Father." St. John XVI, 25.

CHAPTER XXII.

HARMFUL FEARS.

Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows. St. Matthew X, 31.

While it may not be true that happiness is the chief end of life, it is nevertheless one of the objects which a man should always keep in view. It is a mistake to imagine that the more miserable you are the more religious you are. Honest enjoyment has as much to do with the soul's development as have sorrows and struggles, and it is just as truly a duty to seek it wherever it may be found as it is to meet tribulation bravely. All human experiences are included in the plan of God, and there is as much religion in a smile as in a tear.

When the command is given to "rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice," the obligation is laid upon us to make the best of every circumstance; to find hope when only despair is in sight; and by resignation in trial to lighten its burden as much as possible. Life is not a jest, neither is it full of exuberant joyousness. On the contrary, it is a serious task to get yourself in harmony with the universe, and to keep yourself there. There is, however, a supreme satisfaction in knowing that you have wholly or even partially accomplished that task, and that kind of satisfaction contains all the essential elements of happiness. The man who is scaling the mountain side has a hard day's work, but if he is really making the ascent, he is neither grim-visaged nor gloomy; he can stoop to gather the blossoms in his path; to appreciate the grandeur of the scenery; to watch the clouds in their flight. He is not simply doing a heavy bit of drudgery, for there are compensations at every stage of the journey. The very effort which will make him successful at last has an element of joy in it, and the consciousness that he is doing a man's work in a manly way fits him, both mentally and physically, for such incidental pleasures as may offer themselves. And if his double purpose is to accomplish his destiny as God has made it plain to him, and at the same time to lose no opportunity to seek the sweet as well as the bitter, and even to seek the sweet which the bitter itself may furnish, he is in the attitude of a child of the Father, and represents the true Christian religion in its most practical phase.

Fear more than any other emotion poisons happiness, and the only antidote for that poison is knowledge. A doubt is a fear in disguise, and it produces all the results of fear. Teach a child that this is a dreadful sort of world to live in; that there are ambushed dangers at every turn; that eternity is the greatest danger of all, and you cramp and handicap his soul beyond repair. He will never get over the disease with which you have inoculated him until on the other side of the grave he learns that you did him an injury by giving him a falsehood instead of the truth. "For we can do nothing *against* the truth, but *for* the truth." 2 Cor. XII, 8.

The difference between a belief in the hobgoblins who infest the night and friendly angels who will be your comrades and guides, marks the difference between a soul equipped for work and a soul which is unfitted for work by the fact of its fears. The more fear you introduce into your religion the less useful and effective it becomes. I cannot conceive of a Heavenly Father with anger in His heart or a whip in His hand. The God whom we should worship is never wrathful; we break His laws, and the broken law inflicts the punishment we deserve. But all the while that we suffer in consequence of our folly, God pities us, even as an earthly father pities his children, and brings all the holy influences which infinite wisdom can suggest to bear on our wilful soul, that we may return to the right relation to Him.

A drop of ink in a goblet of spring water renders it unfit and unwholesome to drink. A particle of fear in your conception of God renders true worship impossible. You must not be good because you fear to be bad, or your goodness will be artificial. The fear of hell is not the true way to heaven, for if that fear is in your heart not even heaven can make you happy. Confidence to begin with, to go on with, to end with, is the only basis of true religion. You know your duty; you know that the only lasting satisfaction you can enjoy will be found in doing that duty; you know that God will send the angels to assist you in every difficult task; that they will accompany you through life; that they will never make a mistake, if you listen to them. "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you." St. John XIV, 18.

Ninety-nine hundredths of the evil in this world is the result of ignorance and bad judgment. The man who thinks he knows better than the Almighty what it is safe to do is like the grain of corn in the hopper which thinks it can escape being ground between the upper and the lower millstones. The man who cheats his neighbor in a bargain and pockets a profit thereby is under the impression that the advantage is on his side. It is a mistake of judgment. The benefit he sought will turn sour, like milk in a thunderstorm. There is only one Ruler in the universe and you are not He. He has made things in such a fashion that when you follow His laws you float securely on the current of the sea, and when you become a law unto yourself you finish your career in confessed and regretted failure.

Most of the crimes that are committed, no matter what their nature, have behind them as a motive the expectation that they will help the man who commits them. It is impossible to conceive of any deed, however cowardly or vile, which has not this motive at the root. Lying, selfishness, avarice, envy are undertaken for a hoped-for good. The man who indulges in these or other vices is in a search for happiness for himself, and he thinks he can accomplish that result. He never does, however, and he never will; he can have no peace, for he swallows a slow poison with the vain hope of becoming rugged and healthy. God has made this world beautiful, and all He asks is that our souls shall also be beautiful. If we can smother our self-conceit; admit that his laws are worth obeying; are better than any laws we can make for ourselves, and be loyal to them at all hazards and costs, we shall have the only kind of religion that can save us, either here or hereafter. We shall be courageous and strong and cheerful. The present cannot harm, and the future will be a joy.

"The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that do offend, and them which do iniquity." St. Matthew XIII, 41.

AFTER DEATH.

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. Cor. IV, 18.

I plead for a religion which is genuine. You are constantly making professions of a faith which you do not actually possess. You persuade yourself and others that you believe and can trust your belief, and forthwith it bends and breaks like a rotten staff. Once make the text a part of your soul and you would be transformed. Life would assume a different aspect. You would be in accord with the Spirit of the universe. I even assert you would be able to "lay aside every weight with eyes fixed on higher truths." You would overcome the "sin that doth so easily beset you;" live to a ripe old age, as we are evidently intended to, and "run with patience" your little race until the "Voice" should tell you that your day's work is done, and summon you to the glorious future.

It is the belief in a day after death which makes all the days before death joyful. The difference between a to-morrow of darkness and a to-morrow of sunshine, and renewed vigor of health, untouched by disease, and of opportunities never dreamed of, is so great spiritually that it cannot be expressed. The years may come and go as they will, if you only see the "Golden Gate" in the distance, and on the far-away hill-tops the cloud of witnesses who have guided us on our way and will take us by the hand when we wake from slumber.

The heart need not beat like a muffled drum, as though we were sorry to leave these lower scenes, for if we are right-minded, we shall keep step to the echoing music of a better world and be more and more glad as it grows louder, because we are getting nearer to our higher home.

Our spiritual religion and knowledge make us content to live and be ready at any time to exchange earth life for the higher life.

"Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God: That we might know the things that are freely given to us of God." 1 Cor. II, 12.

THE UNITY OF FAITH.

And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. 1 Cor. XII, 6.

When we discuss the essentials of religion there is very little difference of opinion. It is about the insignificant details that we quarrel. When you declare that God is our Father, the statement is accepted in pretty nearly the same sense by the Christians of every latitude and longitude. The word father means the same thing to all of us. When we talk about duty there is barely room for a discussion that is even stimulating. It is a practical matter, and we should all agree as to what it is. No man can doubt that we ought to be brave and chivalrous, honest, loyal and faithful, at the cost of great sacrifices. When we speak of the New Testament (I take our spiritual facts—our communications between the two worlds—from the New Testament) we may differ as to what inspiration is, whether it is plenary or only partial, but we all concede that a true spiritual life is a life of holiness, and that the world would be better if it drew closer to the ideal which our spiritual laws teach. When we speak of punishment you may have one opinion as to its purposes and duration and I may have another; but as to the fact, we stand on the same ground, and you and I both believe that we cannot break the laws of the universe without incurring serious consequences, and that the only way to be happy, either in this present existence or in any other, is to do what we know to be right. When we refer to heaven, our ideas depend largely on our early education; for some of us think of it as a place of eternal rest, and others as a place of eternal activity and progress; but we are all alike in regarding it as a higher sphere in which the soul will expand like a rose in the sunshine. And no one doubts that when we get there we shall occupy a room in the "mansion not made by hands," in the company of those who have gone before, but whom we love with the same love as of old.

It is clear, therefore, that all mere sectarianism is un-Christian. I have a right to travel along my chosen path providing you and I are both facing the rising sun. I have no criticism to make of you if you reject what I hold dear, and whenever I can lend you a helping hand I am bound to do so, or I am not a follower of our common Master. There is but one church on the planet: it is the church of the living God. There is but one religion; the religion which yokes fatherhood and brotherhood together. The rankest heresy, the only heresy that is known among the angels, is when a man stops work to find fault or condemn his neighbor who does not think as he does. I have often thought that the various sects are like a kaleidoscope. The bits of glass at the objective end are always the same, but when you look through the eye piece and turn the tube they assume different relations to each other, and by means of the triangular mirror on the inside present entirely different pictures. At one turn of the tube you have a beautiful figure, and at another turn you have a figure equally beautiful but quite different. As we look at the different branches of religion, one turn gives us Presbyterianism, another turn gives us Catholicism, another Episcopalianism. But remember that however you turn the tube the particles are the same in all; it is only their relation to each other that changes. These changes are the various isms, but the particles that have not changed and cannot change are the eternal facts on which all mankind substantially agree. I do not care, then, what church you worship in. The church is the minor detail, but the worship is the essential concern. I should feel myself a heathen if I could not kneel at any altar where prayers are uttered and say my prayers in unison with all the others. Names are of no account, but things are important. If we be of Christ and His spiritual teaching, nothing is to be said, no fault is to be found. If we love the Master, then we must love Him all the more, for He needs it more. All religion is leaden except that kind, and that is golden. We do not dare to be as charitable as Christ was. It requires more courage than we at present possess. We are afraid to be as good as we know how to be. The true Christian loves, forgives and helps, and in doing so he finds the peace he sought elsewhere, but never found. Heaven ought to begin in this life, and will so begin when the heart is tuned to the universal law, which is only another word for universal love.

" But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." St. Matthew VI, 6.

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

As for man, his days are as grass. Psalms CIII, 15.

When you consider the matter seriously you are startled at the brevity of our human life. Subtract the years that are spent in childhood and early youth, before either the physical or mental system is equipped for its struggle, and subtract still further that mysterious third of our term which is spent in sweet sleep and pleasant dreams, and there are but a score of summers and winters between the cradle and the tomb. One listens to the chimes that beckon to the ideal, and while listening they become a mere echo which loses itself in eternity. God has set us the task of writing a symphony, but there is only time to write the motif, and possibly to hum a few airs, when the eyes grow dull and we fall asleep, leaving our glad task unfinished. As Solomon said, " The same thing happeneth to us all." What is the thing that happens to us all? On the answer to this question depends our outlook. If the decision of heart and mind is favorable it is like putting the watch-spring into the watch and winding it up. It is like telling the traveller to enjoy the scenery as best he can, but assuring him that there are far higher mountains and wider landscapes beyond. It is like telling the musician to hearken to the organ peal in the church, but assuring him that when he hears the angel chorus sing, and kneels in the larger temple, he will be filled with emotions, in comparison with which these are but the throbs of a longing and unsatisfied heart. On the contrary, if the decision is unfavorable, our human life is a useless and needless struggle with adversity; we are the slaves of a bitter fate, and our taskmaster swings his lacerating thong with something that resembles vengeance. Our years are prolonged misery, with the deep shadow of annihilation hanging above it like a storm cloud filled with fiery bolts. The raven perches above our chamber door and croaks its song of "Nevermore." The pulse falls below its normal beat, and health, moral and physical, is impossible. The sun mocks us by day and the moon by night. We must needs love, for the soul cannot live without it, but the long corridor of our being is haunted with ghosts, and the air vibrates to the tearful word, "farewell." Love becomes only an incentive to weep, for the joys of love are but the precursor of an eternal shadow. I am convinced that if this life is all it was a grave mistake to bestow it. It is my impression that nearly all thoughtful men and women agree with me. Life is made up of alternate smiles and tears. Our happiness resembles the scattered moments of sunshine on a cloudy day; and what do these tears and smiles amount to, if they are all there is in the treasury of God, and all He intends to apportion to us? The ordinary life, the average life, has more weeds in it than flowers. From the time the eyes open to an intelligent view up to the hour when our friends gather to whisper "He is dead," we wrestle with circumstances, breaking forth into laughter at one moment and the next striving in the pressure of a misfortune; disturbed by inharmonious surroundings and trying bravely to make the best of them; at the end wondering what it all means, or if it means anything. If there is no more, if the story is to be finished before it is half told and just as we have become interested in it; if our sweetest relations to each other are honey to-day and will be wormwood to-morrow, then I dare to say that our seventy years are not profitable, and are not worth having. Better never be at all than only be what we are now. Why should you sacrifice for the maintenance of your integrity, why light the lamp of conscience and keep the wick trimmed through the dreary night, if there is no morning? Why not drift carelessly whither the current may take us? All this painstaking is in vain. It is like hoarding gold and being despoiled of it by the robber Death. It is trying to be a hale and hearty man when your manhood is a mere chimera. But let some angel guide you to a different vantage ground of observation. Let him draw aside the curtain of time and give you a glimpse of eternity. Let him touch your blind eyes, as Jesus touched the eyes of the peasant, and bid you look at the things which some are permitted to see. There stretches the road you are to travel; you cannot see the end for there is none. A new life in a new environment is to be yours, and in that other life you shall be your nobler, grander self, if you lay the foundations for it in the character that is to be fashioned by these smiles and tears which no longer seem insignificant. Far, far away in the dazzling distance you see the outline of that house of which the Scriptures tell us, the resting place of weary souls, beyond whose threshold there is a peace that passeth understanding. It is home again with your loved ones, our angel friends.

" In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." St. John XIV, 2.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MAN WHO LOOKS OUT OF YOUR EYES.

Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord. 2 Cor. V, 6.

How odd and yet how natural it is we should always put the body before the soul, in our endeavor to make the present life comfortable and satisfactory. There is a visible and there is an invisible. As one of the barbarian tribes of Africa has it, "The man who looks out of your eyes." The first monopolizes our attention; the other receives only a passing thought. We are under a persistent illusion that the first is real, while the second is more or less mythical, whereas the exact opposite is the truth. To this visible man we devote all our ingenuity; we see that he is well fed, clothed and housed; we devote ourselves to making him happy; we surround him with all the luxuries and conveniences which can be invented. We have stolen power from the clouds, fuel from the depths of the earth, and laid the fields and forests under tribute for his enjoyment. We have done so much for him that I am not far from right in declaring this to be an age of miracles. Indeed, he has absorbed so large a part of our time and thought that we have neglected the welfare of the man who looks out of our eyes, ignored his necessities, and left him to care for himself as best he can. We even go so far as to believe that we shall be happy if we can satisfy the demands of the physical and sensuous. To this end we constantly struggle and most of us die before our purpose is attained. We say to ourselves that we shall be supremely happy when we have earned the fortune which will purchase the longed-for environments, a house, equipage, pictures and the thousand other things which we think are to be coveted. Then when we change our dream into reality and possess the power to gratify every wish, we meet with surprise and disappointment. We are not satisfied as we expected to be. We have toiled for what seemed to be a substance but it turns out to be a shadow. Happiness is not found in what the merely physical man can enjoy. The only true man is the one who looks out of our eyes; the one of whom we have taken so little account; the one whose highest aspirations we have sacrificed in order to acquire a lesser, an inferior satisfaction. "But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another." Galatians VI, 4.

We shall never know happiness until we recognize this fact, throw aside our false philosophy and pursue a nobler policy. Religion has been warning us all along that we must attend to the wants of this second man, but so forceful has been our unbelief that we have regarded religion as something to die by, but not to live by; a very disagreeable and distasteful something which forbids the pleasures in which we take delight and enjoins duties which are peculiarly irksome. All this is the result of false thinking. We are obsessed by convictions which, like an "ignis fatuus," lead us astray. We have heretofore believed and acted on the belief that we are a body with a soul in it, but the truth is we are a soul with a body for an overcoat. To devote ourselves to the overcoat and neglect the soul would seem to be a whim of irrational folly, and yet that is what we have been doing and are doing now. The worship of the overcoat—that is our religion. And the hardest task we have to perform is to get far enough away from the overcoat to recognize the fact that we have a soul. We are hypnotized by the body; it has made us its servant, its slave, and in some cases our slavery is of the most abject kind. The man who looks out of our eyes is our real self. He is imprisoned for a time in the body and we look so carefully after the prison that we almost forget there is a prisoner. But the hour will arrive when the prison will crumble and then the emancipated prisoner will go free. What is on the outside of a man may add somewhat to his happiness, but it cannot produce it. It may increase his opportunities to acquire a blessing by giving a blessing; but unless what is inside is satisfied life must needs be a failure. I can make a stronger statement and still be within the limits of exact truth. If the man who looks out of your eyes is contented, you have very little more to ask of kind heaven, though perchance your larder may be well nigh empty, but if that man is not contented, he cannot be made so by a dozen of gold mines and by all that they are able to purchase. We are living body lives not soul lives. Our time is spent not so much on a sensual as on a sensuous plane. Thoughts, beliefs, aspirations, are not regarded as a fortune, to be worked for or dreamed of as a " consummation devoutly to be wished "; they have no value which excites covetousness; on the contrary, we regard the possessor of these treasures as peculiar, eccentric, possibly unbalanced. But stocks and bonds and houses—these are the real coin, and in order to acquire them we make all sacrifices, run the risk of breaking down in middle life, rob the soul of its honor and self-respect. I do not scorn the body, but I honor the man who looks out of your eyes. Guard both with vigilance, but especially the latter.

The real man is the immortal man who will some day move out of his body. Him I ought to cherish, educate and develop. He must be nourished by noble thoughts and unselfish aims. He is really all *I* am. With everything else I shall sometime part company, but with him never. And when what we call death comes to demand of him the surrender of the body, that is his overcoat, he will then begin a broader and grander life, in comparison with which *this* is only the primary school of his childhood.

" Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the son of man will give unto you." St. John VI, 27.

A VITAL FAITH.

Thy faith hath made thee whole. Matthew IX, 22.

We can easily understand that faith is a sovereign remedy for all the ills of the mind, producing contentment, resignation and peace, but as a remedy for the ills of the body, not even the nineteen centuries since Christ walked our earth have prepared us for its acceptance. The assertion of the text still startles us. We are not equipped to discuss the matter intelligently. The statement seems to be a contradiction of natural law as we apprehend it, but it may be in accord with a higher range of natural laws, of which we have as yet only a dim glimpse. The subject has a growing interest. It has been asserted by those who think they know, that faith is a decreasing quantity, and there is a boast in the air that the less faith we have the more reasonable we are. This however is an illusion. Confidence in dogmas may have lost its hold, but confidence in fundamental principles is a flooding tide. Men are searching the universe with telescope and microscope to find out the truth of things. They have followed the road of the finite far enough to discover that somewhere there must be an infinite, and they are beginning to feel that the goal will not be reached until the finite and the infinite clasp hands. When that end is reached we shall have many a secret which we now grope for in the dark, a religion to be trusted in all emergencies, as the captain of a vessel trusts the North Star, and a faith so perfect that we can live above temptation and die with a smile on our lips.

I learn through reading that at the siege of Bude, in 1625, the garrison was in the direst straits. The scurvy had become epidemic, and there seemed to be nothing left but surrender. The Prince saved the day by an appeal to the faith of his soldiers. He administered a few drops of pure water (God's water), to the afflicted, assuring them that it was an infallible cure for the dread disease. (How did that Prince know whether the angel world did not put something in that water to make them well? I have known such to be the case). Such was the confidence in the remedy that the effect produced was immediate. The garrison was made whole in a few days, and as a fighting force it was ready for victory. The means which achieved this result was not a drug but a thought. In some way yet unknown to science, the belief that a cure had been found was closely followed by the cure itself, and those in whom actual disease had been produced by one state of mind—namely, hopelessness—were restored to health by another and a better state of mind. (I could accept Christian Science if they could give something after what we call death but they do not). The incident amply illustrates the power of faith to rouse the stagnant pool of physical vitality and change into a swift flowing current of healthy and vigorous life. The pages of history are full of corroborating testimony. In the annals of every religion are innumerable instances of the same sort. Underneath them is a spiritual law which we have persistently ignored, but a law which holds in its grasp our happiness, our health and our usefulness. We shall accept it by and by, when our eyes are wider open, but in the meantime we must suffer needlessly, because we are blinded by prejudice. The logic of our writing seems to me perfectly clear and irresistible, and the declaration of Christ that her faith hath made the woman whole is as simply true as that a magnet attracts bits of iron.

God made the universe: therefore, in a well defined sense, the universe is saturated with power and wisdom, beauty and love. We look at the flower, the harvest, the ocean, and we see—God. Man was also made by God, and is the bit of iron which has in it the mysterious essence of the magnet. As the iron and the magnet are drawn to each other, so are God and the human soul. If the iron surrounds itself with a non-conducting substance, it becomes a stranger to the magnet and is not influenced by it; but if it throws off the non-conductor it is transformed and the life of the magnet is felt in every particle. The soul is to-day encased in the non-conductor of doubt and selfishness and greed. The purpose of religion—spiritual laws—is to destroy the foreign and debasing substances and open the heart to the entrance of God and the dear angels, and our loved ones that they may become one—enjoying the presence of the Holy power.

Perfect faith makes you a partaker of God's power and wisdom. It changes your whole outlook. You and the loved ones go hand in hand through life, through trouble, sorrow, bereavement; and hand in hand through the valley of shadows into the sunlit land of eternity. No one can be at his best self until he has that kind of faith. Then earth has a new charm, and you have an aim to work for, to be reunited with our loved ones in the life beyond.

" It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." 1 Cor. XV, 44.

CHRIST RELIGION.

The kingdom of God is come unto you. Matthew XII, 28.

I have recently been pondering some phases of modern religious thought. What a new light it throws on our struggles and bereavements. What encouragement and happiness it brings and what a bright outlook it gives us for the future of this life and that of the next life! What would our fathers say if they could come back and see how different our spiritual religion is from that which saddened their lives? It may also be said that our God is not their God whom they worshiped. Our attitude towards Him and His attitude towards us have been so widened and so brightened that religion has ceased to be a duty and has become a privilege. We stand in no fear, for the word King has been changed to Father. There was a certain hardness in the conception of Him which was once entertained, which has all disappeared and an uplifting tenderness has taken its place. They of the olden time approached Him with such a sense of awe that a kind of cathedral gloom spread over their lives. They emphasized might and thought only of what omnipotence could do. They regarded themselves as worthless atoms and pictured the next world as a strange unnatural place, in which it would be impossible for a soul accustomed to things of this life to feel at home. Heaven would undoubtedly be beautiful with its golden streets and jasper gates, but an altogether new country with curious habits and customs, which cause it to be regarded with a feeling akin to terror. There was so much thunder and lightning in the creed that one accepted it with blanched cheek and trembling lips; accepted it because he dare not do otherwise; because the consequences of doubting it were too terrible to describe or contemplate.

The progress which has been made in these matters has been like the rising of the sun over the hill-tops. The genial rays of a larger knowledge have dissipated the darkness and we are coming into the almost perfect day. Our worship is the worship of thanksgiving, and we are like the children who sit at the father's knee to tell the doings of the day and to receive such warning and advice as may seem to be necessary.

Our religion is full of good cheer and gladness. It is not a preventive of possible ills which may befall us after death, but a philosophy of the present, which teaches us to make the best of our human experiences, and to tell us that he who loves God today will surely be loved of God to-morrow. I am profoundly convinced that there is more reaching out for real religion to-day than ever before; a deeper thirst for spiritual knowledge and a stronger desire to make that kind of religion the practical basis of every-day action. In a word, we are slowly groping through the gloom of theological speculation into the Divine presence of the Christ. We are not very close to Him as yet, but near enough to dream of the blessedness which will fill the world when we shall come to really understand His word. He was a mystery to our fathers; He is more or less a mystery to us; but the time is coming when the New Testament will be embodied in a new life, social and political, and when our poor humanity will be irradiated with divine influences which have scarcely crossed the threshold of humanity as yet.

Religion—the religion which our children's children will enjoy—will be the perfect day in the morning twilight of which we are now living. If there are some who think that we have outgrown the Christ I can only answer that we have not touched the lower hem of His garment; that He is still the world's great puzzle; that we have almost no conception at all of that wondrous philosophy proclaimed by the lips of revelation, which will do away with all physical disease by the mastery of the spirit over the body, and which will lift our souls, shrivelled by base thoughts and ignoble purposes into a manhood and womanhood which to-day are only the dream of the poet or the vision of the prophet. It makes life brighter to think of God as friend and father, and to be able to go to Him in a prayer, which like an outstretched hand grasps at a sure support, and not only brighter but stronger. Great deeds are possible; great temptations can be resisted; great suffering can be borne when to your feeble heart God is not a myth but a reality. To be sure of Him is to make Him sure of you. He is willing to give you all you need, if you are willing to put yourself in a condition to receive the gifts. I scarcely dare think what the real man of God may be able to do, for even Christ has only darkly hinted at it. But of this I am sure, he will live in perfect health and will die as one goes to sleep and wake up in heaven. And to feel that His Spiritual presence is round about you and that you are never alone, and that He and our loved ones are glad with you and sorry with you—how the thought lightens our burdens and doubles our happiness. What an inspiration is the thought that the God Power is at our command if we do right, and what we are called on to bear is not the result of accident but of eternal wisdom. How your nerves tingle when the conviction steals into your mind and what consciousness of power it affords.

And then one other thought; suppose we felt sure that He really does send His angels—our loved ones—to guard our footsteps, that the partition wall between us and the other world is merely a fabric of the imagination, and that the two worlds are practically one, and all about you, in your home, your struggles, your business, your sorrows, are invisible beings who know you as you do not know them, who are interested in your welfare, and who surround you with their influence; whose energy is incalculable and whose kindliness is unfathomed.

The thought is like the parting of the clouds; it is like a starlight night; it is like distant music whose echoes reach your ears and fill the heart with hope. When shall we believe all this? The Christ believed it and went to Calvary without a murmur, because Calvary was on the road to heaven. We must believe it also or we will never become His true followers. Our paths, too, lead through Gethsemane, but it is only a resting place on the road to glory. We want to understand more of the Christ Spiritual teaching; still more, and then our lives will be transfigured.

"For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the Spirit of man which is in him?" I Cor. II, 11.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Then opened He their understanding that they might understand the Scripture. St. Luke XXIV, 43.

In quoting the difficult passages in the New Testament to many of the members of the different denominations, they do not get the same understanding from them as I do, or as I get from the Holy Power that guides me, and when we explain it to them, they seem astonished that they did not understand it so. So in looking over a book I came across this conversation between Hon. H. C. Deming and President Lincoln, which will be interesting to many dear readers, proving that President Lincoln did understand and the others did not; also proving by his noble life and his devotion to humanity, that he was one of His disciples, and no one can deny that he was a true follower of Christ and His teachings.

"On one occasion, I shall never forget," said the Hon. H. C. Deming, of Connecticut. "The conversation turned upon religious subjects and Mr. Lincoln made this impressive remark: 'I have never united myself to any church, because I have found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their Articles of Belief and Confession of Faith.

"'When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership,' he continued, 'the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," that church will I join with all my heart and soul. I am not a Christian —God knows I would be one—but I have carefully read the Bible, and I do not so understand this book': and he drew forth a pocket New Testament. 'These men well know,' he continued, 'that I am for freedom in the territories, freedom everywhere as free as the constitution and the laws will permit, and that my opponents are for slavery. They *know* this, and yet, with this book in their hands, in the light of which human bondage cannot live a moment, they are going to vote against me: I do not understand it at all.' Here Mr. Lincoln paused—paused for long minutes—his features surcharged with emotion. Then he arose and walked up and down the reception room, in the effort to retain or regain his self-possession. Stopping at last, he said, with a trembling voice and his cheeks wet with tears, 'I know there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If *He* has a place and work for me—I think He has—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is of God. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand; and *Christ* and reason say the same; and they will find it out. Douglass don't care whether slavery is voted up or down. But God cares, and humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end; but it will come, and I shall be vindicated: and these men will find that they have not read their Bible aright.'"

"And I seek not mine own glory: there is one that seeketh and judgeth." St. John VIII, 50.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man keep my saying, he will never see death." St. John VIII, 51.

GOD'S KINGDOM.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven. St. Matthew VI, 10.

Of course the progress being made in all our material interests absorbs and excites our wonder. We have not only discovered new natural forces but are making use of them in such a fashion that the rarest luxuries of yesterday are the common comforts of to-day. If life is to be reckoned by opportunities rather than by the "figures on the dial" we are lengthening its span by every new invention. The man, who instead of spending a week in travelling from New York to Boston, does his business in five minutes by telephone, has added to his life by just the amount of time saved. He may not literally have stretched his seventy years to a hundred, but he has crowded into them the experience which his grandfather would not have had in a century.

Great as these advances are, however, they are minute in comparison with the strides which have been taken in religious concerns. We not only have more religion than our forefathers but we have a wider, more wholesome religion. And yet, the spiritual laws which we enjoy and think so marvellous are meagre and vague and dim when measured by the possibilities of the future. A thousand years are only a dream in the night, a mere particle in the great aggregate of Eternity, and no man living can conceive of what the next generation from now will know concerning earth and heaven. That it will look upon us with something like pity for our ignorance, just as we look upon the good folks who worshiped the gods of Olympus, goes without saying. Would it be too much to predict that they of the coming time will all be able to demonstrate the difference between soul and body and show that they are two different entities, as easily as the chemist of to-day separates the oxygen and the nitrogen in a cup of water! Or that they will make such startling discoveries that when a man is in the proper condition, he can see the air filled with spiritual beings who walked the earth unseen, as the old prophet did when he became inspired. That power is given to a great many now, but think of what it will be. Life, our human life, will be quite another thing from what it is now; higher, grander, nobler. Or that heaven and earth—that is, God and man—will be in such relations with each other that we shall look on our burdens and griefs with dearer eyes; and knowing what they mean, use them for the development of qualities which now seem to be mere possibilities, and of which we only catch a glimpse now and then.

It does us good, it is a decided encouragement to feel that the road to the higher life, to eternal truth, is not so long. God has in store for us many things, which are being revealed slowly, but, as Jesus said, "Ye cannot bear them now." St. John XVI, 12. There is no logic in these statements which seems to be irresistible. It is the logic of evolution which may be slow in its processes but is sure to reach the goal at last. Let me illustrate. The world is full of the unseen but not of the invisible. What was unseen by our fathers has become dear to us, and what is unseen to us will be dear to our children. The near-sighted man sees little, but when he wears spectacles he sees more. The myriads of beings in a drop of water are unseen until we use the microscope, and then new realms break on our view. The heavens are a sealed book until we look through the telescope, and then we are overwhelmed. More and more of the invisible is becoming visible every day. Is there any limit to our discoveries? If we live long enough in the body may we not see all the things some day? Look at the Christ. What did He know and see? So much that even He did not think it wise to tell all. We have been trying to digest His philosophy of life for many ages, but have only succeeded in getting ourselves into a theological snarl. He wanted to tell us how to live, but we have persuaded ourselves that His only purpose was to tell us what to believe. He is the stranger in our great company even now. If He were to return and repeat His words we should turn our backs on Him as they did of old. We are millions of miles distant from the truth He taught. How close the Father was to Him! And yet no closer than He may be to us. How calm under the stress of affliction He was! And yet not more so than we can be when we get our spiritual food. From the same source, how constantly He felt the presence of unseen beings, and what support they brought! And yet, though this is so strange that we can scarce believe it, those same angels and *our* beloved ones are as nigh to us as they were to Him.

We must realize these things, we must meditate upon them until they become a part of us, and we must appropriate them to our own use. Then the bitterness of life will give way to sweetness. There will be rainbows in our tears, and behind our sighs a quiet resignation. There will be more hopefulness in our hearts, a strengthening faith which can endure all things, and our religion will be a series of light-houses, enabling us to steer clear of shoals and rocks, and to anchor in the haven at last.

“But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.” Galatians V, 22.

LITTLE THINGS.

She hath done what she could. St. Mark XIV, 8.

We are reminded by these words of one of the most pathetic and instructive incidents in the short career of the Christ. It furnishes us with a standpoint from which to view the practical side of religion, its application to the common and small concerns of life.

The results of scientific research are of very little comparative value as long as they consist of mere statement of facts. They are of importance only when they are made to add to our comfort and convenience. The theories concerning electricity, for example, are always interesting and always claim our admiring attention, but while they are speculative, they are no better than a pleasant dream. When, however, that subtle fluid is harnessed to a car, or made to drive an engine, when it flashes along the wire and carries our messages of love or business to distant points, then we appreciate its practical work and make it a component part of our lives; so religion, when it comes to us in the shape of theology, is a guest whom we receive into our household with respect and reverence, but it is always a stranger to us, one whom we cannot quite understand and whose demands are so complicated that we never feel entirely at home. But when it sits at our fireside, as a fellow-traveller, and with words of wisdom tells us how to bear our burdens; how to fill our daily task with sweetness, and how to make the most of our contracted environments, then it is not a stranger but a friend, a very welcome friend whom we are glad to have under our roof. The kind of religion I prize most is the kind which sanctifies the lesser duties and gives them a value, which in our ordinary thinking, they do not possess. I can easily see the grandeur that surrounds the sacrifice of life to a noble cause; the daring and conspicuous deeds of heroism which save the country in its moments of peril, and which many a generation will applaud; but it is the harder for me to see if I do my daily work faithfully; if I resist the temptations which beset me in my professional or private life; and if I make my home happy, though I have little to make it happy with, I really achieve the highest destiny that mortals are capable of; and though the world will be silent and indifferent when I die, I shall be received in heaven with the honors which true heroism commands. When the sister of Lazarus anointed the feet of the Saviour the disciples cried: "Why was this waste of the ointment made?" "Then took Mary a pound of ointment of Spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus and wiped his feet with her hair." St. John XII, 3. They knew nothing of the high philosophy which it was his purpose to reveal. They were sordid, narrow, ignorant. But while they scolded He praised, and declared that in all future time this incident should be kept in remembrance. They could see nothing but the three hundred pence, which the anointment was worth; but He saw the love and gratitude in the woman's heart which it represented. What was to them a wanton waste was to him of priceless value. One cannot appreciate spiritual laws until his emotions are stirred. Religion may consist largely of great thoughts, but great thoughts must rouse noble feelings, before the circle can be complete. True religion is feeling more than thinking; it must lead to a feeling before the journey will be ended. Give me the heart of a man and I am not afraid his brains will carry him far away from me. If I have the love of my friend and his confidence I have the best part of him. I do not care for or want his costly gifts, because they are costly, but I do care for any gift, however small it may be, which shows that he and I are one; the same with any friend, man or woman, it is not the price of a gift, but its sentiment that gives it its value. It seems to me that what we chiefly lack in our domestic relations is that something which prompted Mary to anoint the feet of her divine guest at Bethany. There is too much of the commonplace in our lives, and too little of that sentiment or romance which, after all, is worth more than anything else. Many a wife's heart is broken and the glory of many a home circle obliterated, or at any rate obscured, because of the little attentions, which in earlier days we were so eager to bestow and receive, have given way to indifference. If husbands and wives would continue to be the lovers after marriage as well as before many homes which are now broken would be in complete harmony. When children begin to come into the homes how soon are the husband and wife forgotten for the little ones. Yet God, the Holy Creator, has so made us that one love should not conflict with another. We have the love for the father and mother, sister and brother, husband and wife, children and friends, all through a divine law, like a mosaic floor—each niche has its place. But we ourselves change that, not our Creator.

The five senses alone have made me realize and recognize the great Creator, and have proven to me the life hereafter. I have heard seemingly intelligent people say, "Yes, yes, it is nature; we have not time to question that now." Yet there comes a time when they will be sorry that they did not make it a part of their lives while here.

"And He turned Him unto His disciples, and said privately, 'Blessed are the eyes that see the things that ye see.'" St. Luke X, 23.

"For I tell you that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them." St. Luke X, 24.

HERESY.

My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live. Job XXVII, 6.

It is very important that your heart or conscience shall not accuse you. Your happiness does not depend upon the conscience or heart of any one else, but on your own. God gave you a conscience with the command that you should follow its behests, and when you go into the other world, that conscience will be your judge. In other words, God will not judge you, but you will judge yourself. It is your conscience that makes you an individual; which spiritually isolates you; and its approval is worth more than the approval of all the world besides. You cannot go far wrong if you always do what you think is right. You may ask advice, but you must decide for yourself what it is best to do and then do it, whether people blame or praise. If every one were to follow this rule we should have a large difference of opinion among men, but above it all a divine harmony of purpose. When the millennium comes (the knowledge of spiritual communication between the two worlds), we shall not all think alike, neither shall we allow any one to do our thinking for us, but we shall think for ourselves, until thinking changes to conviction. Then we shall follow our convictions as we follow the flag of our country; and hold to them, and be true to them, and so win the smile of God.

What you need most of all is to be your best, truest, and noblest self. For that end you came into the world, and unless you accomplish that end your life will be essentially a failure, and the requirements of the Almighty will stand neglected. Men may call you heretical, but what men say of you is of no importance in comparison with what God will say. Your business is to be on His side, and to be sure in your heart that He is on your side. If after that people are with you you may well rejoice; but if they are not, that is their affair and not yours. Your duty is what you think your duty is, after the enlightenment or illumination which always comes to him who is in accord with the God Power of the universe, and thus breathes the atmosphere of the spiritual life. To that duty you should never be false, for it is what makes you a living soul; what brings nobility of character; what opens the door of communication with the other world; what gives you a claim to the assistance of the angels, and assures you of the helping hand of the Most High.

Not he is religious, in any wide sense, who is merely the shadow of someone else's mind, but he who casts his own shadow, because he is a solid substance on which the sun shines.

This is a very queer world in one respect. We like to be sheep and follow a bell-wether. Even in matters of dress, we must needs be told what to wear, and whether it is comely or uncomely, we wear it. In the matter of religion there is as much fashion as there is in dress. What the majority believe we try to believe, because it is so easy to go with the majority. If it does not commend itself to our judgment we secretly dissent, but openly approve. This introduces an element of hypocrisy into the "Holy of Holies," demoralizes mind and heart, forces from us our self-respect, and deprives us of heavenly recognition and approval. Our vital energy is sapped, our manliness and womanliness are injured, unless we can say of an opinion, I formed it myself, and it is therefore mine.

In this matter of belief, of religious belief, you are to search for the truth—God's truth—Christ's truth—eternal truth. You are to dive into the depths of your soul, and what you bring therefrom is to be the foundation on which to build your life and character. The world may say nay, or it may say yea; it makes no difference. You are to be governed solely by God's yea and nay, as the words are whispered in your ear by Him who reveals Himself to every man, during every day and hour of his life. You may not get at the whole truth, eternity must unfold itself before you can know that; but you will get at that much of the truth as will serve your purpose, be it great or small. Men may tell you to believe this or that—it is nothing. You may believe as others do, or you may not; but if you will believe what God shall teach you when He and you are together, in the sad and glad experiences which will fall to your lot, then your days will be radiant, and you will be at peace. The only real heresy is the heresy of an evil life. Honest belief is never heresy, but dishonest living is always heresy. To be false to a high ideal; to grovel when you ought to soar; to be entangled in the delusive ambitions of this world when you ought to keep your soul bright and clear and pure; to unmake yourself by immortalities when you should be building for eternity; to be mean when you should be great; these constitute a heresy which is abhorred in heaven. "But he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done; and there is no respect of persons." Colossians III, 23.

He who lives nobly is no heretic whether his creed be long or short. He who lives on a low moral level is the heretic, though his creed be a furlong in length. I say, therefore be yourself, and make yourself all you are capable of becoming. High living alone is like true Spiritualism, and high living is the result of pure feeling and lofty thinking. If your conscience tells you that you are right, you have nothing to fear, either here or hereafter.

"Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Matthew VII, 1-2.

WHAT MAN MAY DO.

Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven. St. Matthew XXVI, 64.

If I say that every man creates the world in which he lives, I am strictly within the limits of a truthful statement. A man's environment is the smallest part of his world. The world that is made by circumstances, or by accident of birth and wealth, of social position, or even of genius, has less to do with the happiness than the world which he creates himself, and in which his real life is passed. If I were a magician I might give you fame, or beauty, or valor, or untold and inexhaustible riches, but in bestowing these things I should not necessarily make you either contented or useful. It is even possible that I might merely add fuel to the consuming fire of your selfishness or avarice. These gifts might prove a curse rather than a blessing. They are frequently real obstacles in the formation of a nobler character, and the man who possesses them may perhaps remember only his rights and forget all his duties, may close his heart to that sympathy and charity which are the chief elements of a grand and beautiful life. Indeed, it has become almost an inevitable fact that he who begins his career with what the majority of people think the most desirable things, is apt to end it in disappointment and in a conspicuous lack of high achievements. The boy who is cradled in wealth is by no means to be envied, for he is surrounded by dangers which will compass his ruin unless he is exceptionally strong. He also knows the worth of money who is compelled to work for it; and he alone knows the full meaning of life who stands face to face with difficulty and who attains success after a hard struggle. You are not made, therefore, by your outward circumstances, and they are of much less importance than you think. Not what is without but what is within determines your character. If I want to know what you are I must find my way into your soul. I do not care for your bank account, because that belongs as much to your heirs as to you; neither do I care for your palace, or your gallery, or your lands, or your pictures, because these are yours temporarily and ere many years you will make your exit and leave them all behind. You will, however, carry your soul with you wherever you go, and for that reason I do not know what you are worth until I make the acquaintance of that soul. If that is not what it should be, you will miss such trinkets as wealth can buy, and find yourself a poor man in the future life. But if your soul is rich, then you are rich forever, and not even death can rob you of your possessions. I insist, therefore, that if you wish to live in a beautiful world you must create it. It may be a difficult task, but with the help of God it can be done. It is, indeed, the kind of work He intended you to do, and for which He has given you the requisite ability.

For example, if you have hatred in your heart, or if your heart is filled with envy, ill will and ill nature; if you have an uncontrollable temper, or are ready at all times to sacrifice honor to gain; if you are narrow in criticism and suspicious of those about you; if you can see a bad motive but never a good one; you have already exercised your creative faculty and made a very hell for yourself. You may enjoy a mean and contemptible sort of happiness, which is stained and soiled by the suffering of others, but that is all. You live in the world, getting all you can, but giving nothing. Your attitude toward others forces them to assume the same attitude toward you. Your hand is against every man; you live with a constant thorn in the flesh. It is your world, and you are responsible for what is in it.

On the other hand, if you are charitable and kindly; if love and the desire to be helpful are the supreme incentives to action; if you are charitable in your judgments, generous in your dealings, and honest in your transactions, you make a heaven for yourself, which is filled not only with self-respect and a consciousness of rectitude, but with the good will and sympathy of all around you. The love you give is returned with interest. The life you live is a blessing to every one who meets you, and all the earth is enriched by your words, your deeds, your example. With God's help and that of the angels you have wrought a miracle, for you have made a world in which he delights to dwell, and to which the angels of heaven will come as your guests. We are not weak; we are strong, if our faith is strong. This life may be made beautiful or wretched by the qualities of mind which we cherish. God has placed almost infinite power in our hands and we are responsible for its use. If we recognize these facts, we shall live a heavenly life, because we live the true life.

"Who maketh his angels spirits and his ministers a flame of fire." Hebrews I, 7.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

And Jesus answering said unto them, "Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God." St. Mark XII, 24.

The doctrine of total depravity I do not accept, but it contains an axiom of truth which everybody believes, clothed in a bold and reckless statement which nobody believes. To say that all men are bad is false, if human experience counts for anything. To say that all men are wholly bad is simply incredible; we know ourselves well enough to arrive at a very different conclusion. We are all conscious that there is a foundation of good in the soul on which to build a noble character if we choose to do so; that is the verdict of every man who lives.

When, however, I see a man do what he knows will injure him, indulge in forbidden pleasures without reckoning the consequences—pleasures which are forbidden because the world is so made that they cannot result in any other way—then I feel like formulating a new doctrine, to be called Unaccountable Perversity; and when I see a man who knows that a broken law always avenges itself, but still persists in evil habits under a curious hallucination that, while everybody else has been overtaken, he will himself escape; then I want to formulate another doctrine, to be called Inordinate Self-Conceit. Herein lies a mystery and only true religion can make it clear; a puzzle, and only religion, which is another word for sane and reasonable outlook, can solve it.

A man will not put his hand into the fire because the consequence is both immediate and painful; neither will he swallow a rank poison; nor yet will he recklessly jump from a precipice. He has too much regard for himself, his physical integrity, to do any of these things. They have no temptation for him because he has a wholesome and restraining fear. If you push him to take the poison or to take the leap, he looks on you as an enemy and treats you with scorn. He will resent either proposal as an insult to his common sense. Tell him that he can escape unscathed, argue the matter with him as eloquently as you please, you cannot persuade him. He not only refuses, but does it in such a way that you are at once silenced. But in spiritual concerns the rule does not hold good. The man who will not cut his arm will gash his character and not give the wound a second thought. When he does a wrong deed he knows he has injured himself, but he does not want to believe it. That is the puzzle. He is a bundle of contradictions, for he will deliberately make himself a drunkard, ruin his body, bring his family to misery and poverty, and keenly regret every downward step he takes. I am sure that a bad man's life is full of wonder and grief that he is bad, and full of resolutions to reform; good impulses, noble elements of nature, lovable qualities, are in conjunction with a course of which he is ashamed, but in which he persistently persists. He is neither totally one thing nor wholly another, for there is an angel in his nature in arm with the so-called devil. Such a man may be awake physically but he is sound asleep spiritually; but when he once awakens and realizes that his angel mother or sister, father or brother, sweetheart, wife, or child is fully cognizant of all he is doing, then he will rouse from the lower to the higher thought of the God Power. When he fully realizes that his loved ones are not dead, but living in the life beyond how different this lower life will appear to him! As it is now, he lacks an appreciation of the real value and the real valuation of things. He is not so much depraved as he is ignorant. He must be taught a new lesson. He must learn some awful facts, one of which is, that an injury done to the soul is a thousand times worse than if done to the body. He does not know that as yet he is a mature animal, with undeveloped spiritual possibilities. This is a hard saying, but we are all conscious that it is true. Most of us have more of the animal than of the angel in us, but still the animal displays better judgment of God's laws than many men and women.

What is true religion? It is the one thing we need. It is the source of soul education. It is the only thing that will save us from our lower selves by telling us how to rise above ourselves. No man or woman can make any other but a false start without it. Its sphere of influence begins even before the child is born, and ends when eternity ends. There is something peculiar about religion. When you recognize the fact that the world, physically, intellectually and spiritually, is governed by inexorable law; that this law is stronger than you; and there is no way to evade or avoid it and that if you attempt to do so you will suffer inevitable defeat, then you are on the threshold of a great revelation. But at this point you are not necessarily religious; you are simply scientific; your brain is all right, but your heart, your motives may be all wrong, when you make the discovery that above all law is the God who decreed it; fitted the law to you and fitted you to the law; that when you are tempted to break it, in a moment of aberration, He will help you to recover yourself by putting into operation another law; that when you are in accord with Him; when you see that He knows best; when you lay aside your self-conceit, which prompts you ignorantly to find fault with Him; when you live and move and have your being in Him as your Father; when you can delight in His laws; then, and then only, are you as religious a follower as the Christ. The right kind of religion, therefore, is the sublimest thing conceivable. It produces a state of mind receptive, truthful, joyful, healthful and marvellous. Under its influence our lives are set to music, not always glad but always hopeful. The soul grows to mature proportions, as quite resigned, mellowed by experience, as fruit ripens in the sunshine and shower. Religion as Christ understood it and practised it is the grandest thing on earth and the best thing in heaven.

"Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, *see that ye* love one another with a pure heart fervently." 1 Peter I, 22.

LET THE GOOD ANGELS COME IN.

Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? St. Matthew VI, 25.

What grand lessons of life and duty; what sublime principles of enriched manhood; of abiding trust; of upright and noble living, do we not hear continually from our angel helpers and friends, through lips touched with their inspiration! Whoever lives up to their teachings will live as close to the heart of God as it is possible to get. The fault is not in Spiritualism but in ourselves that Spiritualists are not always exactly what they should be. There comes a time in the life of every person when he must realize that his brief day of existence is drawing to a close; when his eye loses its lustre and the step its elasticity, and he must feel that he is nearing the inevitable change that comes to all. Have you reached that time, dear reader? If so, you must know there is not much more of this earth life for you. You must know that the shadows you see in the distance are the mists that hang over the river beyond, the home of the immortal soul. Isn't it about time, if you haven't done so already, that you begin to put yourself in readiness for the long journey? You will need something to take with you. What have you among your assets that you will want, or that will be of any use to you over there? Surely nothing of a temporal character; *that* you must dispose of or make proper use of it before you go, or it will weigh you down. Then what have you left that will be of real worth to you when you shall cross over and awaken to the new life on the other shore? Is not the subject worthy of your thought, and would it not be well for us all to close the doors of our souls to the world for a little while, take an account of stock, and see just where we stand?

Let the good angels come in; let them come into your hearts, and let them take up their abode in your homes. You have no idea how they will lighten your cares and " roll the stone away from the sepulchre."

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." St. Matthew VI, 21.

SIGNS AND WONDERS.

Truly the signs of an apostle were wrought among you in all patience in signs and wonders, and mighty deeds. 2 Cor. XII, 12.

When the Master was on earth, he said that certain signs and wonders should follow those that believe, and that greater things than He did, they should do. He evidently meant what He said; but what are the signs and wonders of those that pretend to believe in these later ages of Christianity. Do they heal the sick by the laying on of hands? Are they superior to the deadly effects of poison? Not at all. Then how can they be His disciples? The marvellous phenomena attending the manifestation of the Spirit, under the name of modern Spiritualism, seems to be a literal fulfilment of the great Teacher's predictions in many things. "Out of the mouths of babes" many truths are spoken, and they are made to speak and write in languages whereof they have no knowledge.

The sick are healed by Spirit power and many strange signs are given to teach man the true way of life; but only the wise are receptive to the truth.

There is an assurance, an abiding comfort and confidence in a knowledge of the Spirit existence and communion as enjoyed by all *true* Spiritualists, that no faith in things unseen and unknown can possibly give. To the true Spiritualist the dark problem of the grave has been solved. For him the future has no terror, and he is reconciled to bear the burdens of life patiently, knowing that thereby he is better preparing himself for his home in Spirit life and for the companionship of loved ones gone before.

Now, my beloved children, patients, and readers—we have completed our "Book of Knowledge: Psychic Facts." We hope you will enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed writing and preparing it, and as soon as I am fully rested I will return to you until I am called by the God Power.

"Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more, but ye see me; because I live, ye shall live also." St. John XIV, 19.

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